













The Collected Historical Works of  
Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H.

In Ten Volumes  
Volume Ten

REVIEWS, ESSAYS AND OTHER  
WRITINGS

IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOLUME TWO

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THE COLLECTED HISTORICAL WORKS  
OF SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K.H.

edited by his son

SIR R. H. INGLIS PALGRAVE, F.R.S.

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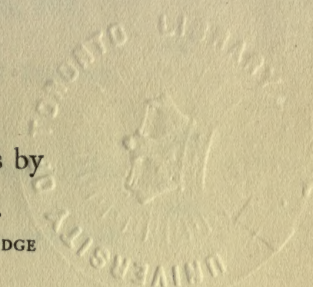
REVIEWS, ESSAYS AND OTHER  
WRITINGS

VOLUME II

with Introduction and Notes by

H. E. MALDEN, M.A.

HON. FELLOW, TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE



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## INTRODUCTION

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE'S articles, contributed to the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Reviews*, and here reprinted, fall into four main groups. First, two upon the history of France, then a collection of articles which deal with various sides of mediæval fable and superstition, breaking ground in what were the then slightly known fields of comparative mythology and folklore. Essays upon the constitutional history of Wirtemberg, and on ancient Greenland, stand apart from the rest and from each other. The volume concludes with articles upon architecture and upon art in Florence, historically treated.

### FRENCH HISTORIANS AND SISMONDI.

The article upon the progress of historical enquiry in France was suggested by the appearance of the works of Augustin Thierry. Comprehensive treatment of French history was progressing rapidly in the earlier half of the 19th century, though Thierry was not to say the last word upon it. He was hampered by a theory, that in the conflicts of a conquering and conquered race the secret of most historical movements is to be found. He carried it to excess in his history of the Norman conquest of England. To him Becket represented the English, and Henry II the Normans. The archbishop was of French origin in fact, and the Angevin king was not in sympathy with the Norman baronage. The historian loses sight of the real place of the controversy, as a part of the conflict of Church and State in Europe, by insisting upon an imaginary racial antagonism. In France the two elements of Teutonic conquerors and of Romanized Gauls, with their respective contributions to laws and manners, were much more of a reality than any two opposed nationalities ever were in England. Ultimately races were completely blended in France, but it was impossible for French historians to avoid being partisans. As French and German nationalities grew up side by side the patriotic Frenchmen insisted that the former owed as little as possible to the latter. The Frank Emperor Charles became Charlemagne, and was transformed into a Frenchman; and as the monarchy of Paris became a centre round which counties and duchies united to form a truly national kingdom, a right was assumed for the inclusion in a French kingdom

of any province which had ever been ruled by a German king and emperor whose dominions had included Gaul. Perhaps the French verb *réunir* is an unconscious creation of the frame of mind which regarded any people annexed for the first time to the French monarchy as being reunited.

That another prepossession should prevail among early French historical writers was only natural. The monarchy was the visible expression of French nationality. French writers were no more partisan in constitutional matters than English writers were; but as in the 18th and 19th centuries English writers were diligently seeking a justification for the desirable constitutional innovations of the 17th century by exaggerating the constitutional self-government of earlier ages, so Frenchmen were often naturally inclined to magnify the *rôle* of the royal power which had made France united at home and feared abroad. Yet a different bias was shewn in the 16th and 17th centuries, and was not unfelt till the revolution changed both the course of events and the modes of regarding them. The Huguenots were the natural partisans of constitutional rights, but the struggles between the Leaguers and Henri III and Henri IV enlisted the ultra-Catholics upon the side of those who questioned the right of the king to rule without the sanction of popular support, or perhaps popular election. The assumption of power by Louis XIV finally reunited the ideas of despotism in Church and State.

There is no great difference in kind between the materials for the earlier history of France and England. France it is true does not possess anything like the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, nor the Anglo-Saxon laws, writings in the vernacular tongue of the body of the inhabitants. But Baeda and Gregory of Tours, though very different, are not as authorities one better than the other. Laws, charters, monastic and other chronicles in Latin, are common material for later enquirers in both countries. The comparison adopted by Palgrave, but originally made by Thierry, between Gregory of Tours and Jean Froissart is intended to be complimentary to the former, but is scarcely just to either. Froissart is not now accorded such a high place as an historian as he held in 1841 when the article appeared. His debt in the first part, and in the best part, of his chronicles, to Jehan le Bel was not then recognized. Conversely, the style and language of Gregory shews how sadly the most intellectual part of Roman Gaul, Auvergne, whence he came, had deteriorated between the 4th and the 6th centuries. Froissart is above him in literary style. Neither chronicler always tells us



what we are most concerned to know; but both are profuse in personal anecdotes and tell good stories. They are here alike.

The *mémoire*, the agreeable gossip upon history, was earlier developed in France than in England. We have no Philippe de Commines in the 15th century.

The progress of enquiry in France did differ from that in England. France is more methodical than England, and our dissolution of the monasteries, before the period of interest in historical research had set in, deprived us of the help of any organization like that of the Benedictines. The care of individual antiquaries, like Leland and Archbishop Parker, even though Cotton followed, was not equal to the task of rescuing the contents of the monastic libraries. It is wonderful how much was preserved. The labours of the Benedictines in France in copying documents, charters, and chronicles in the religious houses, were of immense service to history. They did not write history generally, but they enabled other people to write it. *L'Art de vérifier les dates* was just concluded and the *Recueil des historiens des Gaules* was well advanced when *l'Ancien Régime* came crashing down. The ferocious ignorance of the Revolution tried deliberately to destroy the records of the past. Much perished, but much of this existed also in transcripts owing to the Benedictines. In the end what was preserved became more accessible than it had been, as it had been dispersed formerly in so many hundreds, thousands rather, of monasteries and *châteaux*. The Directory, the Consulate and the Empire were not Vandalic. A Commission of Archives was established. The Institute was set up. The Empire did not encourage historical eulogies of the monarchy, but the Restoration did. The Romantic School might err in too high colouring of the glories of the past, but it persuaded people that the past was alive. "These men have been dead for seven hundred years; yes, but "for the imagination there is no past," as Michelet said. The interest in the middle ages grew, and with interest came understanding. Michaud in the *History of the Crusades*, 1811 onwards, while the Empire still ruled, Fauriel, in his *History of Southern Gaul under the Franks*, 1836, and Raynouard, in his *Poetry of the Troubadours*, 1816 etc., gave in their several lines an immense impetus to the study of the past. Fauriel anticipated Fustel de Coulanges in exploding the idea that vast swarms of Teutonic invaders ousted the Romanized Gauls from their country. L'Abbé Dubos (1670-1742) had expressed the same opinion on the small numbers of the invading Teutons. Raynouard is dismissed too

summarily by Palgrave as a collector of *Elegant Extracts*. Though literary not historical in his objects, he lighted up the whole life of what was perhaps the most civilized part of Europe before the Albigensian Crusades of the early 13th century. Sismondi was not temperamentally in accord with these men. On Thierry and on Michelet the influence of the Romantic school was profound.

But it was not merely a period of brilliant individual writers. The systematic cultivation of history was going on. L'Ecole des Chartes was finally established in 1829. In 1833 Guizot as minister extended the State support of historical transcription and editing. La Société de l'Histoire de France came into being, its successive Presidents were Barante, Guizot himself, fallen from political power, and Leopold Delisle. The progress of historical enquiry in France, a very incomplete story in 1841, has since then put all European historians, English especially because of our early connexions, under untold obligations. It has moreover by its brilliant success put most European nations, if not all, to shame. Cooperation continues, and the history by many experts, superintended by M. Ernest Lavisse, is the most conspicuously successful example of the cooperative history so far achieved.

Sismondi is now merely a figure, and not the leading figure, in the ranks of French historians of the earlier 19th century. He was not a Frenchman, and though he wrote that if he could love any nation it would be the French, he was better qualified for an impartial treatment of French history than an ardent nationalist might have been. He simply could not understand the love of France, as of an adored mistress, which inspires the earlier parts of Michelet. He loved, or thought he loved, liberty. In later life when people did not do what he liked, either in politics or economics, he deeply deplored their liberty of action. He was too cold to be popular in France, too *doctrinaire* to be interesting everywhere. An extremely interesting book, if you can at once be interested and bored, was the upshot of one judgement upon his French history. Yet his book was, he said, and said with some justice, the first comprehensive and fairly impartial history of France from the beginning. He lacked one indispensable gift, the power of throwing himself into the thought of another age. He disapproved of kings and bishops, and he judged those of the 10th and 11th centuries by the standards of the 19th. If Michelet had too much imagination Sismondi had too little. To the advantage of his impartiality we may remember that he left off at the death of Louis XV. The revolution was outside his



subject. Michelet's brilliant history, which began in Sismondi's lifetime to supersede him, was ruined by the Revolution. He broke off at the Renaissance to write the history of the Revolution, and never recovered his balance. He completed his history, but with less research, with arbitrary and sometimes absurd judgements, and—in a bad temper. Sismondi was more really at home in his history of Liberty in Italy. The Italian Republics appealed to him more than France did. His *Literature of the South of Europe* is considered less successful.

He was no more, or less, an Italian than a Frenchman. His family, Simonde, did come out of France, as persecuted Huguenots driven from Dauphiné in the 17th century. They settled at Geneva, and he was by birth and education a Genevese. Later, and somewhat arbitrarily it would seem, the Simondes of Dauphiné were said to be Sismondis of Pisa, Ghibelline exiles into Dauphiné. The arms of the Sismondis were said to be borne by the Simondes. But whether the Genevese citizens bore any arms before the historian's time, whether the Simondes of Dauphiné had any right to the Sismondis' arms, if they bore them, and where the pedigree was preserved, does not seem to be known. At all events Sismondi in his interests, and his abode for a time, was Italian. An interesting feature of the article is its preservation of the views of Sismondi upon the needs of Italy, and the judgement of a liberal-minded and capable historian like Palgrave upon them. Sismondi, we are told, recognized the incalculable injury Italy would receive by being amalgamated into one Italian kingdom. An Italian republic, one and indivisible, would scarcely have pleased him better. The historian of the Italian republics could not bear the abolition of the city independence, under which mediæval and renaissance Italy had grown to greatness. The opinion of Sismondi, with the evident agreement of Palgrave, will astonish most people who have been brought up to sympathize with the *Risorgimento* and to admire Cavour and Victor Emmanuel. But united Italy was by no means taken for granted as desirable by all patriots and liberals before 1848-9. The Congress of Vienna did wrong in Italy, but probably there was no universal popular desire for an United Italy in 1814. The wiser, better educated Italians wished for a union of northern and central Italy, the Napoleonic Italian kingdom, with what Napoleon had annexed immediately to his Empire restored to it. They had less desire for a union of this with the Two Sicilies. The only king who would not have been an artificial image was Eugène Beauharnais. The allies cannot be severely blamed for re-

fusing to establish Napoleon's stepson; though really they might have made a much worse choice. Some of the Italians asked for a son of George III. Had they had him can we conceive his being a success?

There was no widely spread desire for one Italian republic. The genuine republican feeling was separatist, and as late as 1848-9 it was Roman, Venetian or what not, rather than Italian. The establishment of Austrian rule was wrong, and it was badly worked; but the separate small states, after which Sismondi sighed, were sure to have fallen under Austrian or French influence, which they always had done since 1498, except when they were under Spain. No one could restore the state of things before the invasion of Charles VIII. What Napoleon really did for Italy was to educate the better sort of Italians in the methods of a modern well-organized state. This training made a return to the old conditions intolerable, and in the long run impossible. It was recognized by real politicians that only in united Italy would these methods be strong enough to stand. Sismondi's ideal was impossible. Italy could be divided and mediæval, or it could be united and modern. It could not be both divided and modern, certainly not independent if divided.

Sismondi saw Napoleon in Paris after the return from Elba, and like other people fell under the influence of his genius. He believed in the liberal Empire, and the promise to increase the prosperity of France by strengthening public liberties. Had fortune gone otherwise on June 18th, much more would not have been heard of the increased liberties.

Sismondi's real native republic, Geneva, after an annexation to France, became a Swiss canton in 1814. It had before the Revolution been in alliance with the Swiss. It is strange to many present day readers to find that Switzerland could be regarded in "the forties" as a likely storm centre of Europe. The restoration of the old constitutions in the Swiss cantons, after the fall of Napoleon, had left an oligarchy ruling in many of them. The French Revolution of 1830 had been the signal for disturbances in Switzerland which changed the constitutions of most of the cantons. The difficulties were aggravated by the quarrels of Protestants and Catholics, and in 1843, the year in which this article was written, seven Catholic cantons formed the Sonderbund, and in 1847 began a war of secession. If the Confederation had not triumphed quickly M. Guizot was half inclined to interfere on behalf of the Catholics to anticipate similar action by Austria. In November



1847 Palmerston had advised the Confederation to strike promptly and to strike hard, to get the crisis over and avert interference. In February and March 1848 revolutions in Milan, Paris, and Vienna, gave France and Austria something else to think of. But the fears by Sir Francis of European complications had been by no means unfounded.

#### MEDIÆVAL KALENDARS, ETC.

The articles which deal with various phases of mediæval beliefs, superstitions and their expression in literature, are properly preceded by that on Mediæval Kalendars. This article, after the manner of Sir Francis Palgrave whose historical studies were never disconnected with the movements of his own time, is curious to us now as revealing the changes which for good or evil have passed over modern English thought and practice. Thus the observance of Sunday is vigorously defended. This is not strange, but it is an observance after a manner not now generally adopted, supported by arguments which would not now be generally used. Thus he writes of "the *Book of Sports*, so entirely contrary to the principles "and practice of the early Christians." That the early Christians could not keep the first day of the week as a holiday was a necessary consequence of their social surroundings. All that we know of their practice is that they habitually met upon it for worship before full daylight. So Justin Martyr tells us. The observance of the Jewish Sabbath was kept up by Jewish converts and by Judaizing Christians as a separate feast. The legislation of Constantine forbade labour on the first day of the week, except necessary agricultural labour. Men might save their crops. The observance of Sunday after the model of the Sabbath is a practice the growth of which is rather hard to trace. John Knox used to give dinner parties on Sunday, a practice which would have been abhorrent to his followers thirty years after his death. Heylyn in his *History of the Sabbath*, 1636, says that the obligation of observing Sunday after the Jewish Sabbatical rules had only been mooted during the last forty years. In their issues of the *Book of Sports* King James and King Charles sinned much more obviously against the rule which forbids wise rulers to offend the prejudices of many of their subjects, than against any known rule of the early Church. The Puritans were much more successful in making strict Sunday observance a part of popular religion than in abolishing other Church festivals. In the former case they were acting, whether with or without ancient authority, upon a salutary principle of

marking man's obligation to the unseen, in the latter they were ignoring a salutary desire to mark traditional anniversaries and to keep holidays. They abolished the Church feasts by law, and on the first abolished Christmas day, 1647, the majority of shopkeepers in Canterbury refused to open their shops. The authorities tried to enforce opening, a riot ensued, and a barber who had opened carried his criticism of the recusants so far as to fire a musket at random down the street and shoot a man through the body. It was the beginning of the troubles which culminated in the desperate fighting at Maidstone, and the siege of Colchester, in 1648. Whereon see Carte, *A True Relation*, etc.

A Kentishman, Sir John Lubbock, afterwards Lord Avebury, succeeded in putting upon the statute book the legal holidays which Lord John Manners, the late duke of Rutland, is here commended for proposing.

The series of articles upon popular antiquities and superstitions, and upon ancient Teutonic folk-lore, abound with curious learning and suggestive remarks. Like the rest they further illustrate the progress of historical research. We are admitted to view the position of a scholar of wide reading in studies which had then been taken up comparatively recently, which have been since very diligently pursued, and upon which the last word has not by any means been spoken yet. We see in them that comparative mythology, like comparative philology, had come upon the scene, but was as yet a new thing in need of apology. The traditions of the Hebrews are still railed off, as a sacred preserve not to be invaded by ordinary rules of criticism. Geology is a thing suspect.

In another point these articles belong to a stage of knowledge. The Sun Myth is entirely absent from them, Max Müller had not yet written. It has come, we cannot say it has gone quite, but it is no longer the universal explanation of all legend. Those of us whose own memories go back to the sixties and seventies can recall, more vividly than those who have only read old books, how we were considered behind the times if we gently murmured that we doubted if the ancestors of Hindhus, Greeks, Celts and Teutons talked only with wearisome iteration about the weather, and wrote solely in the interests of the meteorological office of the Aryan race.

Another more recent explanation of the similarity of stories is of course absent. A common origin is often very likely. Borrowing may explain some likenesses, even where direct borrowing may appear very unlikely. Can anything except an unexplained communication explain the identity of Machiavelli's novel, *Belphegor*,



and a Russian fairy tale called *The Very Bad Wife*? But apart from these explanations, in the days of Sir Francis Palgrave psychology was in its infancy. The limits of the human imagination, the very small circle of ideas, the common nature of all men's minds, which make the accidents, and impressions common to all men express themselves in similar stories, had not been much noticed, if at all.

The references and illustrations with which the articles teem might provide volumes of commentary. That some seventy years of critical study should have resulted in slight differences in dates, authorship and values being substituted sometimes now for those accepted in the *Essays* is inevitable. We shall all be corrected in less than a century, if we are remembered at all. The ancient literature of Scandinavia is less ancient in its present form than was generally thought when it was first studied, and as is assumed here. The more elaborate mythology was a product of contact with Christianity. The Elder Edda, which cannot be ascribed to Sæmund Sigfusson as here, was apparently put together in the west of Scotland about 1150, and committed to writing in Iceland about 1250. Neither is the Volsung Saga, made familiar to English readers by William Morris, very ancient in its present form. Both embody very ancient myths and fragments of beliefs and stories. But nothing in them is, in its present shape, older than the *Nibelungenlied*, and nothing is nearly so old as some Anglo-Saxon poems. Messrs Powell and Vigfusson, in *Introductions and Appendices to the Corpus Boreale*, have so taught the present age. The same common stock of Teutonic legend furnished material for the *Nibelungenlied*. The extant poem belongs to the end of the 12th century, written by an unknown author using former materials. Madame de Staël was not so far wrong when she said that the poem had been only lately discovered in her time. It was known of before, but not known. Wolfgang Lazius (1524–1565) a Viennese, had printed parts of it, but it was never published as a whole till 1784. It includes much transformed history, or legends attached to historical names. Attila the Hun, the "Scourge of God," who died 453, figures prominently in it. He dominated traditions far and wide in time and space. Palgrave, trusting to his memory, falls into a slight inaccuracy in his account of Attila's defeat at Châlons. The Ostrogoths and the Burgundians were serving under compulsion in the Hunnish army, not as he says with Aëtius the Roman and Theodoric the Visigoth. Nor is it correct to identify the Hungarians with the Huns. The name Ugri,

corrupted into Ungri, was bestowed by foreigners upon the Magyars. But the memory of ravage by the Hungarians is the probable origin of the stories of the traces of Hunnish ravage in Germany.

The era of the writing of the *Nibelungenlied* corresponds with that of the beginning of the Minnesingers, the love-poets, the knightly minstrels of the 12th and 13th centuries.

The book of Maniss, to which Sir Francis refers, is a MS. containing the works of 140 of these poets with 137 illustrations. It belonged to one Rudiger von Manasse, a senator of Zürich, in the early 14th century. It was printed by Bodmer the Swiss scholar in 1758. It is often called the Paris MS. It had found its way into the Palatine Library at Heidelberg, wonderfully escaped destruction in the Thirty Years' War, but was apparently carried off by a literary French soldier, and so came to the King's library in Paris. Palgrave's conjecture that it "has passed by this time "from Paris to Berlin," was not confirmed by the event. Quite rightly; most of the writers belonged to the Rhineland, and had as little to do with Berlin as with Paris. They were gentlemen, able as Palgrave says "to prove their sixteen Quarters"; but the illustrations of the MS. usually shew no quartering at all. There are coats of arms depicted of nearly all the poets, but quite simple coats.

The Master-singers who succeeded were of a very different kind. Guilds or Schools for the mechanical production of verse were in accordance with the cooperative fashion of the middle ages. No one then was supposed to work at any craft unless he was properly enrolled in a society, and subjected to rules. They might serve as a *reductio ad absurdum* of mediæval trades unionism. They stifled originality successfully for a long time. The Singing School of Nuremberg was closed only in 1770, and at Ulm a similar society existed, but not continuously perhaps, till 1839.

Fairy tales received a patent of nobility when the brothers Grimm first founded comparative folk-lore by their collection. They are the last homely form of history and religion; they are like old manor houses descended in the world to become picturesque cottages. The real passions, the learning and the fears, of a past time become the pastime of its great-grandchildren; and whether or no the superstitions of the middle ages be converted into popular stories, or into noble literature, they are under both shapes a favourite playground for ages which think themselves much wiser. The articles on "Popular Antiquities," "Superstition and



“Knowledge,” “Mythology of the Middle Ages,” and “Astrology and Alchemy,” are all studies of sides of the same subject, human error in the middle ages. The worst of the contemplation is the induced reflection that it is not unlike in kind to human error now. Sometimes it is identical. Spirits threw about pots and pans then, and are sometimes thought to do so now; just as if they were the naughty little girls, which they sometimes turn out to be.

All our errors are not the same as theirs. But “Lord, what fools these mortals be,” will be as apposite a judgement on the 20th century as on all the others. Yet we are not so cruel in our ignorance as they were. The story of witchcraft which runs through all these essays is a very terrible record, and a very humiliating one. How many thousands of people were put to death for an imaginary crime. Yet it does not follow that all who suffered were innocent of any offence at all, though their offences were not often of capital importance in our eyes. Sorcery and heresy were continually associated as crimes, or sorcery and idolatry. The earliest witchcraft known to Anglo-Saxon legislators was the worship of Odin, Thor and Frey by imperfectly Christianized country folk. The Templars were accused of sorcery, heresy, apostasy and immoralities. The great witch persecutions in France in the 15th century were a phase of the pursuit of heresy, Manichæan or more respectable opinions. Immorality was to the last commonly charged against witches, and malevolence and bad intentions were often truly charged. Palgrave says that it is not clear that under the Anglo-Saxon laws witchcraft and sorcery as such were punishable, if no specific mischief was done by them. But in Edward’s and Guthrum’s Laws (cap. 11), repeated verbally in Ethelred’s Laws (vi. 7), witches were to be expelled, and if they do not go are “to be destroyed,” with no specific reference to any ill-effects having followed their sorceries. But in both cases they are associated in the law with other bad characters, adulteresses and so on. The belief in witchcraft was more insistent and harmful after than in the mediæval era. The last great outbreak of the witch mania among English speaking people was in New England, when William III was king. The delusion, which had been growing since the 15th century, had reached its climax in England under the Commonwealth, when religious excitement was in the air. After the Restoration the reaction towards material interests, and the discredit attached to fanaticism, had so far a beneficial result as to check superstition of all kinds. The age became a little rational. The Royal Society was founded already, though it was

not Royal till 1660, and one of its members, Joseph Glanvill, in vain endeavoured to rally the forces of the believers in witchcraft and apparitions by his *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, in 1666. The tide of opinion was running the other way, and his book did not turn it. But across the ocean, as late as 1692, the old Puritan stock had a relapse into the old follies. The panic seems to have begun, as usual, with the hysteria or mischief-making of girls. It was very violent for a short time. Nineteen persons were executed, and one pressed to death for refusing to plead. To add the usual absurdity to cruelty a dog was hanged and a child of five was accused. The last phase of the affair was a speedy recovery from delusion, and a hearty repentance for their faults and folly by the chief actors<sup>a</sup>. Trials, and executions too, had not quite ceased in England meanwhile, much less in Scotland. In England the high-church religious excitement at the time of Dr Sacheverell's trial was accompanied by an increase of alleged cases of witchcraft, but by no executions. The case cited by Palgrave as the last execution in England, in 1716, is almost certainly an error<sup>b</sup>. There was however a case at Northampton in March 1705-6. Two disreputable women were accused of witchcraft and of causing the death of a boy by spells. They were convicted of witchcraft and murder, and were half strangled, and their bodies burned. A contemporary pamphlet recounts it, and the churchwardens' accounts of St Giles' parish, Northampton, contain a payment for faggots for the occasion. It is almost certainly the last legal execution in England. In Scotland there was one in 1722; Sir Walter Scott records it in his *Demonology and Witchcraft*.

Astrology and alchemy were both rather the misdirected science than the superstitions of their age. How completely the former dominated popular opinion is shewn by the persistent use of language derived from it. Jovial, saturnine, mercurial, martial, ill-starred, disaster, under a lucky star, perhaps lunatic may be added, shew us to be still unconsciously astrological in our talk. Like other superstitions astrology is probably not quite so dead as educated people would wish. Alchemy has been superseded by the speculative company and the Derby sweepstakes, or football competitions. It is pleasant to be reminded by Palgrave how early both sciences were punishable in England as mere swindling when practised for reward.

<sup>a</sup> Cotton Mather, *Magnalia*, bk. vi, ch. 82.

<sup>b</sup> See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, 129.



## ANCIENT AND MODERN GREENLAND.

This is a separate subject, except that ancient Norse stories form the foundations. The Saga of Eric the Red, the first settler in Greenland, is in the Icelandic Flatey Book, written there in the 16th century, but of 12th century origin. It is a very plain matter-of-fact narrative, as are the continuations of it upon the voyages to America, bearing truth upon its face. Only when the settlers were all ill with fever they heard and saw strange things, in delirium no doubt. It has been lately translated by Mr G. M. Gathorne Hardy in his *Norse Discoverers of America*. What Palgrave calls "the paradoxical opinion that East Greenland was "situated on the western coast," is nevertheless true. The old Icelandic settlements from the 10th to the 14th centuries were not called West Greenland and East Greenland, but the Western Settlement and the Eastern Settlement. They were all west of Cape Farewell, on the southern end of Greenland, where the general trend of the coast is from W.N.W. to E.S.E. That those in one direction should be called western, and those in the other eastern, is accurate enough. The east coast proper is scarcely habitable by Europeans, and much of it inaccessible by ice. Dr Nansen's famous expedition across Greenland in 1888 confirmed the opinion of the Danish naval captain Graab, who was sent by the Danish Government in 1828, and who explored both coasts. He found the remains of the colonists' houses, of churches, of a bridge, and some runic inscriptions, all west of Cape Farewell. North-east of Cape Farewell he found nothing of the kind. There are some relics of Eskimo occupation on the east coast as far north as lat. 73, but there are no inhabitants now nearly so far north. Captain Graab's report was published at Copenhagen in 1832, *Undersøgelse Reise til Oestkysten af Grönland*, etc. The latitude of Cape Farewell is south of Iceland, about the same as that of Bergen in Norway and Sumburgh Head in Shetland. The climate west of it is not intolerably severe nor unhealthy.

The end of the settlements is obscure. They are supposed to have been finally destroyed by the natives about the end of the 14th century. Captain Graab supposed that they were destroyed by a fleet from England; but that was probably an opinion originated by our action at Copenhagen in 1801 and 1807. We were authors of all evil, to him. The last resident bishop died in 1377, and the last ship is said to have come from Greenland to Norway in 1410. Yet a bishop is said to have been consecrated for Green-

land in 1433, and in 1448 Nicholas V is said to have been solicitous about the Greenlanders. But the colony had certainly vanished before that. See Paul Egede, *History of Greenland*, p. 86, quoting from the Vatican archives. Paul Egede was the son of the devoted missionary commemorated in the article.

#### THE STATES OF WIRTEMBERG.

The consequences of a great war always disappoint the too sanguine hopes of many of the noblest of those who have waged it. The sequel of the liberation of Europe from Napoleon was no exception. This article was written under a sense of bitter regret for the failure of constitutional liberalism and national unity in Germany. Palgrave loved an ancient Constitution not only for its merits but for its antiquity, and ranges himself unreservedly upon the side of the supporters of the old Constitution of Wirtemberg against Frederick the first king of Wirtemberg its subverter, but the author of a new Constitution which actually came into existence under his successor. Something however may be said upon the other side. It so happens that we can balance the judgement by the greatest English authority upon German history, and a liberal, against the unreserved condemnation of the king passed here. In January 1890, in the *English Historical Review*, Sir Adolphus Ward reviewed Schlossberger's *Political and Military Correspondence of King Frederick with Napoleon*, and Pfister's *King Frederick of Wirtemberg and his Age*. The reviewer gives his own judgement upon two books, undoubtedly both intended to be apologies for Frederick, but both based upon careful study. He does not consider that the king was unreservedly nor abjectly subservient to the Emperor. He was in a difficult position, but shewed both tact and firmness in defending his own interests and those of his States and people. He succeeded in refusing to allow his army to be employed in Spain, he refused to allow the *Code Napoléon* to be introduced into his dominions. He succeeded in doubling his States, and first of German sovereigns laid down for his extended dominions the basis of a common Constitution, which came into actual existence. He was restless and arbitrary no doubt, but Pfister's view is that his consolidation of the discordant elements of old and new Wirtemberg into one State, with a common Constitution and an efficient army, was a considerable step forward towards the political regeneration of southern Germany. The old Constitution of Wirtemberg is roundly condemned by Sir Adolphus



Ward. "In old Wirtemberg the rust had eaten into a venerated constitutional machinery to which the population clung with pathetic fidelity, but which had ceased to serve many practical purposes except that of making government impossible." The Permanent Deputations, a close corporation electing themselves, with a private treasury and independent agents at foreign courts, were not compatible with either a monarchy, or a democracy. They resembled the Scotch Lords of the Articles, or the baronial Committees of the Provisions of Oxford, carried to extremes. An ancient Constitution is supremely valuable when like our own it is susceptible of development on its own lines to suit new conditions. Otherwise it may be a mere encumbrance, as the rights of many hundreds of petty States, the size of parishes, had become in the Holy Roman Empire before a stronger ikonoclast than Frederick shook that down. Any historical light upon the constitutional history of Wirtemberg will be new to many English readers. As in the article upon East Friesland and its liberties in the last volume, it may be a revelation that constitutional history is to be found here at all. But without in the least detracting from the interest of the article it is well to indicate that there are two sides to the story.

#### ARCHITECTURE IN NORMANDY.

A new subject is entered upon in the articles upon Norman Architecture, and Florentine Art. The two great historians of Normandy, Palgrave and Freeman, had a common interest in architecture. The latter though not far removed in date from the former wrote when the history of architecture had been much more thoroughly explored, and is more to be depended upon for the dates which he ascribes to buildings. But to Freeman architecture was almost solely a branch of history, he had very little interest in art for its own sake, and pictures did not appeal to him. A picture of Barbarossa with a black beard instead of a red one is said to have driven him out of the gallery at Florence. Palgrave's interest in art existed over and above its historical value to him.

The uncertainty of the chronology of architecture when Palgrave wrote is illustrated by his statement here that "scarcely any one fragment in Great Britain can be referred with certainty to the Saxon era." An earlier time had called all round arches "Saxon." But his opinion represents a reaction as mistaken as the former in another direction. There are many fragments, and

more than fragments, in England of churches dating from before the Conquest. The church at Bradford-upon-Avon had, we may note, not been discovered at this time. Yet probably several of the Anglo-Saxon towers of English churches were built in the 11th century, after 1066, but according to the former pattern.

The origin of the pointed style, "Gothic architecture" as it is called here, is a matter too wide and difficult for brief treatment. Pointed arches exist in Saracenic buildings centuries older than the earliest pointed architecture in Europe. The earliest European examples are probably at Palermo and Pisa, where intercourse with the east was close and frequent. A Saracenic origin for the pointed arch is almost certain. But pointed architecture in its full development is not Saracenic. It was developed in Western Europe in the lands dominated by the Normans, and in Aquitaine. Sir Christopher Wren's conjunction of the Italians, with French, Germans, and Flemings, as its originators, is not happy. The Germans adopted it, and the Italians foisted an imitation from France rather than England upon their own native Romanesque.

The reproach against the French, at the end of the article and earlier, of not caring for their monuments, may have been true in 1821. It is not true now. The countrymen of Viollet-le-Duc are the last people in Europe to deserve it.

If we "made the beauties of the Parthenon our own," it was not in an altogether laudable fashion. Fortunately "the Alhambra, "Ellora, Delhi and Palmyra," cannot be subjected to a London atmosphere for the instruction of visitors to Bloomsbury.

#### THE FINE ARTS IN FLORENCE.

The "Fine Arts in Florence" carries us, after the manner of the author, far away into deductions and reflections which, if they do not belong immediately to the subject, illustrate both the views and nature of the writer and the dominant phases of thought of his time. We stray into the arena where ikonoclasts and the artistic world have contended and will contend for all time. Does art corrupt religion, or is its use in churches a sign of corrupted religion? Or is it an aid to the imagination of the religious? Do pictures of a certain kind corrupt morality? Henry Drummond, M.P., banker and Irvingite, no doubt gave an honest opinion that the pagan mythological subjects of later Italian painters corrupted the nation. Perhaps the licence of the Renaissance was rather a cause than a consequence of corruption in art. That the lower



classes in Italy had ever been *un modello di modestia*, is an opinion founded less on fact than on charity. We find ourselves at the latter end of the article upon the verge of the ritualistic controversy. Strype's anecdote of Elizabeth and Dean Nowell is characteristic of her at any rate. She allowed a crucifix on the altar in her own chapel, and had her own times and reasons for placating Romanists and Puritans alternately. But she was not going to be hurried on in such matters by any officious clergyman.

The truly interesting side of the article is its anticipation of Ruskin. The art of Florence was good when the heart and soul of the artist was in his work. Whether it was for the glory of Florence, or for the glory of God, the inspired heart and brain could conceive, and could nerve the hand to execute supremely excellent work, but for neither fame nor gain. So only could it be done. When civic independence had departed, when patriotism became but a bitter memory or a curious tradition, when faith decayed and when unreformed religion became a pretence which could invoke no enthusiasm, then art failed. Ruskin was travelling in Italy not long after Palgrave. With his interest in the subject of Florentine art it is inconceivable that he did not read this article. His ideas may have been his own, but there is no saying how far native thoughts may not be shaped and directed by contact with the similar thoughts of another.

A good deal of the article treats of Florentine history from the first. The origin of the city of Florence is obscure. In addition to the reference quoted in the article from Tacitus, Florus (III. c. 21, § 27) mentions a colony of Sulla's veterans, B.C. 80-79. It is said that the Triumvirs planted a colony after the war of Philippi. But it was not a colony in Pliny's time, only a *municipium*. It was a fortified city in the Gothic wars of the 6th century A.D.<sup>a</sup> The Countess Matilda of Tuscany, married in name only to Welf the younger, duke of Bavaria, used it as a residence, but it was antedated in importance by Pisa as a great commercial city. Its republican greatness began after 1250 when the death of Frederick II extinguished any real hope of Imperial rule in Italy. Yet it had been practically independent before that and was rapidly becoming the leading city of Tuscany. In less than 300 years it had flourished, fallen under the power of the Medicis, and settled down into a tyrannically ruled little State. After all, its brilliant period was longer than that of Athens. The Medicis were no worse than other Italian despots, better than some, but are specially

<sup>a</sup> Procop. *de Bello Gothico*, III, 5, 6.

obnoxious to the lovers of liberty because they were so eminent in several cases as to command attention, and because the city which they enslaved was especially famous. They were the successful usurpers of power, when some ruler, foreign or domestic, was sure to have usurped it. Filippo Strozzi, here commemorated, their unsuccessful adversary, who was taken at the battle of Prato and committed suicide in prison, was one of a class no better than they were. Where there are tyrants there are conspirators; and the unsuccessful plotters become victims, not martyrs. If all Florentines had been like Machiavelli and Michael Angelo there would have been no Medicean princes, nor any need for them. Countries have as good a government as they deserve. The city republics of mediæval Italy had played a great part. They could not continue in the face of the great powers of France, Spain, and the Empire; not at least with such habits, political and moral, as had sprung from their ill-constructed Constitutions and from the loss of ancient ideals in religion and morality. Such internal feuds as that which banished Dante, such city rivalries as that of Florence and Pisa, foreboded the want of political stability, and the failure of attempts at unity which were fatal to Italian liberty. The system of which Sismondi was the historian and eulogist was brilliant in its achievements but self-destined to be brief.

H. E. MALDEN.



## PROGRESS OF HISTORICAL ENQUIRY IN FRANCE.

1. RECUEIL DES HISTORIENS DES GAULES ET DE LA FRANCE; CONTENANT LA PREMIÈRE LIVRAISON DES MONUMENTS DES RÈGNES DE SAINT LOUIS, DE PHILIPPE LE HARDI, DE PHILIPPE LE BEL, DE LOUIS X., DE PHILIPPE V., ET DE CHARLES IV., DEPUIS 1226 JUSQU'EN 1328. Par MM. DAUNOU et NAUDET, Membres de l'Institut. Tome Vingtième. Folio. A Paris, de l'Imprimerie royale, 1840.
2. RÉCITS DES TEMPS MÉROVINGIENS: PRÉCÉDÉS DE CONSIDÉRATIONS SUR L'HISTOIRE DE FRANCE. Par AUGUSTIN THIERRY, Membre de l'Institut. 2 tom. 8vo. A Paris, 1840.
3. LES GRANDES CHRONIQUES DE FRANCE, SELON QUE ELLES SONT CONSERVÉES EN L'EGLISE DE SAINT DENIS EN FRANCE: publiées par M. PAULIN PARIS, de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. 5 tom. 8vo. A Paris, 1837.

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THE brilliant production of M. Thierry consists of two portions, not only quite distinct, but bearing very little relation to each other, except in their common character as illustrations of French history. The *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens* are portions detached from the early annals of the Franks, worked up into a semi-dramatic form. The basis of these narratives, each of which centres round some one individual, is taken almost exclusively from the venerable Chronicle of Gregory of Tours, the Froissart of the age of the Merovingian kings. The minor details, especially those relating to manners and customs, are sought by M. Thierry with great diligence in contemporary authorities. Poets and Hagiologists, Fortunatus<sup>1</sup> and Saint Cæsarius<sup>2</sup>, the laws of Arbogast and Widogast<sup>3</sup>, and the formularies of Marculphus<sup>4</sup>, are all put in requisition. Gregory furnishes the web, of which they constitute the rich embroidery. Yet upon this portion of the work, however attractive it may be, we shall not enlarge; for the promised continuation may better enable us to bring it before the English reader. And we shall on the present occasion confine ourselves to

the *Considérations sur l'Histoire de France*; an essay in which M. Thierry gives a rapid but very profound review of the constitutional writers of France—writers by whom, as he says, the national annals have been constantly misapplied, for the purpose of truckling to political party. From Gregory of Tours down to Comines, French history has been considered little else than a repository of texts for political sermons. All ranks and orders (as he states) in their turn—Aristocracy and *Bourgeoisie*—Church and Law—surplice and long robe—cloth of gold and cloth of frieze—have constantly, by an appeal to the past, endeavoured to support the justice of their claims to political power; and laboured to establish, upon historical grounds, the truth of the theories by which the scattered fragments of evidence, supporting, or supposed to support, their claims, have been grouped into systematic order. And thus has arisen a class of works almost peculiar (as he assumes) to French literature—"half pamphlet, half history; and in which "erudition, more or less solid, more or less ingenious, is enlisted "in the service of political passion, and in which the spirit of "historical system is only a reflection of the spirit of party. And "amongst us," he continues, "abstract and speculative history, "thus rendered subservient to the conflicts of political discussion, "has, from the revival of literature until the present day, acquired "a most undue importance—domineering detrimentally over "researches which ought to be impartial, and over narrative "history." The various historico-political theories to which M. Thierry alludes, and which he examines, criticizes, opposes, or refutes—always with much talent, often with success—constitute a living and instructive commentary upon the exertions, made by the French, to promote the study of that national history which has been so employed, or, if we agree with M. Thierry, so perverted. The existence of these party works is not doubtful. Their complexion is not to be disguised. Yet, with great submission to so high an authority, it appears to us that his tone of complaint is scarcely well founded. Surely, it is only from the practical application of the facts of history that they derive their real value. Of what use are they in the abstract? A hoarded treasure not brought into circulation—an armoury, in which the weapons hang idly against the wall. But for the lessons which they try to teach, or the opinions which they labour to diffuse, Sismondi or Hume would be of as little importance in historical science as Amadis of Gaul or Palmerin of England<sup>1</sup>.

It is the exposition, the doctrinal elucidation of the historical



text, by the philosophical or political historian, which makes it tell. This value, considering history as an exercise of intellect, is as appreciable by those who are of contrary opinions to the historian, as by those who adopt them; and if a decided political tendency be, as M. Thierry laments, a violation of the laws which govern historical disquisition, no one is a more successful culprit than he. M. Thierry does not fight in ambush, and there is no reason why he should. If Boulainvilliers<sup>1</sup> endeavoured to cut down the *tiers état* by wielding the glittering battle-axe of Clovis, has not Thierry completely routed him by sounding the pealing tocsin from the civic *beffroi*? M. Thierry dispels the talismanic power of the heraldic bearing by the more powerful magic of the merchant's mark. If the advocate of aristocracy deduces the title to social sovereignty from the long-haired warriors of Germany, M. Thierry annuls the pretensions of the pedigree by opening the communal character. Nay, he is so absorbed in the political application of his pursuits, that his spirit breaks out in his official Reports. He is now employed in the truly great work of publishing the Records of the Municipalities of France; and whilst he is covered with the dust of the archives which he is exploring, he joyfully points out the triumphs of the principles which the ancient charters involved. Let it be recollected that it is not we who quarrel with M. Thierry for this mode of expounding history. We do not think it an unfair mode of giving a substratum for his doctrines. But it is he who is at variance with himself—it is he who objects to the very source of the impulse of his successful labours. We do not say that an historian must be a politician, or that he cannot be laborious except as the expounder of a doctrine or a creed, or energetic without speaking as the organ of a particular party; but it is a great help to him if he is. It gives him a motive the more. No writer can express himself clearly unless he feels forcibly; and there is hardly any influence which will impel anyone who really deserves the name of an historiographer so energetically, as the earnest desire of advocating or recommending religious or political opinions which (whether erroneously or not) he thinks it his duty to promulgate, to propagate, to proclaim. All that we can require from the historian is truth and fairness; and that he should not wilfully or perversely mistake the authorities, or corrupt the evidence, upon which his reasonings are grounded.

Furthermore, it is hardly necessary to remind the English historical reader, that M. Thierry is anything rather than precise in supposing that the works which he designates as histories and

historical disquisitions—"moitié histoire, moitié pamphlet, où "l'érudition, plus ou moins solide, plus ou moins ingénieuse, est "mise en quelque sorte au service d'une passion politique,"—are at all peculiar to France. For, amongst us, if we try to recollect the names of any historical writers who are in anywise worth recollecting—whether for industry or capacity—we can hardly name any of a different description. Tyrrell and Brady<sup>1</sup>, Carte and Oldmixon, Hume and Smollett, Burnett and Collier, have produced nothing but pamphlets in M. Thierry's sense of the word. All have compelled their erudition to put on a party uniform—High Church or Low Church, Whig or Tory. Prynne with his ears, and Prynne without his ears, was a pamphleteer according to the definition of M. Thierry. Selden was a pamphleteer, neither worse nor better. Of our own times we will not speak. All that we can concede to M. Thierry is, that the writers of this class began earlier in France, and perhaps form a more continuous and effective series than our own.

Hotman<sup>2</sup> is placed by Thierry at the head of his political array. This writer, a Silesian by descent, his grandfather having entered the French service under Louis XI., undertakes in his *Franco-Gallia* (1574) to prove, that the fundamental laws of France establish an elective monarchy, conjoined, or rather subordinate to, the States-general of the Realm. He assumes that the Franks were the deliverers of the Gauls from the Roman yoke of bondage. Fused into one nation, the Franco-Gallic commonwealth is founded upon the sovereignty of the two races, united into one people. Of the king-deposing power, Hotman finds a sufficient number of examples in the annals of the two first dynasties. The fact becomes a right. The dry and legal deductions which he makes from particular precedents, must have been more convincing to many minds than any argument upon general principles. And it is hardly too much to say, that there is no one dictum which we term constitutional, whose germ may not be found in this now forgotten treatise; which, so late as the reign of Queen Anne, was considered even here as a powerful vindication of the principles upon which our Revolution was founded.

Hotman, a banished man, and during the full fury of the League, could give full scope to such soul-stirring topics. A calmer era ensued, and in which the prevailing feeling was still the attempt to preserve the national honour, by veiling the antagonism of the two races, amongst whom power was so unequally divided.



Adrian de Valois<sup>1</sup> (1646) tranquilly transforms into Bourbons the kings of the Merovingian dynasty—embracing the comforting hypothesis that the Franks were Gauls, returning home from their migrations; and their conquest, therefore, is a kindly government, and not the source of dependence and servitude. In bold defiance of all history, this theory became popular, nor need we wonder—no food is too gross for vanity, whether national or individual. A tribe of *savants* and *demi-savants*, of whom the one class may be represented by Chantereau le Fevre<sup>2</sup> (1668) and the jesuit Lacarry<sup>3</sup> (1677) and perhaps Mézeray<sup>4</sup>, and the other by Audigier<sup>5</sup> (1667), all adopted the same theory; but the last-named writer carried it to the utmost verge of extravagance—Goths and Vandals, Burgundians and Heruli, are all own brothers to the Celtic Gauls, all of one blood and lineage. These Celtic reveries bear the closest analogy to the patriotic dreams of the Hibernians, whether native or adopted, from the M.R.I.A.<sup>6</sup>, who gives you the Milesian version of the speech in Plautus, down to the “news-writer” in Felix Farley’s Journal; who, when Thamas Kouli Khan<sup>7</sup> begins to make a noise in the world, proves that he is a boy from county Tipperary, one Thomas O’Callaghan.

The modern Germans were roused by this bold attempt to deprive the ancient Teutonic race of its supremacy; but, as usual, they reasoned by appealing to their imagination for facts, and by substituting one theory for another. Leibnitz<sup>8</sup> was their champion; but it was reserved for Fréret<sup>9</sup> (1714) then merely “*élevé en titre*” “de l’Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres,” to demonstrate the fallacy of the advocates of the Gauls in his first dissertation, never followed by a second. Some of the positions in his essay excited the jealousy of the government. It is difficult to discover what was the precise cause of the offence; but it seems that the Germans had incorporated in their disquisitions certain invectives against the supposed pageant of an universal monarchy; and Fréret’s agreement in his results with them, may have been deemed a breach of his allegiance due to the “Grand Monarque.” As far as questions so obscure are capable of demonstration, Fréret proved that the Franks were a league of the German tribes of the Netherlands, probably the Sicambrians of Cæsar. The reading of the paper excited great discussions in the Académie des Inscriptions. A *lettre de cachet* transferred the young historian to pursue his studies in the Bastille; and, when released from his seclusion, he sought refuge in the safer territories of Greece, Asia Minor and Assyria; and France was left to other hands.

The depression of the nation in the last years of the reign of Louis XIV., had created an obscure and yet earnest desire for the means of imparting new vigour to the body politic. Many began to deem that the traditions of the past would give lessons for the future. Fénelon, "believing equally in the natural rights of man, "and in the power of history" (1689), had wished to restore the States-general to their constitutional power. For this renovation, Conventions of Notables were to be the preliminary, as a transition from the past to the existing circumstances of the monarchy. Fénelon therefore planned, for the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy, what may be termed a general constitutional survey of the French Empire; we use this term advisedly with respect to the dominions united under the *ancien régime*. In 1695, circulars were addressed to the Intendants, requiring them to transmit reports or *mémoires* upon the ancient policy and forms of government of the provinces united to the crown. These *mémoires* are now in manuscript in the royal library. It is said that the *rédacteurs* have in general slurred over the evidence of the institutions which limited the power of the crown; but, judging from the abstracts which are published, and the extracts which we have seen, they seem, nevertheless, to contain important particulars of the practice of the constitutions (however impaired) of the *Pays d'états*<sup>1</sup>; besides many archæological and statistical facts, of which it is probable that, in many cases, no other details are preserved. They provoked discussion and enquiry; but none of the learned of the age answered to the call; and the pen was taken up by an heraldic antiquary, a man of marriages and descents, of crests and quarterings, but who had studied hard, and was gifted with great clearness of intellect, the Count de Boulainvilliers. He began (1727) by an abridgment, or rather compression, of the *mémoires* of the intendants, accompanied by several historical treatises. This was followed or accompanied by his celebrated *Histoire de l'Ancien Gouvernement de la France*, planned, as he informs us in his preface, to form a general introduction to the *mémoires* of the intendants,—a history, not of wars and battles, but of the political destinies of the monarchy. Boulainvilliers is singularly neat and methodical as an historical analyst; and he was also a diligent and a conscientious enquirer. In his manner, there is a species of military frankness and *disinvoltura* which place his productions amongst the most lively and interesting in their class. He has all the good and pleasant qualities of an *ancien gentilhomme*; but then he is a *gentilhomme* in every way, an aristocrat to the very



marrow of his bones. The internal sentiment of this writer was grounded upon the American principle of the utter impossibility of communicating equal rights to different races;—a thing no more to be thought of than making horses charge on two legs, or dragoons gallop on four. “Depuis la conquête, les Français “originares ont été les véritables nobles, et les seuls capables de “l’être.” The Franks, or the real “noblesse,” are his whites; all the rest, the ennobled, the “*tiers état*,” the “*roturiers*,” are his coloured men, transmitting the strain, the “lick of the tar brush,” from generation to generation, from ever to ever. According to his views, the ruin of the ancient constitution was effected by the attacks made upon the nobility in front and in rear—by the enfranchisement of the commons and the usurpation of the crown.

“Deux grands événements arrivés dans la monarchie ont amené la ruine “graduelle de cet ordre de choses. Le premier fut l’affranchissement des serfs ou “gens de main-morte, dont toute la France était peuplée, tant dans les villes que “dans les campagnes, et qui étaient, ou les Gaulois d’origine assujétis par la “conquête, ou les malheureux que différents accidents avaient réduits en servi- “tude. Le second fut le progrès par lequel ces serfs s’élevèrent, contre tout droit, “à la condition de leurs anciens maîtres. Depuis six cents ans, les roturiers “esclaves, d’abord affranchis, puis anoblis par les rois, ont usurpé les emplois et les “dignités de l’état, tandis que la noblesse, héritière des privilèges de la conquête, “les perdait un à un et allait se dégradant de siècle en siècle.

“Tous les rois de la troisième race ont voulu son abaissement, et travaillé, “comme sur un plan formé d’avance à la ruine des lois primitives et de l’ancienne “constitution de l’état; ce fut pour eux une idée commune d’anéantir les grands “seigneurs, de subjuguier la nation, de rendre leur autorité absolue et le gouverne- “ment despotique. Philippe-Auguste commença la destruction de la police des “fiefs et des droits originels du baronage; Philippe-le-Bel poursuivit ce projet “par la ruse et par la violence; Louis XI. l’avança près de son terme. Leur “postérité est parvenue au but qu’ils s’étaient proposé, mais, pour l’atteindre “pleinement, l’administration du Cardinal de Richelieu et le règne de Louis XIV. “ont plus fait, en un demi-siècle, que toutes les entreprises des rois antérieurs “n’avaient pu faire en douze cents ans.”

In spite of his doctrine of the unalienable prerogatives of the descendants of the first conquerors, Boulainvilliers wrote under a strong parliamentary feeling. He admired and venerated the system which calls each rank and order to co-operate in the government of the state. He never condescends to praise England; still it is evident that the example of England was always before him. Much of his stern theoretic disdain of the *tiers-état* is humanized

<sup>a</sup> *Histoire de l’Ancien Gouvernement de la France*, etc. t. i. pp. 191, 210, 291, 309, 310, 322; t. ii. p. 1; t. iii. pp. 135, 152 [quoted by Thierry, *Considérations*, t. i. pp. 57, 58].

when he beholds them in their place in the States-general of the realm; and, like the many honest intolerants who draw logical conclusions from moral premises, but in whom the right reasoning of the head is happily set wrong by the inconsistency of the heart, he would have shrunk from the realization of his own syllogisms. What he most fully yields to, is the dislike which he entertains to the jurists. Between them and the old noblesse there existed, to the last, a bitter feud. It is the strong grasp of order and reason, which has always rendered the ascendancy of the law so distrustful to the proud nobility and the prouder rabble.

Boulainvilliers was perhaps the first who clearly made known the antagonism of the two races; and, as an historical analysis, his positions must always remain unshaken; but he failed morally, as all do who push a theory to extremes. The tone gave more offence than the matter; and the *tiers-état* soon found an energetic champion for their liberties. This was the Abbé Dubos<sup>a</sup>, the son of a tradesman of Beauvais, a worthy burgess and *échevin* of the town; and whose talents, with perhaps as small a portion of court intrigue as was compatible with any species of advancement, had raised him to the very honourable position of perpetual secretary of the Academy. With few writers has Fame dealt more unfairly. For forty years and more, Dubos enjoyed the most commanding reputation; and now, who quotes his name? Probably there is no one of our readers who has not read Montesquieu<sup>1</sup>, or one who has read Dubos; and whoever is in this predicament, considers the latter as nothing but a superficial visionary. But the work of Dubos, the production of a practical diplomatist, keen, subtle, and deeply learned, is the development of palpable fallacy, incorporated by him with an immutable historical truth. First, as to the fallacy, it lies in the supposition, that the first settlement effected by the Franks in Gaul, was the result of a voluntary alliance with the Roman or Romanized inhabitants, treating upon equal terms, and rejoicing in each other's aid and friendship.

“L'époque de l'établissement des Francs sur les bords du Rhin  
 “est celle du premier et du principal traité d'alliance entre ce  
 “peuple et les Romains. Dès-lors les deux nations furent unies  
 “par une amitié constante, à peu près de la même manière que  
 “la France et la Suisse, depuis le règne de Louis XI. Les Romains  
 “ne déclarèrent jamais la guerre à toute la nation des Francs, et  
 “la masse de celle-ci prit souvent les armes en faveur de l'empire

<sup>a</sup> *Histoire Critique de l'Etablissement de la Monarchie Française dans les Gaules* (1734).



“ contre celle de ses propres tribus qui violait la paix jurée. Il  
 “ était de l'intérêt des Romains d'être constamment alliés des  
 “ Francs, parce que ces derniers mettaient la frontière de l'empire  
 “ à couvert de l'invasion des autres Barbares; c'est pour cela qu'à  
 “ Rome on comblait d'honneurs et de dignités les chefs de la nation  
 “ Franque. Les anciens traités d'alliance furent renouvelés au  
 “ commencement du cinquième siècle par Stilicon, au nom de  
 “ l'empereur Honorius, vers 450, par Aétius, au nom de Valen-  
 “ tinien III., et vers 460, par Aegidius, pour les Gallo-Romains,  
 “ alors séparés de l'Italie, à cause de leur aversion contre la tyran-  
 “ nie de Ricimer. Childéric, roi des Francs, reçut de l'empereur  
 “ Anthémios le titre et l'autorité de maître de la milice des Gaules;  
 “ son fils Clovis obtint la même faveur après son avènement, et il  
 “ cumula cette dignité romaine avec le titre de roi de sa nation.  
 “ En l'année 509, il fut fait consul par l'empereur Anastase, et  
 “ cette nouvelle dignité lui donna dans les affaires civiles le même  
 “ pouvoir qu'il avait déjà dans les affaires de la guerre; il devint  
 “ empereur de fait pour les Gaulois, protecteur et chef de tous  
 “ les citoyens romains établis dans la Gaule, lieutenant et soldat  
 “ de l'empire contre les Goths et les Burgondes. Vers l'année 540,  
 “ ses deux fils Childebert et Clotaire, et Théodebert, son petit-fils,  
 “ obtinrent, par une cession authentique de l'empereur Justinien,  
 “ la pleine souveraineté de toutes les Gaules.” (Thierry, *Considéra-  
 tions*, t. I. 69, 70.)<sup>a</sup>

The proof of the theory from which he deduces the primitive equality of the noblesse and the *tiers-état*, occupies what Montesquieu calls “trois mortels volumes.” But with all their length, they are anything rather than tedious—exhibiting, as they do, a remarkable combination of literary and forensic talent; for in fact the Abbé's work is a *plaidoyer* on behalf of his clients, executed with profound erudition. As an argument, the book fails from its too manifest art; to use the colloquial phrase, it is overdone. Dubos destroys the dignity of his truths by their dexterous combination with delusions. He gains the victory without producing conviction; you know you are beat, but you do not know whether it is by strength or by stratagem; you are entrapped into admissions by a hint, and after staggering you on some collateral point by a quotation which is just short of the mark, he overwhelms you by another which is nothing to the purpose. All this is parodied admirably, though not quite fairly, by Montesquieu, in the passage

<sup>a</sup> [*Histoire Critique de l'Etablissement de la Monarchie Française dans les Gaules*, books II. III. IV. and V. quoted by Thierry.]

in which he engages to prove, by reasoning à la Dubos, that Persia never was conquered by the Greeks: "D'abord je parlerais des traités que quelques unes de leurs villes firent avec les Perses: je parlerais des Grecs qui furent à la solde des Perses, comme les Francs furent à la solde des Romains. Que si Alexandre entra dans le pays des Perses, assiégea, prit, et détruisit la ville de Tyr, c'était une affaire particulière comme celle de Syagrius. Mais voyez comment le pontife des Juifs vient au-devant de lui: écoutez l'oracle de Jupiter Ammon: ressouvenez-vous comment il avait été prédit à Gordium: voyez comment toutes les villes courent, pour ainsi dire, au-devant de lui, comment les satrapes et les grands arrivent en foule. Il s'habille à la manière des Perses; c'est la robe consulaire de Clovis. Darius ne lui offrit-il pas la moitié de son royaume? Darius n'est-il pas assassiné comme un tyran? La mère et la femme de Darius ne pleurent-elles pas la mort d'Alexandre? Quinte-Curce, Arrien, Plutarque, étaient-ils contemporains d'Alexandre? L'imprimerie de nous a-t-elle pas donné des lumières qui manquaient à ces auteurs? Voilà l'Histoire de l'Etablissement de la Monarchie Française dans les Gaules."<sup>a</sup> But with all his mistakes and sophisms, or rather in spite of them, Dubos dispelled, and for ever, the thick clouds which concealed the true form of medieval history; whilst Montesquieu, floating on the surface of historical enquiry, has scarcely left a page which really advances historical knowledge. Dubos discovered the great truth of the continuance of the Roman people, the Roman institutions, all the identity of ancient Roman society, subsisting among the barbarians and beneath their domination; and surviving until the departing empire became the basis of the medieval states;—a truth which, since developed with greater force and clearness by Savigny, Guizot, and Thierry, and by some in our own country, has become the cardinal doctrine in the investigation of modern history. Whatever works may have been since produced, no one who wishes to study the history of France, can dispense either with Boulainvilliers or with Dubos. In the latter there is a peculiar cleverness in bringing out the characteristics of nations, particularly the barbarian tribes. This is not done by minute particulars of manners and customs, or by striking descriptions; for he was singularly unimaginative. This is amusingly shown in one of his similes. He compares the rapidity with which the compilers of French history passed over the dull annals of the early Merovingians, to the traveller, who, obliged

<sup>a</sup> Montesquieu, *Esprit des Loix*, v. 77, 78.



to cross the Alps for the purpose of going to Milan, hastens to get out of so disagreeable a country as Switzerland, in order to enter the sooner into the plains of Lombardy. Such, perhaps, was the then general tendency of feeling in France. There was no sense of the picturesque either in eye or mind. But this deficiency was compensated in Dubos by the keen active spirit which led him to a closer investigation of the political relations of the people. And in these enquiries he is, except when his main delusion of the alliance comes in the way, uniformly successful.

The popular study in France of the classical writers, principally at second-hand, which dates from Fénelon and Rollin, gradually induced a placid tendency to philosophic republicanism. The stern ferocity, in particular, of the Romans, was invested with a dramatic dignity. All repulsive features were softened down into the Utopian harmony of a social system, equally disregarding of the real nature of man, and of the influence by which that nature is corrected, and founded entirely upon private morals and public virtue. Mably<sup>a</sup> may be considered both as the disciple of the ideas which brought on the Revolution, and as its precursor. "Liberty" and "equality" is virtually his motto. His republicanism is drawn from an ideal and fanciful representation of the ancient republics. Mably was, in every respect, a flimsy writer. His chilling manner gives him a false appearance of sobriety of thought. He sometimes seems luminous, because he has not knowledge enough to perplex him. As an historian, he follows the lead of Montesquieu, in seeking for the origin of medieval policy in the forests of Germany. His prominent passage—his portrait of Charlemagne—is as true as that of the Emperor in the romance. The Charlemagne of Mably—Charlemagne, patriot, philosopher, legislator—Charlemagne renouncing absolute power, so fatal to sovereigns—Charlemagne recognizing the imprescriptible rights of man, which had been suffered to drop into oblivion—comes as close to the Charlemagne of Eginhard as the Santa Corona of Ariosto, and the Charlemagne who died at Roncesvalles<sup>1</sup>.

But the romance of the *trouveur* in the age of chivalry, and the theory of the *littérateur* in the age of philosophy, were both instruments destined to possess the most powerful, the most effective, the most practical and creative energy—so strange and unaccountable is the machinery employed to move the human mind. The legends of the Twelve Peers passed into the public law of the French monarchy. The sentence of felony and forefather

<sup>a</sup> *Observations sur l'Histoire de France*, 1765.

was pronounced upon King John by the shades of Roland and Oliver. Chivalry was nothing more than an embodying of romance—the adoption, in the real action of life, of the exaltation of an ideal state of society. Mably's dreams of an universal representation of the Gauls in the Champ de Mai, were embodied in the National Assembly, and prepared the way for the three glorious days of July and the Charter.

“Le Charlemagne de l'abbé de Mably est, de même que celui du comte de Boulainvilliers, le restaurateur des assemblées nationales, mais, en outre, il a des vertus que le publiciste gentilhomme ne s'était pas avisé de lui prêter, c'est un philosophe ami du peuple. ‘Quelque humilié que fût le peuple depuis l'établissement des seigneuries et d'une noblesse héréditaire, il en connaissait les droits imprescriptibles, et avait pour lui cette compassion mêlée de respect avec laquelle les hommes ordinaires voient un prince fugitif et dépouillé de ses états. Il fut assez heureux pour que les grands consentissent à laisser entrer le peuple dans le Champ de Mars, qui par là redevint véritablement l'assemblée de la nation....Il fut réglé que chaque comté députerait au Champ de Mars douze représentants choisis dans la classe des rachimbourgs, ou, à leur défaut, parmi les citoyens les plus notables de la cité, et que les avoués des églises, qui n'étaient alors des hommes du peuple, les accompagneraient.’ Ce portait du premier empereur frank, et cette interprétation de quelques articles de ses capitulaires sont de grandes extravagances, et pourtant j'ai à peine le courage de les qualifier ainsi. Il y eut de la puissance morale dans ces rêves d'une représentation universelle des habitants de la Gaule, aux assemblées du Champ de Mai, et d'un roi s'inclinant, au huitième siècle, devant la souveraineté du peuple. Ils infusèrent au tiers-état cet orgueil politique, cette conviction de ses droits à une part du gouvernement, qui jusque-là n'avaient apparu que chez la noblesse. C'étaient de singulières illusions; mais ces chimères historiques ont contribué à préparer l'ordre social qui règne de nos jours, et à nous faire devenir ce que nous sommes.” (Thierry, *Considérations*, t. I. 96, 97.)

Upon the production of the *Comte du Buat*<sup>a</sup>, M. Thierry passes rather a hard judgment, calling it a work “sans méthode, sans chronologie, sans intelligence des textes.” But it is an attempt, and by no means an unsuccessful one, to systematize the public

<sup>a</sup> *Origines de l'Ancien Gouvernement de la France, de l'Italie, de l'Allemagne*, 1757.



law of the Carolingian empire; and Buat employs the law with clearness and ability in explaining the legislation of later periods.

Very important, in the study of French constitutional literature, are the prefaces of de Bréquigny<sup>1</sup> to the great collection of the royal *Ordonnances*, the statutes at large of the French monarchy (1763–90). In his “Mémoire sur les Communes,” de Bréquigny first distinguished some of the real elements of the ancient municipal liberties of France—the Roman municipality enjoying its immemorial rights;—and the commune winning its franchise from a lord and master. There were other elements which de Bréquigny did not estimate; but he had discovered the true method of analysis. Almost unconscious himself, however, of the application and value of this discovery, it was quite unappreciated by the public; it fell dead for the time; and though he possessed admirable tact as an historical critic, he was incapable of combining his knowledge into any general view or system.

The qualities in which de Bréquigny was deficient, were partially found in an individual who, devoted to the study of the most repulsive and formidable relics of a barbarian age, endeavoured, by the scientific examination and apposition of original sources, to discover the primitive laws of the French monarchy. This task was attempted in the work entitled the *Théorie des Lois Politiques de la Monarchie Française*, printed in 1790<sup>a</sup>, but not published till 1801. Strange to say, the author of this really profound and erudite publication was a young lady, Mademoiselle de Lézardiére. Beginning at an early age, she pursued her studies in retirement, in spite of all obstacles and difficulties, of which not the least arose from her own family, who seem to have considered her as labouring under a species of monomania, or partial insanity. Mdlle. de Lézardiére was a thorough enthusiast for Teutonic liberty. Perfectly honest, working always upon authentic originals, her work is grounded only upon such texts as she thought fit to select; and this remarkable production demonstrates how easily half truths delude the enquirer into whole falsities. The plan of her work is well described by M. Thierry, in a passage which we transcribe, not merely with reference to the present subject, but because we shall have occasion, by and by, to refer to the very important remark with which the extract concludes.

“Dans cet ouvrage, dont le plan, à ce qu’on présume, fut “ suggéré par Bréquigny, tout semble subordonné à l’idée de faire “ un livre où les textes originaux parlent pour l’auteur, et qui

<sup>a</sup> Some of the title-pages bear date 1792. The work is of extreme rarity.

“ soit, en quelque sorte, la voix des monuments eux-mêmes :  
 “ intention louable, mais sujette à de grands mécomptes, et qui  
 “ donna lieu ici au mode le plus étrange de composition littéraire.  
 “ Chaque volume est divisé en trois sections, qui doivent être lues,  
 “ non pas successivement, mais collatéralement et qui se ré-  
 “ pondent article par article. La première appelée *discours*, expose,  
 “ sous une forme dogmatique, l’esprit de chaque époque et les lois  
 “ que l’auteur y a découvertes ou cru découvrir ; la seconde,  
 “ appelée *sommaire des preuves*, rapporte ces lois réelles ou  
 “ prétendues à leurs sources, c’est à dire, aux documents légis-  
 “ latifs et historiques ; la troisième contient, sous le nom de *preuves*,  
 “ des fragments de textes Latins accompagnés d’une version  
 “ française. L’auteur et ses savants amis croyaient à la vertu  
 “ d’un pareil cadre pour exclure toute hypothèse et n’admettre  
 “ rien que de vrai ; mais c’était de leur part une illusion. Le pur  
 “ témoignage des monuments historiques ne peut sortir que de  
 “ ces monuments pris dans leur ensemble et dans leur intégrité ;  
 “ dès qu’il y a choix et coupure, c’est l’homme qui parle, et des  
 “ textes compilés disent, avant tout, ce que le compilateur a voulu  
 “ dire.” (Thierry, *Considérations*, etc. t. I. 118, 119.)

Mdlle. de Lézardièrè’s theory exhibits her heroes, the Franks, embracing the Gauls, and admitting them at once into the full enjoyment of political privileges—conferring civil rights, but depriving them of property—giving the conquered equal voice and vote in the Champ de Mai, but making them pay all the taxes, and lose all their lands.

In her views of the subject, every vestige of Roman policy is absorbed ; Gauls and Franks have become equal participators in the old franchises of the Teutonic races, as delineated in the political romance of Tacitus. So completely has the constitution become Teutonized, that from Clovis to Charles le Chauve, it sustains no change. Its apparent variations are only the oscillations of a mixed government, in which prince and people divide the rights of war and peace, the legislative and judicial functions, and all the other powers of sovereignty. The portions most successful, are those delineating the organization of the Frankish government—how the great *Placita* were held—the mode of enacting laws—the declarations of royal rights—the form of popular sanction. In these and similar sections, the work is an archæological encyclopædia, and which will greatly facilitate the labours of any subsequent enquirer. The complicated policy of the Imperial government under the Lower Empire, is also a passage peculiarly



well treated; but, throughout, the pompous dogmatism of this learned damsel is at once amusing and insufferable. It is in the historical disquisitions that she most fails. The suppression of the work prevented its doctrine from obtaining any influence; but it is a memorable token of the prevailing historical opinions, and marks the channel into which public opinion had forced the history of France, at the moment when its constitution was about to receive a new existence.

“Séquestré, par prudence, durant la terreur et les troubles de la révolution, l’ouvrage promis depuis tant d’années ne vit le jour qu’en 1801, au milieu d’un monde nouveau, bien loin de l’époque et des hommes pour lesquels il avait été composé. S’il eût paru dans son temps, peut-être aurait-il partagé l’opinion et fait secte à côté du système de Mably; peut-être, comme plus complet, plus profound, et en apparence plus près des sources, aurait-il gagné le suffrage des esprits les plus sérieux. Au fond, malgré les différences qui séparent ces deux théories, leur élément intime est le même; c’est le divorce avec la tradition romaine; il était dans le livre de Mably, il est dans celui de Mademoiselle de Lézardière, plus fortement marqué, surtout motivé plus savamment. Telle était l’ornière où le courant de l’opinion publique avait fait entrer de force l’histoire de France, ornière qui se creusait de plus en plus. On s’attachait à un fantôme de constitution germanique; on repudiait tout contact avec les véritables racines de notre civilisation moderne; et cela, au moment même où l’inspiration d’une grande assemblée, investie par le vœu national d’une mission pareille à celle des anciens législateurs, allait reproduire dans le droit civil de la France, dans son système de divisions territoriales, dans son administration tout entière, la puissante unité du gouvernement romain.

“L’heure marquée arriva pour cette révolution, terme actuel, sinon définitif, du grand mouvement de renaissance sociale qui commence au douzième siècle. Après cent soixante-quinze ans d’interruption, les états-généraux furent convoqués pour le 5 mai 1789. L’opinion de la majorité nationale demandait, pour le tiers-état, une représentation double, et cette question traitée en sens divers, du point de vue de l’histoire et de celui du droit, donna lieu à de grandes controverses. Elle fut tranchée par un homme dont les idées fortes et neuves eurent plus d’une fois le privilège de fixer les esprits et de devenir la loi de tous parmi les incertitudes sans nombre d’un renouvellement complet de la société. Qu’est ce que le tiers-état? Tout. Qu’a-t-il été jusqu’à

“présent dans l'ordre politique? Rien. Que demande-t-il? A  
 “être quelque chose: tels furent les termes énergiquement concis  
 “dans lesquels l'abbé Sieyès formula ce premier problème de la  
 “révolution Française.” (*Considérations*, t. I. 128–130.)

In the remainder of his essay, professing, as it does, to trace the course of historical enquiry from the Revolution to the present time, M. Thierry becomes so completely what he deprecates—a political pamphleteer—that we shall not attempt to follow him in his enquiries. His work is very curious as a commentary upon the present spirit of parties; but we must leave these topics to others, for the purpose of examining a subject to which he repeatedly alludes, and as repeatedly glances off—namely, the course taken in France for the promotion of historical science, by the publication of the sources from whence it is derived.

The collection of historical materials in France dates from afar. It was an old labour of love in the French nation; for such, in fact, according to the fashion of the times, are the *Grandes Chroniques de la France, selon qu'elles sont conservées en l'Eglise de Saint Denis*;—a book which, hitherto amongst the rarest and dearest of the black letter, is now reproduced by the care of M. Paulin Paris. With respect to this edition, we view it as a literary sign of the times—that is to say, of the new zeal now prevailing in France for promoting historical literature; and we have only room to observe that it exhibits great care and little ostentation; but it would have been more satisfactory if M. Paulin Paris had given a more definite notice of the manuscripts upon which it is formed. It should seem that a manuscript, now in the Royal Library, and executed for Charles V., had been frequently “consulted”; but we are in the dark as to the formation of the text now exhibited. This mode of editing is not satisfactory in any case; and least of all with respect to a work which has passed through many a *rifacimento*. It may not be unimportant to mention that there is a noble volume, containing a large portion of the *Chroniques de Saint Denis*; in a repository where its existence could never be anticipated—the office of the town-clerk in the Guildhall of the city of London<sup>a</sup>; and it might yet be worth while if M. Paulin Paris were to consult it before he completes his edition, of which we have only received as far as the fifth volume.

<sup>a</sup> This repository also contains a most curious inedited account of the Coronation of Henry VI. at Notre-Dame, addressed by the Prevôt des Marchands and Echevins of Paris to their good compers and fellow-subjects the Mayor and Aldermen of London. It should be added as an appendix to Monstrelet.



That there was, in the earlier periods of the French monarchy, any strict and formal appropriation of the abbey of St. Denis<sup>1</sup> as a repository for the preservation of the national chronicles, cannot be asserted; but the monastery did gradually acquire this character. The annals of high emprise grew up, and took their "form and pressure" beneath the glorious shadow of the oriflamme. Here the wise Abbot Suger (who died in 1151) composed his biography of Louis le Gros. Somewhat later, Rigord, a monk of St. Denis, really held the office of historiographer-royal, perhaps the earliest appointment of this nature in medieval Europe. This is a definite example, and it speaks much; without doubt, there were many others holding the same office at other periods. His chronicles, when completed, were placed in the archives of the abbey. Such writings, when deposited in the monastic libraries, acquired the generic name of the *Chronicles of St. Denis*, and are not to be confounded with the *Grandes Chroniques*; or the one work in the vernacular Romance language into which they were melted down. So much were they respected that they were vouched as a legal authority, nor indeed always undeservedly; for the historians of the abbey examined the parties upon oath, before they inserted the information in their *Chronicles*. It was thus that "Frère Jean Chartier, Chantre de Saint Denis en France, et Chroniqueur de France"; historiographer-royal to Charles VII., took the depositions of the pilgrims who brought the intelligence of the capture of Belgrade<sup>2</sup>, and the rout of the unbelievers<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> The passage is highly curious, as displaying the strict judicial character of these examinations.—"Cette conquête ainsi rapportée, pour estre mise és croniques, fut affirmée sur les saints Evangiles de Dieu, et sur le vœu de prestrise, par vénérables et ecclésiastiques personnes Messire Jean Valette, Prestre, Messire Patrice Tourvalle ou Tournalle, aussi Prestre, et André Valette, homme pur laïc, tous trois estans du Diocese de Dimblain en Achaye. Et fut blessé le susdit Chevalier Blanc d'une lance très-griefuement en la dernière bataille, tant que nécessité le contraignit de se retirer en la cité d'Auguste sus-mentionnée, en laquelle il alla de vie à trespas. Pareillement fut fort blessé le Turc, lequel se retira en la ville de Constantinople, où il fut très-fort malade durant certain temps. Or les dessus-nommez estans interrogez de moy chroniqueur (après le serment que dit est) comment ils sçavoient les choses sus-mentionnées estre vraies; ils deposèrent qu'ils avoient esté présens, et assisté personnellement en toutes ces batailles, estans en armes à combattre; mais que pour les grands perils de mort où ils avoient esté, ils s'estoient voüez à la visite de Saint Denys, et à plusieurs autres pèlerinages qu'ils avoient intention de faire et accomplir avant que jamais ils retournassent en leur pays." (*Histoire de Charles VII.* p. 293.)—The delicate question of the character of Agnes Sorel, was with equal care investigated by Chartier before he would absolve her in his *Chronicle*. "Ce fut une commune

These chronicles were also abundantly vouched for truths and fictions by the metrical writers of French history, and not less so by the pure romancers; with them the language is that of the songster of *Fierabras*:

“ A Saint Denis en France fut le roule trouvez  
Plus de cent cinquante anz a y esté celez.”

Yet it is curious enough, that, in the first source of these fictions, an opposite course is pursued; and the veracious Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, professes to have compiled his work for the satisfaction of the Dean of Aix-la-Chapelle, who could not find enough concerning the deeds of his Emperor in the repository of St. Denis. This, by the way, is a remarkable proof of the novelty of the romantic legends of Charlemagne when they were first promulgated; and a testimony of their absence at that period in any work having any pretensions to authenticity. But when, in the fourteenth century, the age of real chivalry had disappeared—if indeed it ever existed—the force of the fictions of Charlemagne became irresistible. A history which rejected them could not appear with any chance of success, and therefore a considerable portion of Turpin's is incorporated in the third revision of the *Chronicles of St. Denis*, or that executed under Philip of Valois. This section of the *Chroniques* has been annotated by M. Paulin Paris with much diligence; and he has furnished strong arguments in favour of the theory that the “détestable légende,” as he terms it with much ire, is of Spanish origin.

We must not, however, condemn these compilers, or censure their credulity. Scepticism, or critical accuracy, on their part, would have been at that period an injury, and not a benefit to historical literature. Imagination is often a useful guide to the intellect; and we judge the medieval writers by a false standard when we test them by the rules which history requires, in an age when, in addition to the functions of the historian as a moral teacher, we expect that he should unravel the problems offered

“renommée que le Roi la maintenoit, et entretenoit en concubinage—car aujourd'hui (right! an aujourd'hui as long as this world will last) le peuple est plus enclin à penser et dire mal que bien. Ce qui fait, que je, Chroniqueur dessus-nommé, désirant escrire le vray, m'en suis bien deuément informé, pour sans fiction descouvrir et savoir la vérité et conduite du cas. Or j'ay trouvé tant par le recit de Chevaliers, Escuyers et Conseillers, Physiciens, ou Medecins, et Chirurgiens, comme par le rapport d'autres de divers estats, examinez par serment comme à mon office appartient, afin d'oster et lever l'abus du peuple,” etc.: and he then proceeds to state all the facts and inferences by which the Dame de Beauté was to be justified.



by the advance of society. The popularity of the fictions of the Carolingian cycle, which were circulated in the vernacular tongue, excited an appetite for real history; and to this reaction, to which the effect produced by the romances of Walter Scott furnishes not an unapt parallel, we owe the French *Chroniques de Saint Denis*, properly or emphatically so-called. The monks were right in using Turpin. Had it not been for Turpin, the book would have never been written on fine vellum, and illuminated with gold and ultramarine, to make it fit to put before the king—it never would have been asked for. The Chronicles of St. Denis may be traced through four revisions. The successive *rédacteurs* increased the book at their pleasure; and by their diligence, about the reign of Charles V., it assumed the authoritative form by which the compilation was rendered the most favourite volume of its class and kind. What Baker's *Chronicle* was to the English Squire in the days of Queen Anne, the *Chroniques de Saint Denis* became in the days of Henri Quatre—the great book lying on the table in the sunny oriel, spelled over by the young, and speculated upon by the old—the authority by which they swore. As it now appears, it is composed of translations and selections, not unskilfully nor negligently executed, from Aimoinus<sup>1</sup>, Fredegarius<sup>2</sup>, and many anonymous chroniclers, for the earlier periods; Suger, Rigord, and Nangis<sup>3</sup> for the later, constitute its basis. These are intermixed with copious extracts from the legends of Dagobert, and, above all, of Charlemagne—legends which had been consecrated by general consent, and ministering to national feeling.

There was much, without doubt, in the wide-extended popularity of the *Chroniques de Saint Denis*, which prepared the way for the political adaptation of French history. An investigation of the influence exercised by the popular notions which it diffused, especially with respect to the power of deposing the sovereign, and most markedly in the era of the League, would be an interesting enquiry. But in another aspect we may now consider these monastic productions as the precursors of those labours, which have enabled the French to attain so high and commanding a station in historical literature. It may easily be imagined that we are alluding to the works of the Benedictines, and principally to the members of the congregation of St. Maur; who devoted themselves with unequalled energy to the cultivation of historical studies—following the spirit, though perhaps not the letter of the rule imposed by their legislator, the great monastic patriarch of the west.

This illustrious community was one of the results of the reaction amongst the Romanists in the seventeenth century, which Ranke has so well explained. Partaking of the general disorders of the Western Church, and which were much increased in France by the civil wars, the Benedictine order had greatly degenerated. A "reform," begun in the abbey of St. Vannes at Verdun, had so much contributed to the restoration of piety in the monasteries by which it was received, that the French clergy, when assembled in the States-general in 1614, recommended the diffusion of the same discipline throughout the kingdom. Lorraine, though still continuing one of the churches of the Gauls, was politically independent of France<sup>1</sup>. This severance did not prevent many of the French abbeys from voluntarily adopting the reform; but it was thought more expedient to erect a "Congregation" independent of Lorraine, a measure effected by the concurrence of Royal and Papal authority—Louis XIII. by his letters patent (1618) and Gregory XV. by his bull (1621) having authorized the establishment of the community. During the "wars of religion," many monasteries had been profaned and entirely ruined by the Huguenots; others existed only in name, the monks living dispersedly, and appropriating to their own private use the wasted resources of the monastery. The material or bodily restoration of the convents was accompanied by a restoration of the ancient discipline. But the vigorous literary spirit which henceforward formed the distinguishing characteristic of the congregation of St. Maur, was due to Dom Tardieu, promoted to the office of General in 1630. Thoroughly convinced of the evils resulting from the sloth and ignorance into which the order had fallen, he rendered the monastic organization of the houses of his order, united as they were in provinces, the basis of a well-digested course of instruction. They became virtually colleges of an university. Theology was paramount: yet attracting to theological studies all those branches of human knowledge by which they could be best illustrated or diffused.

These studies were not pursued without opposition. The course of authorship, like that of true love, never runs smooth. De Rancé, the abbot of La Trappe, viewed the application of talent to profane or secular learning, as a violation of the simplicity of the gospel. He was answered by Mabillon<sup>2</sup>, in his celebrated work *De Studiis Monasticis*. One reason assigned by de Rancé was the assumption of the principle, that contemplation and prayer should be the chief duties of a monk; upon which Fleury observes, when the monk is shut up in his cell with nothing to do, what security have you



that he will read a good book and pray; he may, for aught you can tell, gape and go to sleep. But the best refutation of the narrow, though sincere opinion of the Trappist, is found equally in the personal character of Mabillon and his brethren, and in the works, which, if de Rancé could, he would have crushed in the very germ. If there be any aspect under which the mind can possibly tolerate the vows of celibacy, it is that which monachism assumed amongst the fathers of St. Maur. All that was good in the spirit of a literary academy, they possessed; but without its *tracasseries* and jealousies. With them, literature was not a homage to the intellect of man, but a work of obedience to God. The Benedictine did not employ his years in the patient deciphering of the manuscript, for the purpose of gratifying his own taste. He courted not the applause of society, won by the epigrammatic contrast between the grave pursuits of the *savant*, and the gay brilliancy of the *salon*. Nor did he model his volume in anxious waiting upon the public appetite, whose demand was to repay his invaluable toil. In place of self-will, in place of vanity, in place of love of gain, he, the monk, found his impulse in the single and simple motive of employing his talent for the service of the Master by whom every good gift is bestowed. Raised up as teachers; freely dispensing the treasure freely bestowed; offering the fruits of their knowledge as a sacrifice upon the altar; fully impressed by the deep-felt importance of their stations—not given by man, and which man could not take away—performing works whose accepted worth could not be depreciated by criticism, nor enhanced by praise; they proceeded steadily and cheerfully in labours which, even humanly speaking, can never be ripened into harvest until the hand which sowed the seed is mouldering in the grave. And herein was found an enduring antidote to the evils which poison literary pursuits;—to the anxiety, the fretfulness, the envy, the anger, so often dooming the literary enquirer to vexation, sorrow, despair.

It was from the vast collections of the Benedictines that the French historical school drew their materials. M. Thierry says, and truly, that the works of solid erudition published during the reign of Louis XIV., are nearly equal to the æsthetic glories of his age. But more than mere materials was furnished by the Benedictines. They were something better than antiquaries. The inward spirit which invigorated and directed their labours, imparted a tone of gravity and sobriety, which extended itself to the whole class of literature, of which their works formed a part. When the *Académie des Inscriptions* was in a nascent state, much of the tone of the

Benedictines entered into a permanent combination with it. And hence arose the acumen, the general accuracy, the good sense, and the sound critical character of the French historical school, which in these attributes yet leaves them unrivalled in continental Europe.

The study of the Fathers of the Church by the Benedictines, became the inducement to enter the fields of oriental lore and classical antiquity. Ecclesiastical history soon drew on civil history; or rather the Benedictines viewed both in their true light, as concurrent developments of the progress of the human race. Of the patristic labours of the "Congregation," and which perhaps constitute, after all, their chiefest pride, this is not the place to speak; neither can we notice their works on palaeography; but we must briefly mention their contributions to French history, whether as collectors of materials or as original writers. In their latter capacity, however, the text is generally subordinate to the original instruments and authorities introduced or appended, and upon which it is usually a species of perpetual digest or commentary. The enormous miscellaneous collections—the *ouvrages de longue haleine*, as the French call them, of the Benedictines—and by which so large a proportion of the productions of the middle ages were poured out at once upon the world—as if the monk had rushed from the library with as many manuscripts as he could carry away—may be best characterized, as to their contents, by negatives. Vernacular poetry, excepting when directly connected with historical subjects, is rigidly excluded. Equally so are the sciences—astrology, medicine, alchemy, and mathematics. But the whole range of miscellaneous literature was harvested by the Benedictines. Of such collections, the *Spicilegium* of Dom Lucas d'Achéry<sup>1</sup>, published in thirteen volumes quarto (1655–1677) was amongst the earliest. To the several volumes are added able dissertatory prefaces; which were injudiciously abridged in an otherwise improved subsequent edition. It may be noticed that in the wide sweep taken by d'Achéry, he has included some curious documents relating to England; amongst others, the *modus tenendi Parliamentarium* which, though apocryphal, forms nevertheless a remarkable passage in our constitutional history.

The *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, in nine volumes folio, by Mabillon, contains, in its biographies, materials as well for the civil history of every state in communion with the Western Church, during the period which it embraces; viz. from the sixth to the eleventh century. The apparatus to this inestimable work, and more particularly the prefaces, are distinguished by the most



clear and searching critical knowledge. The *Analecta*, also published by Mabillon, are principally, though not exclusively, devoted to theology and ecclesiastical history. They are the choice selection, the cream of his portfolio. This work he took up as a light employment after a dangerous illness; and, as all things are light or heavy by comparison, the good father found a very pleasant recreation in the verses of Angelbert<sup>1</sup> and Helduin, and the epistles of Chrodegang<sup>2</sup> and Theodwulf<sup>3</sup>. From Martène and Durand, whose names are united in a sort of antiquarian firm, we have (1717) the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*, in nine volumes folio, and the *Veterum Scriptorum et Monumentorum historicorum, dogmaticorum, et moralium Amplissima Collectio*, and most truly deserving its name, in nine volumes folio (1724) and valuable no less for the judgment than the diligence of the collectors. Many of the works contained in these collections are large chronicles; amongst others, Ralph Coggeshall, a most valuable authority for the reign of our John Lackland. But in these labours the Benedictines were not without many worthy rivals, amongst whom may be principally noticed the Jesuit Labbé (1657) and the lawyer Stephen Baluze<sup>4</sup>. From the first, the literary public obtained the *Nova Bibliotheca Manuscriptorum*, principally, though not exclusively, devoted to the history of Berri, Limoges, Maine, and Anjou. The work, also, is of importance to the English historian; for, besides much information concerning the Plantagenets, the collection contains the history of the monastery of Selby in Yorkshire, which appears to be almost unknown to our English antiquaries. The book has become exceedingly rare, and we beg leave to suggest a reprint of the Selby history to the energetic Director and Treasurer of that very useful and active association, the Camden Society. The *Miscellanea* of Baluze, in seven volumes octavo (1678) are, as the title promises, discursive; and Italian affairs hold a conspicuous place in the collection; in which also, for the first time, appeared the very important treatise of Lactantius, *De Mortibus Persecutorum*, from a unique manuscript in the Colbertine Collection, and which had been in a manner lost since the days of St. Jerome.

Amongst the original works of the Benedictines, we may notice the *Annales Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, by Mabillon, the necessary accompaniment of the *Acta*; and the *Gallia Christiana* (as yet unfinished) are prominent for their weighty and accurate erudition. The *Art de Vérifier les Dates*, begun by Dom Maur d'Antine, Dom Durand, and Dom Clémencet (1750), in one volume quarto, and expanded into three folios by Dom Clément, though more ample

with respect to France and the great fiefs of the French crown, concerns, in fact, the whole of the civilized states of the world, and is the very corner-stone of historical enquiry. The most important, however, of all the gifts we owe to Benedictine learning and diligence, is the great *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*. The work, in its present shape, having been planned and partly executed by the venerable Dom Martin Bouquet, it is usually quoted by his name, though he lived only to complete the first eight volumes, published 1738–1752. The scheme, however, had originated, and the collections begun, long before the appearance of the first volume. The first *Corpus* of the original sources of French history, was produced by Pierre Pithou, not less eminent as a great and practical lawyer, than as a man of letters. His collection formed two volumes (1588–96). The texts of Pithou are not always correct; but we must remember that he had to encounter all the difficulties of the explorer of an untravelled country, a seeker of ruins in a wilderness; and although all the writers whom he has published are repeated in the subsequent collections, yet the work possesses much interest and critical value. Marquard Freherus, a name so honoured as one of the hard-headed and strong-armed literary pioneers of Germany, followed Pithou by his *Corpus Historiæ Franciæ veteris et sinceræ* (1613) of which a large proportion, however, belongs as much to the history of the Empire as to France properly so called.

These publications, however, are of little moment when compared with the results, imperfect as they were left, of the zeal and erudition of the two “Quercetani,” the Duchesnes. Andrew, the father, had collected, according to a plan which he set forth in 1633, the materials for twenty-four folios, of which he gives the intended particulars. The first fourteen volumes were to contain the general historians of the monarchy, and the remaining ten those of the provinces and great fiefs of the crown; a division, useful perhaps, as a matter of convenience, but null as to principle, and contributing to deepen one of the ruts, the *ornières*, as M. Thierry would say, which have tended to conduct the major part of the historians of France out of the right path of enquiry as to the real character of the States-general and the constitution of the French monarchy. For the only true mode of investigating the progress of the monarchy of the Capets, is to consider it a federative empire, composed of distinct states, over which the sovereign had a very unequal authority—varying from feudal dependence to nominal supremacy; but which, by a slow course of events and cautious



policy, were ultimately compressed rather than amalgamated into one kingdom. Napoleon, whose wonderful penetration supplied the place of book knowledge, seized the truth at once, when he said that France, under the old government, was “*plutôt une réunion de vingt royaumes qu’un seul état*”; but he did not follow up the truth by confessing that political union was not national union, and that his title of “*Empereur des Français*” was as much a misnomer as if the title of “*Queen of the English*” were to be assumed by the sovereign of our insular and colonial empire. Of the first part of the collections of Duchesne, five folios, under the title of *Historiæ Francorum Scriptores Coætanei*, have appeared (1638, 1649) the concluding volumes have been completed by his son. In the second series, Duchesne, fortunately for us, began with Normandy; his well-known volume, the *Historiæ Normannorum Scriptores Antiqui* (1619), being indispensable to the students of English history. The Duchesnes have given neither notes nor prolegomena. Many very competent judges are of opinion that this is the best mode of treating hitherto unedited materials, and that they should appear with the simplicity of an *editio princeps*; or, at furthest, with an indication of the manuscripts employed, and of the emendations or various readings adopted or selected by the editor. Economy of time affords a great motive in favour of such a mode of proceeding, which may counterbalance, and in our opinion sufficiently, some of the obvious arguments which can be adduced against it.

Such were the endeavours which had been made, when Colbert, in 1676, formed the design of absorbing the materials published or proposed for publication, by Duchesne, in one grand collection, to contain all the sources of French history. Du Cange, who was one of the literary council of the minister, quarrelled with his associates, as professed antiquaries generally do—the more dull the employment, the brighter it is illuminated by the flame of discord. No progress was made, and these dissensions, followed by the death of Colbert<sup>1</sup>, threw the scheme into abeyance. The plan was resumed by Le Tellier, archbishop of Rheims. Mabillon refused to undertake the work. He considered the history of his own order as having the first claim upon his exertions. Another pause ensued, and no effectual progress was made until the great Chancellor D’Aguesseau directed the resumption of an undertaking which he justly considered due to the glory of the French name. D’Aguesseau delighted in constitutional literature, and the conferences of the learned men whom he had selected to assist him,

of whom Père Lelong, author of the *Bibliothèque Historique de France*, was the chief, were held under him as president. The death of Lelong again interrupted the work when, upon the recommendation of Dom Denis de Sainte-Marthe, then superior of the Congregation of St. Maur, Dom Bouquet was appointed to the task, which he pursued with unremitting zeal until his death.

The corporate organization of the Congregation enabled them without difficulty to find qualified successors. The Chancellor Lamoignon and the President Malesherbes<sup>1</sup>, emulating the example of d'Aguesseau, continued to encourage the compilers by their kindness, and to assist them by their patronage; and Malesherbes presided at the meetings held during the progress of the work. Haudiquier, Poirier, Housseau and Précieux, produced vols. IX.-XI. (1757-1767); Dom Clément and his associate Dom Brial, the two next, XII. XIII. (1781-1786); and the XIVth was announced when the great storm burst forth which annihilated the monarchy. Dom Brial, expelled from his monastery, was able to preserve his materials. He had been compelled to lay aside the black garment of his order; the tyranny of revolutionary liberty relieved him from the observances of St. Benedict, but no leave or licence granted by man could remove the restraint of his vows from his mind. Continuing his tranquil labours, the reign of terror caused him no alarm. In the midst of crowded Paris he lived in an atmosphere of solitude. Yet, though unnoticed, he was not unknown; and in 1796 the Institute determined to continue the *Recueil*, and Dom Bouquet<sup>2</sup> was invited to resume his task. The monk, the uncompromising monk, the last depositary of the traditions of his order, took his seat amongst the *savants* of the Revolution, as the connecting link between the two eras; separated but by a small while if you look at the calendar, but by ages of moral and intellectual catastrophes. Yet, with all this disparity between the monk and his associates, there was nothing quaint or repulsive about Dom Brial; as his days were lengthened, so was more respect rendered to him; and when at length increasing infirmities prevented him from giving regular attendance at the *Séances* of the Academy, they adopted the singular and unprecedented resolution, that he should always be considered as present in the Assembly. Dom Brial died on the 24th May, 1828, being then just ninety-five years of age, having completed vols. XIV.-XVIII. (1806-1822); he had begun to work upon the XIXth, which was finished by MM. Naudet and Daunou, 1833; and these gentlemen have just brought out the XXth volume, being, in fact, the first of a new series, intended to



include the reigns from St. Louis to Charles IV. The latter volumes of the *Recueil* are historical monuments themselves, indicating in their very title-pages the accelerated rapidity of the march of history—the eagle of Napoleon succeeded by the fleur-de-lys—and the honoured shield of ancient France, giving way in turn to the heraldic anomaly of the crowned charter.

Six volumes more will, it is claimed, complete the work, by bringing it to the reign of Louis XII.; and for which it is believed a period of twenty years will be required.

The statement of the bulk of the work will sufficiently show the treasure of materials which it contains; and they have been elaborated with the greatest care. It is almost superfluous to observe that the best manuscripts have been consulted, and the printed texts, often very defective, restored by careful and critical collation. Dissertations explanatory of curious points of policy, manners, laws, and history, are prefixed to the several volumes. Notices and notes, critical and grammatical, are added, together with chronological abstracts—giving a clear summary of the facts and matters connecting the statements of the different sources into one current or tabular narrative. Excellent historical, geographical, verbal, and glossarial indices complete the volumes, explaining and rendering the contents accessible, and leaving in these respects nothing to be desired.

Great, however, as the merit and value of this collection is, its utility as a body of historical evidence is exceedingly diminished by the mistaken plan of arrangement which its editors have pursued; and upon which we shall treat at length, in consequence of its importance to the general study of historical literature; for most truly does it exemplify the observation of M. Thierry, “*Le pur témoignage des monuments historiques ne peut sortir que de ces monuments pris dans leur ensemble et dans leur intégrité.*” The plan was not adopted without much consideration; but it is now all but universally considered to be a failure, and will, we trust, never find a follower. The great historical collectors before and since Dom Bouquet—such as Duchesne, Pistorius, Menkesius, Meibomius, Struvius, Leibnitz, Reuber, Freher, Bongarsius, Muratori, Lindenbrog, Langebek, Pez, Pertz, Oefelius, in short, all except Dom Bouquet have adopted the simple and natural plan of publishing the texts of their authors as they found them—giving each writer a place as nearly as possible in chronological order, according either to the era when he flourished, or the period to which his work relates, perhaps also classing those belonging to different regions or pro-

vinces—thus forming one consecutive series, through which the enquirer works his way. In so doing, he will certainly not pursue the path without care and labour. It is well known that the ancient chronicler frequently copies or conveys from other authors. Many do the like. But, as Sterne (who borrowed the simile from old Burton) says, “It’s only pouring out of one bottle into another.” It must be admitted, however, that in some cases the medieval chroniclers do more than merely appropriate the liquor; they spare themselves even the trouble of decanting, and bring the bottle itself into their own bin. Some of them are verbose, and declamatory, committing the same sins in bad Latin which parliamentary orators do in good English. Some, especially the writers of the *Biographies of the Saints*, tell very strange stories, and broach very alarming and uncouth opinions. Others make manifest and open mistakes. And, lastly, a great many of these chronicles extend over a long succession of years. And to those who wish to attain knowledge by a rail-road (a royal road is now out of the question) and to perform the operation of making books with the smallest extent of head and hand-work—to make the greatest show of quotations, and to have the information placed within their reach all ready cut and dry—it is most convenient to have the matter of each period strained, clarified and brought together in a volume. The convenience of such an arrangement is obvious. The repetitions and prolixities of the chroniclers, often occasion much waste of time to those who have to pore over their pages. To select the information requires judgment; and there is much labour in consulting tome after tome—often of enormous size. Therefore Dom Bouquet and his successors adopted the plan of endeavouring to concentrate their materials, by expunging all supposed irrelevant matter; and then dividing such matter into eras or periods, according to the scheme which he describes (though not completely) in the preface to his first volume: “*Nous coupons nos chroniques: nous prenons d’abord tout ce qui regarde la première race, ensuite ce qui concerne la seconde. Pour ce qui est de la troisième, nous fixerons des époques auxquelles nous couperons les chroniques, comme, par exemple, depuis Hugues Capet jusqu’à la fin du règne de Louis VII, c’est à dire, depuis l’an 987 jusqu’en 1180...Il seroit inutile de nous objecter que les chroniques ainsi coupées perdent beaucoup de leur force: on ne cherche dans les chroniques que des faits; et le plus souvent ces faits n’ont aucune connexion les uns avec les autres. D’ailleurs nous sommes souvent obligés de retrancher de ces chroniques*”



“ bien des choses qui nous sont étrangères. . . si on peut en re-  
“ trancher, on peut aussi les diviser.”

Never were the various powers of the great peacemaker<sup>1</sup> better exemplified than in this passage. The whole argument is grounded upon the assumption which the *si* involves, that the premises have been granted; for the proposition that nothing but facts are sought for in the Chronicles, could only emanate from those who had formed an erroneous opinion concerning the nature of historical documents, and the mode of conducting the investigations of history. Thus pursued, the collection of historical materials loses its integrity, and becomes, whatever may be its bulk, not a judicious selection of authorities—for an editor must always select his muniments—but a mere collection of quotations. Whenever Bouquet and his continuators have been able to carry out his plan to its full and desired extent, a process is performed, which, if it could be ascertained that the departed retain any affection for their literary productions—any sympathy for the sufferings of the progeny of the brain—would furnish a new chapter in the calamities of authors. All matter which the editor considers as fabulous or irrelevant, or which has been told anywhere else is struck out; sometimes a book is expunged, sometimes a chapter—sometimes a section—sometimes a paragraph—sometimes a line—sometimes a few words. The text, or rather its shreds so castigated, is then dissected into larger or smaller portions or excerpts, which are arranged chronologically according to the periods or eras to which they belong; so that the reader has to hunt after the fragments through three or four volumes, and in some instances (*e.g.* the Chronicles of St. Denis), nearly through the whole collection. Well, therefore, has Sismondi remarked, in a passage which is of so much importance in forming a right judgment upon this subject, that we shall transcribe it entire:

“Malgré tous les défauts de la narration du moine Ordéric  
“ Vitalis, son extrême prolixité, son désordre, ses continuel  
“ retours en arrière, et son goût pour le merveilleux le plus absurde,  
“ nous ne nous séparons pas sans regrets d’un écrivain qui nous  
“ initioit dans tous les préjugés et toutes les passions populaires  
“ de son époque, et qui, à propos de ce que nous ne désirions point  
“ savoir, nous apprenoit souvent ce que nous aurions cherché  
“ partout ailleurs en vain.

“L’auteur declare ici que, parvenu à l’âge de soixante-sept  
“ ans, et fatigué par la vieillesse et par les infirmités, il désire  
“ finir une histoire qui ne lui présente plus d’attrait, au milieu  
“ des calamités dont l’Europe est affligée. De longs extraits

“ d’Ordéric Vitalis ont été imprimés dans le tome xii. des *Historiens de France*, et dans les précédens; mais ils ont été morcelés, “ d’après le malheureux système adopté pour cette collection, de “ manière à rendre impossible de comprendre le plan de cet auteur, “ de le lire avec intérêt, ou de juger de la croyance qu’il mérite. “ Il est bien fâcheux que les savans laborieux qui ont formé ce “ recueil national, mettent si souvent celui qui veut juger par soi “ même, dans la nécessité de recourir aux originaux qu’ils devoient “ reproduire, et qu’ils n’ont fait qu’extraire. (Sismondi, *Hist. de Fran.* v. 258, and footnote.)

Such is the opinion of a most competent judge, when speaking incidentally of the *Receuil*; and were he called upon to pass a direct judgment, we have good grounds for asserting that he would pronounce a more decided condemnation of the plan. And no one who has practically worked upon the *Receuil des Historiens*, not as a mere book of reference, but in regular study, can avoid agreeing with Sismondi, in entirely disapproving a plan which has arisen from the thorough misconception of the duty belonging to an editor, as a reporter and examiner of historical evidence, for the use of the historical student or the historical enquirer. Think but about it, and there is no difficulty in determining what the editor ought to do. The editor’s province is simply of collecting the materials, and doing somewhat in a helping way towards laying the foundations; but not to hew and fashion the brick and stone, or to raise the walls. Let the editor carefully investigate and point out the sources of the annals. Let him give his judgment upon the authenticity of the manuscript. Let him add all the information which can tend to elucidate the text, or identify the author; but, having done all this, his task is ended. It must be left to the reader to judge of the value and application of the evidence thus brought before him. He is the architect who is to sift, test, and try the materials thus collected for his use—to employ what he considers as sound, and to cast away, if he thinks fit, whatever, according to his judgment, may injure the edifice’s solidity. But Dom Bouquet does not give you leave to do so. He only furnishes you with the information which, in his opinion, ought to be known; and hence, as M. Thierry observes with respect to the selections of Mademoiselle de Lézardière, he is always in danger of deluding you into a one-sided theory, though without any intentions of deceiving you. From what Dom Bouquet expunges, you are inexorably and irrevocably excluded; and believing himself that facts only are sought for in the Chronicle, he bounds your capacity by the measure of his own.



Dom Bouquet, and those who advocate his plan—for he has some few adherents in this country—forget, as it seems to us, that the productions of the medieval writers are to be viewed in a double capacity—not only as records of facts, or what are supposed to be such, but also as monuments of literature.

We want to do more than hear the story. We want to become acquainted with the narrator. Facts only form a part of history. History is not to be gathered merely from the dry narrative of events, from dates and names, but from all the accompaniments which show the intellectual character of the times. Matthew of Westminster, and Godfrey of Viterbo<sup>1</sup>, preface their histories of England and the Empire with the annals of the world, deduced from age to age, until the narration passes into the states of medieval Christendom. Expunge these encumbrances, says the critic—needless, in our advanced state of historical knowledge, the crude and capricious extracts of the ignorant inmate of the monastery. Follow the advice of such a critic—strike out the monkish narrative, founded upon the Holy Scriptures and yet mixed with the fond traditions of the Jewish rabbi and the Greek hagiologist—omit the compilations from Orosius<sup>2</sup> and Justin, from Josephus and Eusebius—and you obliterate the whole memorial of the spirit of ancient historical study, that from which its life was derived—the spirit which taught the great and important doctrine of the Church, that the true mode of appreciating history, is to consider the fate of each race and nation as a branch of the great stream by which Almighty Providence carries on the destinies of mankind.

A monkish chronicler may abound with biblical texts, which the critic views as impertinences; are these excluded? You lose all the proofs of the extent of the knowledge prevailing of Holy Scripture during the middle ages—a knowledge so inadequately appreciated by those who erroneously represent that period as one in which the sacred writings were cast away. You lose also the evidence of the spirit which led the learned to place all knowledge in subordination to the Divine word. Nay, even to seek the most familiar illustrations of daily events in Scripture language, not irreverently, but upon the conviction that the language of the Holy Spirit is universal. The critic proceeds in his precepts for mutilation, and descants upon the defective redundancy of the chronicler, and the necessity for trimming him down, so as to please our ears polite. The monk sermonizes—dully, without doubt; but he instructs you according to the moral standard of his age, and you will be none the worse for the lessons you receive. His quotations

from the classics are trite, and fit only for the schoolboy.—Granted; but they reveal the extent of his classical knowledge. His turgid eloquence is fatiguing.—Be it so; he will not tire you long; listen to him with profit, as displaying the tone of his cultivation. The Latin is barbarous, the phrase vague and empty of reasoning.—May be so; but you have to learn his monkish dialect; and, except by comparison of text with text, whence are to be collected the materials for the glossary? He deals in signs and portents, fire-drakes, fighting armies, and bloody banners in the welkin, and stars showering from the sky.—True; but let them be studied by the meteorologist as the only recorded traces of the cyclical recurrences of the electric stream, or of the shower of the aerolithe.—He abounds with fabulous legends. They are the relics of national traditions, the slight and yet certain proofs of the connexion existing between races now spread over the globe.—If he borrows largely from other chronicles, you ascertain to what extent the writers so copied were diffused or received as standard authorities—points of very great importance in fixing the value of historical evidence. Thus, for example, the absence of quotations from Ingulphus in our English chronicles, goes very far to confirm the opinion of those who have pronounced the work so called, to be a late fabrication. And if facts, accurately told by others, are by your chronicler related with slovenliness, or error, or distortion, you are furnished with a test by which you can estimate his judgment, accuracy, and credibility. Just as look, dress, manner, even tone, are watched by the judge during the examination of a witness, and assist him as a perpetual commentary upon the spoken words of the evidence—so do all the minuter, nay the minutest, peculiarities of the text, equally aid the judgment of the critical enquirer.

A few examples taken from a medieval writer, here given entire, but in which the passages, expunged by Bouquet, are distinguished by italics, will however better enable the reader to appreciate the practical working of the scheme. We have seen that Dom Bouquet considered that the reader of a chronicler sought nothing but facts; and that whatever matter was irrelevant or strange to the history of France, should be removed. And some examples shall be given from the mutilated Ordericus, to which Sismondi refers:

“Porro Burgenses, quia Regi fideles erant, nec illum aliquatenus offendere volebant, ut Julianæ adventum pluribus nociturum intellexerunt, protinus Regi ut Britolium properanter



“veniret mandaverunt. Providus Rex [*illud recolens, ab audaci*  
“*Curione Cæsari dictum, in belli negotiis,*

*Tolle moras, semper nocuit differre paratis*],

“auditis Burgensium legationibus, Britolium concitus venit, et  
“portis ei gratanter apertis in villam intravit. Deinde fidelibus  
“incolis pro fidei devotione gratias egit, et ne sui milites aliquid  
“ibi raperent prohibuit: municipiumque, in quo procax filia ejus  
“se occluserat, obsedit. Tunc illa undique anxia fuit, et quid ageret  
“nescivit: pro certo cognoscens patrem suum sibi nimis iratum  
“illuc advenisse, et obsidionem circa castellum positam sine  
“trophæo non dimissurum fore. [*Tandem, sicut Salomon ait, non*  
“*est malitia super malitiam mulieris, manum suam in Christum*  
“*Domini mittere præcogitavit.*] Unde loqui cum patre fraudulenter  
“petivit. Rex autem tantæ fraudis feminæ nescius ad colloquium  
“venit, quem infausta soboles interficere voluit. Nam balistam  
“tetendit, et sagittam ad patrem traxit; sed protegente Deo non  
“læsit.”—(Ordericus Vitalis, ed. Duchesne, p. 848.)

Of course, the mere fact of Juliana's treason<sup>1</sup> against her father, would have been sufficiently recorded without the verse of Lucan and the text from the Proverbs; but it is this quaint erudition of the chronicler, by which we realize, so to speak, the personality of the writer. It identifies Ordericus, and gives you a recollection of the living man, instead of an abstract idea; and, besides, do not the words expunged really contain facts which no historian would wish to neglect? We are brought into the library of the monastery of Ouches in Normandy, as it existed in the twelfth century, and you may behold the Roman poet and St. Jerome's Vulgate on the shelves. We learn how the classics were searched for ornament, and the Scriptures for illustrations of human nature. We are reminded that Henry was an anointed king, and we learn how much the royal priesthood, according to public opinion (for Ordericus is a faithful organ of that opinion) added to the respect commanded by the sovereign.

As another specimen of the result of this supposed adherence to facts, take the following description of the monastery of Bec, and of the course of study which was pursued there:

“Defuncto Herluino, qui fundator et primus Abbas Beccensis  
“monasterii extitit [*et multis carismatibus florens, Ecclesiæ filiis*  
“*in vita sua sine dolo profuit*]: venerabilis Anselmus multiplici  
“litterarum scientia pleniter imbutus successit et præfatum  
“Cœnobium doctis ac devotis fratribus, donante Deo, lauda-

"biliter replevit. [*Dein aucto servorum Dei numero, copia rerum*  
 "non defuit, sed confluentibus amicis nobilibus ac necessariis  
 "fratribus necessaria ubertas honorificè provenit.] Ad concilium  
 "probatissimi sophistæ clerici et laici concurrebant, et dulcia  
 "veritatis verba, quæ de ore ejus fluebant, fautoribus justitiæ  
 "quasi sermones Angeli Dei placebant. [*Hic natione Italus,*  
 "*Lanfrancum secutus Beccum expetiit, et instar Israëlitarum auro*  
 "*divitiisque Ægyptiorum, id est seculari eruditione Philosophorum*  
 "*onustus, terram repromissionis desideranter adiit. Monachus*  
 "*autem factus, cælesti theoriæ omnimodis inhæsit, et de uberrimo*  
 "*fonte sophiæ melliflua doctrinæ fluentia copiosè profudit. Obscuras*  
 "*sacræ Scripturæ sententias solerter indagavit, strenuè verbis aut*  
 "*scriptis dilucidavit, et perplexa Prophetarum dicta salubriter*  
 "*enodavit.] Omnia verba ejus utilia erant, et benevolos auditores*  
 "ædificabant. Dociles discipuli epistolas typicosque sermones  
 "ejus scripto retinuerunt: quibus affatim debriati<sup>a</sup> non solum sibi,  
 "sed et aliis multis non mediocriter profecerunt. Hoc Gulielmus  
 "et Boso successores ejus multipliciter senserunt, qui tanti  
 "Doctoris syntagmata insigniter sibi hauserunt, et sitientibus, inde  
 "desiderabilem potum largiter propinaverunt. [*Anselmus affabilis,*  
 "*et mansuetus erat, et cunctis simpliciter interrogantibus charitativè*  
 "*respondebat. Inquirentibus amicis piè libros edidit miræ subtili-*  
 "*tatis ac profunditatis de Trinitate, de Veritate, de Libero arbitrio,*  
 "*de Casu diaboli, et Cur Deus homo factus est. Fama sapientiæ*  
 "*hujus didascali per totam Latinitatem divulgata est, et nectare bonæ*  
 "*opinionis ejus Occidentalis Ecclesia nobiliter debriata<sup>b</sup> est.] Ingens*  
 "in Ecclesia Beccensi liberalium artium et sacræ lectionis sedimen  
 "per Lanfrancum cœpit, et per Anselmum magnificè crevit:  
 "ut inde plures procederent egregii Doctores, et providi nautæ,  
 "ac spirituales aurigæ, quibus ad regendum in hujus seculi stadio  
 "divinitus habenæ commissæ sunt Ecclesiæ. [*Si ex bono usu*  
 "*in tantum Beccenses Cœnobitæ studiis literarum sunt dediti,*  
 "*et in quæstione seu prolatione sacrorum ænigmatum utiliumve*  
 "*sermonum insistent sediti, ut pene omnes videantur Philosophi: et*  
 "*ex collocatione eorum etiam qui videntur inter eos illiterati, et*  
 "*vocantur rustici, possint ediscere sibi commoda spumantes Gram-*  
 "*matici. Affabilitate mutua, et caritatis dulcedine in Domini cultu*  
 "*gaudent, et infatigabili religione, ut vera docet eos sapientia, pollent.*  
 "*De hospitalitate Beccensium sufficienter eloqui nequeo. Inter-*  
 "*rogati Burgundiones et Hispani, alique de longe seu de prope*  
 "adventantes respondeant: et quanta benignitate ab eis suscepti

<sup>a</sup> i.e. inebriati.<sup>b</sup> inebriata.



*“ fuerint, sine fraude proferant, eosque in similibus imitare sine  
“ fictione satagant. Janua Beccensium patet omni viatori, eorumque  
“ panis nulli denegatur charitativè petenti. Et quid plura de eisdem  
“ loquar? Ipsos in bonis perseverantes custodiat, et ad portum salutis  
“ incolumes perducatur, qui gratis cœpit, peragitque bonum quod in eis  
“ coruscat.”*] (Ordericus Vitalis, ed. Duchesne, pp. 529, 530.)

It will be seen from the italics that five passages are expunged from the text, in order to furnish the historical reader with a more useful and manageable volume. And now—let us examine what is gained by the curtailment. The literary history of a country would, by most enquirers, be considered as constituting an integral portion of its general history. Dom Bouquet’s theory compels the editors to think not; and, consequently as far as they are concerned, they expunge the passages relating to Bec; and thus compel the student of French history to remain in ignorance of the merits possessed by the most flourishing and influential seminary of the age—holding a conspicuous place in that genealogy of intellect in which France may justly find her chiefest pride.

But besides the information thus suppressed with respect to the general history, the expunged passages afford other points of information of considerable value. Lanfranc has very generally enjoyed the credit of being the restorer of the Latin language throughout Europe. “A l’égard de la langue Latine en particulier, on convenait dès le même temps que Lanfranc avait réussi à l’épurer et la polir; on allait même jusqu’à prétendre que ses leçons lui avaient rendu toute son ancienne splendeur.”<sup>a</sup> From this source, probably, the opinion has been generally propagated amongst modern writers. The foundation, however, for this opinion must be ascribed to an expression employed by his biographer, Milo Crispinus<sup>1</sup>; “Fuit quidam vir magnus, Italiâ ortus, quem Latinitas<sup>2</sup> in antiquum scientiæ statum ab eo restituta tota, supremum debito cum amore et honore agnoscit magistrum, nomine Lanfrancus. Ipsa quoque in liberalibus studiis magistra gentium Græcia, discipulos illius libenter audiebat et admirabatur.” To this passage Dom d’Achery has added an explanatory note or gloss, by which his followers have been deceived. “Lanfrancus Latinæ linguæ restitutor, et Græcæ non ignarus.” Now, it is rather singular that some suspicion as to this construction of the phrase was not awakened by the known fact, that great as were the merits of this deeply learned

<sup>a</sup> *Hist. Lit. de la France*, t. vii. p. 77.

and holy prelate, he could scarcely possess the merits so ascribed to him—the grammatical knowledge of the Latin language, accompanied by no inconsiderable degree of scholarship and elegance, being already widely diffused. But the real sense is made sufficiently clear by the words of Ordericus Vitalis, relating to Anselm, which the editors have expunged. “*Fama sapientiæ hujus didascoli per totam Latinitatem divulgata est, et nectare bonæ opinionis ejus Occidentalis Ecclesia nobiliter debriata est.*” What, therefore, is the meaning of the passage of Milo Crispinus? With Ordericus as a commentator, it becomes sufficiently clear. The suppressed text is the best interpreter. Lanfranc was acknowledged as the chief professor throughout Latinity; that is, throughout the Roman or Western Church, or Western Christendom. Even upon the assumption that the question had been of no interest, this example proves the importance of ancient unmutilated texts for philological purposes. In the case of Ordericus, we can fortunately turn to the unmutilated original in the edition of Duchesne. But had the chronicler continued in manuscript, he would have received the same treatment from his unmerciful editor; and then, how could the reader in Great Britain, at Edinburgh, or Oxford, or Cambridge, or London, where not a single manuscript of Ordericus exists, have supplied the deficiency? As far as we are concerned, the passage would have been wholly lost.

Our limits forbid us from pursuing this examination to the extent which is desirable; but one example more must be allowed. It is taken from the Life of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, of which the following is the first or opening chapter:

“Bernandus Burgundiæ partibus, Fontanis, oppido patris sui, oriundus fuit, parentibus claris secundum dignitatem sæculi, sed dignioribus ac nobilioribus secundum Christianæ religionis pietatem. Pater ejus Tecelinus, vir antiquæ et legitimæ militiæ fuit, cultor Dei, justiciæ tenax. Evangelicam namque secundum instituta Præcursoris Domini militiam agens, neminem concutiebat, nemini faciebat calumniam, contentus stipendiis suis, quibus ad omne opus bonum abundabat. Sic consilio et armis serviebat temporalibus dominis suis, ut etiam Domino Deo suo non negligeret reddere quoad debebat. Mater Aleth, ex castro cui nomen Mons-Barus; et ipsa in ordine suo, apostolicam regulam tenens, subdita viro, sub eo secundum timorem Dei domum suam regebat, operibus misericordiæ insistens, filios enutrens in omni disciplina. Septem quippe



“liberos genuit non tam viro suo quam Deo, sex mares, feminam  
 “unam: mares omnes monachos futuros, feminam sanctimoni-  
 “alem. Deo namque (ut dictum est) non sæculo generans,  
 “singulos mox ut partu ediderat, ipsa manibus propriis Domino  
 “offerebat. Propter quod etiam alienis uberibus nutriendos com-  
 “mittere illustris femina refugiebat, quasi cum lacte materno  
 “materni quodammodo boni infundens eis naturam. Cum autem  
 “crevissent, quamdiu sub manu ejus erant, eremo magis quam  
 “curiæ nutriebat, non patiens delicatioribus assuescere cibis, sed  
 “grossioribus et communibus pascens; et sic eos præparans et  
 “instituens, Domino inspirante, quasi continuo ad eremum trans-  
 “mittendos.”

This brief view of the state of feeling prevailing in a noble, knightly family—the absence of the pride of birth—the humble moderation of principle—the simplicity of the faith of the parents—the separation of their children from the world—presents surely an invaluable picture for the historian. But Dom Brial, strictly adhering to the pattern of his predecessors, expunges the passage as a superfluity. And with the same desire to lessen the labours of his readers, by not distracting them with irrelevant matter, he draws his pen through the whole narrative of Bernard’s preaching the crusade in Germany; which, as Sismondi truly observes, is the most important portion of the saint’s political history.

After such examples of the manner in which the lively value of ancient evidence is frittered away and extinguished by this process of comminution, who can doubt but that such a collection does in itself offer impediments and discouragements to historical enquiry? As the matter now stands, the *Recueil* doubles the expense and trouble of historical investigation. No one who wishes to study the history of France from its sources, can possibly dispense with this work. The correctness of the texts, the notes, and, above all, the admirable indexes, render the collection an indispensable portion of the historical library. But it must also contain all the several works from which the *Recueil* is formed. The student must possess both; he must have Dom Bouquet, and all Dom Bouquet’s materials besides. These must be consulted whenever the fearful asterisks shine upon a hiatus. If we seek to pass beyond the letter into the spirit, the unmutilated text must be opened; and, if the reader be unwilling to perform this labour, he will incur the perpetual risk of losing some important passage, or, what is much worse, of missing the sense, strength, and bearing of the materials

which he employs. Let it be recollected that the editors, who, by adopting this artificial but erroneous plan, have so signally failed, were not half-read and half-witted fastidious literati;—men who would sneer at a legend—take offence at a barbarism—sneak away from a difficulty—or shrink from toil. No; they were hard headed, faithful, learned—broken into the calling, and imbued with reverence for the past. If they failed in the execution of the task, who can be expected to succeed?

The process, indeed, of mutilation, amputation, and excision, as projected by Dom Bouquet, would require not merely an unattainable delicacy in taste, but a superhuman prescience in the hand of the operator. Historical science is advancing as fast as all other branches of human knowledge. No editor, however much tact or cleverness he may possess, can possibly tell what precious metal may be hereafter extracted, by new methods of analysis, from the ore which he casts away. The indications by which the existence of the municipal government of the Romans is traced through the middle ages, have only become apparent since Savigny, led by Dubos, recovered the true theory of medieval history. The traditions, wild and romantic, which mark the origin and migrations of the different races, are now only beginning to be deciphered. We are just discovering the key; and a curious example may be given of the manner in which such knowledge now avails us. Lord Lyttelton plainly and accurately follows his original, in describing the arms given to Geoffrey Plantagenet, when he received the order of knighthood: “they brought him a lance of ash armed with the steel of Poitou, and a sword from the royal treasury, where it had been laid up from old times, being the workmanship of Galan, the most excellent of all swordsmiths, who had exerted in forging it his utmost art and labour. A skilful swordsmith was then so necessary to a warrior, that it is no wonder the name of one who excelled in his profession should be thus recorded in history, and a sword of his making deposited in the treasury of a king.”<sup>a</sup> In his comment this careful and accurate writer displays all the knowledge which the world then possessed; but where the peer only read the praise of Galan, an able workman, we now recognize the magic skill of the cunning smith, Vellent, and hear the voices of the Teutonic heroes soaring in the earliest cycles of their mythic history. We may be called upon to reprobate the “miracles,” because, as some would express themselves, “in addition to their almost constitutional

<sup>a</sup> Lord Lyttelton's *Life of Henry II.* vol. ii. p. 159.



“absurdity, they are frequently devoid of all interest; merely “relating in a multitude of words the supposed miraculous cures “of sickness or infirmities, unattended by any peculiar or “characteristic circumstance.” Such reasoning exhibits a very clear and correct apprehension of one side of the question, and nothing more. The name of a “Mansus” or “Pagus” occurring in some legend, which the editor suppresses on account of its puerility, may furnish the geographical landmark of a kingdom. The medieval medical writers will give you ample quotations from Hippocrates and Avicenna<sup>1</sup>;—much upon complexions and temperaments, plenteous instructions for phlebotomy, and copious receipts for gargarisms and electuaries; but the patient never appears. For the history of diseases, they are valueless. But if this important, and as yet imperfectly attempted enquiry, be prosecuted, the cases are to be sought in the narratives of the hagiographist. The miracles which the careful critical editor would reject, are the medieval annals of medicine. The reader may not appreciate or acknowledge the sanctity of the enshrined relic; but the Saint must be accepted as the only professor or practitioner who can give you a clinical lecture—who can lead you to the bedside, open the ward of the hospital. Grant even that the whole be a delusion, a fancy, a dream; still the historical worth of the biographies of individuals, who possessed such power over the opinions of society, is not impaired. They are contributions to the morbid anatomy of the human mind.

Such, then, is the mode by which the excerpting plan of editorship reduces history to a *caput mortuum*. Under pretence of assisting the judgment, it deprives you of the means of forming a judgment. Connected, as this plan is, by Dom Bouquet, with the system of cutting up the materials into fagots, and distributing these fagots into periods, it does not even fulfil the promise of so condensing the matter as to afford any real convenience to the reader. In the *Recueil*, the materials for the reigns of Philip I., Louis VI. and Louis VII. constitute one period, and fill five huge folio volumes, XII. XIV. XV. and XVI., in which the sections, segments and excerpts are disposed. Vol. XII. contains excerpts from one hundred and twenty-four different writers; XIII. from sixty-four; XIV. from one hundred and eighty, some not filling more than half a page. All these volumes must be opened and consulted consecutively, with quite as much labour as if the materials had continued unmutilated, and been arranged in their natural order; but to read the contents with interest or profit (except in the case

of Abbot Suger, who, by a lucky oversight, has escaped mutilation) is entirely out of the question. Dates may be verified and facts ascertained; but no powers of attention can grasp the continuity of the narrative in the spirit of the writer. It is a landscape seen in a broken mirror, lost and frittered away. There is no mental pleasure in receiving the information collected from such scraps and tatters, and consequently no mental pleasure in imparting it. That which is learned as a task is repeated as a drudgery; and the weariness of the writer exhales from the page, and infects the reader with its contagion.

It is, indeed, not the least of the evils of such a mode of publication, that it helps to support and countenance a mischievous error of our times—the notion that authorities upon any given subject are to be used as “books of reference.” He who dips into a book will never dive into the healthy stream; and it is not one reading, no, nor half a dozen, which will enable the student to enter into the feeling of the most meagre annalist. Those who have departed into another state of existence, and whom we know through their history, are now to us even as a living foreign people. It is not by slight occasional visits, by morning calls or evening parties, that a stranger can in the least come to a true understanding of the opinions nay, even of the conversational language—the hits, the hints, the allusions, of such a people; he must dwell amongst them to do so. He must cultivate the friendship of those with whom he converses—he must adopt their feelings, become as one of themselves. Unsettled reading, reading for quotations, reading for curiosities, reading for quaintnesses, reading for anecdotes, reading for insulated points, is strongly opposed to the development of human intellect, and the advance of knowledge. Such a course may afford materials for what, in the ordinary but degrading phrase, is termed “literary labour.” A supply for the demand of the periodical, the club, or the circulating library, may be thus derived; but there is a higher object in literature than the product; there is the cultivation of the mind in producing and receiving it—a cultivation which bookmaking destroys.—Here we must pause, and reserve for a future occasion our remarks upon the school of historical research, founded by the eminent statesman now at the head of affairs in France, and who has given such a practical application of the wisdom of the past to the exigencies of the present day.



## LIFE AND WORKS OF SISMONDI.

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BOSSI—NECROLOGIA. By G. C. LEONARDO SISMONDI. Firenze, Tipografia Galileana, 1842.

OLD FULLER, perplexed in his task of settling the conflicting claims preferred by the English counties to their Worthies, decides according to the principle contained in the ancient apothegm,—"*non ubi nascor sed ubi pascor*"; making, as he says, "that place "their mother, not which bred, but which fed them." Sound enough in solving a fair proportion of difficulties, this rule is liable to large exceptions. Frequently does it fail in affording a satisfactory solution, if we raise the far more important question of nationality. Claude is claimed by the "French school" without any other pretence, except that his native country, thanks to its unfortunate vicinity, now constitutes the Departments of the Meurthe and Moselle. When Claude Gelée<sup>1</sup> was born, Lorraine had no more union, politically speaking, with France, than Brandenburg. By the same mode of reasoning, we could insist upon enrolling Ulysses as an Englishman; nay, when the "progress of civilization" shall have purified the seraglio by colonizing its kiosks from the arcades of the Palais Royal, and the faith of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* shall have dispelled the infidelity of the Koran, the Turks, if the inheritance of glory be thus annexed to the soil, may write the Bard of Chios as an Osmanli, and testify their emancipation from the Prophet's commandment by erecting the statue of Homer in the mosque of Saint Sophia. However, the fact is, that it is exceedingly difficult to define the proper affinity of heroes, whether in arms, or art, or literature. If we found the proposition upon the cultivation of a talent, we should say unquestionably that Claude could belong to no other land, except that land whose shores are bathed and bounded by the sea of sapphire and emerald, and from whence he transfused to his canvas the glowing tints of his horizons, the graceful groups of the stone pine, and the ranges of purple hills seen between the columns of the temple or through the broken arch.

Where one element so preponderates, the case is simple. But there are mixed cases; and that of Sismondi is perhaps more than usually complicated. Family origin, family traditions, successes, misfortunes, changes of domicile, birth, education, marriage, political revolutions, all require to be weighed and pondered, compared and considered, when we form our judgment upon his nationality. He traced his ancestry to the noble family of the Sismondi, expelled from Pisa, somewhere in the fourteenth century. Ghibellines they were; and Sismondi, in the last and most affecting production of his pen, alludes to the traditional war-cry of the family,—“*cara fè, m’ è la vostra*,” said to have been the words of Henry VI. when a Sismondi lost his own life in protecting the emperor from an assassin’s blow. The exiles settled at the Côte de St. André in Dauphiné; their descendants adopted the opinions of the Reformers, and remained in France till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when they fled to Geneva. In this city of refuge they were admitted as citizens, and enrolled amongst the high aristocracy. Here, at Geneva, Jean Charles Leonard de Sismondi was born, May 9th, 1773; but he passed the vigorous years of adolescence—the spring-tide of life, when the wood of the stock is ripened to produce the fruit—in Italy and in England. He married an Englishwoman. The annexation of Geneva to the Republic “*une et indivisible*” rendered him a French subject. He died the citizen of an independent state; yet, with all these mutations and concurring and conflicting influences, we feel that, on the whole, the French possess, had they chosen to assert their pretensions, the fairest right to call him their own. Language, the mysterious yoke as well as the symbol of human thought, gives the stamp to literature; and the works of Sismondi must, so long as the French language subsists, be reckoned amongst its chiefest honours. Of the French modern historical school, now so flourishing, he is truly the founder. He was the first writer who emancipated the historical literature of France from the pragmatic aridity, the brilliant but superficial theories, or the unsound *gloriole*, of Montesquieu and Mably, Velly<sup>1</sup>, Villaret<sup>2</sup> or Voltaire<sup>3</sup>. Without ever violating the allegiance due to his native country, his affections were given to France. Sismondi loved France, not blindly, but intelligently. No one of her loudest, proudest, patriots was ever more anxious than Sismondi to promote her welfare and prosperity. Motives and feelings, which we will not attempt fully to unravel or define, have prevented any return of that cordial affection. Whether any petty, individual jealousies may have



operated, we dare not ask. Parisian literature despises the literature of the Provinces, and, in the conceit of the literature of Paris, Geneva is a provincial town. A grudging acknowledgment of the merit belonging to works which have acquired a European reputation could not be denied; but, as a body, the French *littérateurs* have looked coldly upon Sismondi; and we have sought in vain for any of those slight tributes of respect, the *hommages*, so generally rendered to the memory of eminent men by the courtesy of society. We hear only that Michelet, whilst lecturing, recently improvised a hasty eulogium upon one whom that able and original writer truly acknowledged to be his leader in historical inquiry; but the lecture has not been published, and probably never will. It is for the sake of the French alone that we notice such unworthy apathy. Sismondi's productions are perfectly independent of praise; and the regret is simply for the people who are deprived, or deprive themselves, of the power of appreciating their value.

Leonard's childhood was passed in comfort and affluence at Châtelaine, an exceedingly beautiful "campagne" at the confluence of the Rhone and the Arve, commanding bright views of river, lake and mountain; pleasant gardens surrounding the dwelling, full of sweet flowers; all around a scene of tempered sublimity and amenity.

He was first placed at the *Collège*, or High School of Geneva, where he gave to the casual observer but slight promise of his future talent. With the most touching, and as we should say feminine, tenderness of disposition, and which he retained throughout his life, he combined a stern and passive heroism. Classical literature is little valued by the Genevese. The slender proportion which they acquire in youth is speedily cast aside. Possibly those who urge Oxford to convert her cloistered colleges into polytechnics and lyceums, might encourage us, if they would detail the noble improvements produced in Switzerland upon the religious, the moral, and the intellectual character of the community, by the rejection of all studies except those which in the utilitarian dialect are termed "positive." Sismondi's extreme sensibility exposed him to the constant bullying of his rude and coarse comrades. This persecution threw him, as it were, upon the resources of the imagination; and his very annoyances stimulated him to profit far more by rather a superficial and low-standard course of instruction, than he would have done, had he been left at ease. He acquired a sound and tasteful knowledge of Latin and

Greek; but he was especially remarkable for the rarest of all school-boy virtues, that of working on and on because the task was set him, seeking only to please his teachers, and his parents—a duty which he kept before his eyes to the last. Sismondi, in theory and for others, was the warmest advocate of free-will and independence from all subjection; yet no writer who ever expatiated upon the obligation of single-minded and simple obedience to all authority as a divine ordinance, practised it more honestly and implicitly in the various relations in which he was placed by the appointment of Providence. Let us here, once for all, remark that Sismondi never dreamed of exercising the privilege, so foolishly, or rather so wickedly, asserted for “genius,” of setting at nought the decencies of human society, or the duties imposed upon mankind.

Hence he was removed at the due age to the *Auditoire*, bearing, in the scheme of public education of Geneva, the same relation to the *Collège*, that the University amongst us does to the School. But presently his filial obedience was put to the test; he was required to quit his home, and to sustain what to all men, young or old, is one of our heaviest burdens: the being driven to engage in a course of life which is an employment but not a vocation, a pursuit for which you have no call. Entertaining the strongest repugnance towards mercantile pursuits, he was placed in the counting-house of the eminent firm, Eynard and Co. at Lyons. A sudden change in the fortunes of the Sismondi family, hitherto affluent, had compelled his father to adopt this determination. Like most of the opulent Genevese, they had invested the whole of their money in the French funds, and the bankruptcy of France reduced them to the verge of absolute poverty. In this particular instance of the ruin occasioned by the funding system, a system so peculiarly expressive of the characteristics, moral as well as political, belonging to the “age of civilization,” enthusiasm for M. Necker<sup>1</sup> had as much weight with the Genevese as confidence in the investment, or desire of profit. Future historians will, however, have to seek and trace out the wonderful influence which finance, in every sense, now possesses in the affairs of nations. Nor will the philosophic philologist fail to mark how curiously the sense of justice or injustice depends upon the sound of a word. “Confiscation” for treason, the punishment inflicted for the betraying the implied trust placed in you by government, would make the blood of an American<sup>2</sup> boil over; but he chews his tobacco with the greater zest when the treasury of his state is enriched by



“repudiation,” inflicted because you trust the government which betrays you.

Sismondi could not abide his mercantile employment. The work was wholly against his taste. His situation would have been altogether insupportable, had not duty sustained him. In order to fulfil the wishes of his parents, and that because they were his parents, he applied himself heart and soul to his drudgery, and became a thoroughly good clerk, mastering, in particular, all the mysteries of book-keeping. No training could appear less calculated to form the future historian; but in after life he acknowledged gratefully that, though distasteful, the education was most profitable to him. To this hard discipline he ascribed his habits of order and method, his patience in posting his matter over and over again, his power of rapid calculation, but, above all, his tendency to apply to the inquiries, commonly called the science, of political economy, the lessons afforded by the annals of history.

The fearful outbreak of the revolution at Lyons compelled Sismondi (1792) to return to Geneva. He was, however, followed by the storm. His father had never meddled in the least with public affairs; but merely because he belonged to the ancient aristocracy, he was the object of cruel persecution. A “domiciliary visit” cleared the house of every article of value. A contribution was imposed upon the family which amounted to a confiscation of their property. Father and son were both cast into prison; but, as no charge could be even pretended against them, they were soon liberated.

The Genevese, from their long established colonies, can hardly be said to visit England, where Sismondi now sought refuge, as strangers. The family first placed themselves, *en pension*, in the house of a country clergyman, and thence removed to Tenterden. Leonard afterwards established himself in London. During his residence in England, he turned the whole of his time to profit. Whilst he was here, he, in a manner, entirely identified himself with the country. The English language became the common speech of his family, and he acquired no ordinary degree of fluency in it, whether in composition or in conversation. He applied himself earnestly to the study of the English Constitution and the English law, partly through books, far more by diligently attending courts of justice, acquiring a thorough familiarity equally with the principles, and with the forms and practice of our English policy. These pursuits, however, did not lead him to neglect any portion of our national literature. Quick in his perceptions, but

methodical in his studies, his residence of eighteen months in this country gave him an accurate knowledge of our institutions and character. He judged without partiality or prejudice; hence, in after life, he was enabled to investigate our peculiar position with respect to commerce, manufacture, and agriculture, not as a theorist, but as one who thoroughly knew his ground. Quite unconsciously, he was receiving another portion of the education intended to fit him for the tasks he had afterwards to accomplish.

Leonard, and we believe his father and sister, would have been perfectly well satisfied to continue in England; but Madame de Sismondi became ill of the *maladie du pays*, the *Heimweh*, for which we would fain substitute such an English compound as the Home-grief (Home-sickness, though a good old expression, is hardly intense enough), if Dr. Farre can accept it as a contribution to his new nomenclature of diseases. Energetic as she was, her sufferings, both of mind and body, were such as to admit of no palliation or cure, except a return to her own country; and to Geneva accordingly they did return in the most dismal period of the reign of terror.

Well would it be if those who place confidence in "national character," "intelligence," and the like, were to study the revolutions of Calvin's commonwealth. Though the classes of society, the demarcations of the different orders were sharply defined, yet none of the elements of exasperation between rank and rank which existed in France were to be found here. Religion, however undermined by philosophy, had, ostensibly, at least, her full sway; and the city may be said to have constituted one great family, and in which the family quarrels of preceding generations, if not entirely forgotten, appeared to be put to rest. It is the most pleasant of the social comforts in a small town or community that you are everywhere at home. No Genevese, from the highest to the lowest, was a stranger to another; every face was that of an acquaintance, if not a friend; yet as soon as the passions of political rancour had their full effect, all bonds were broken, and nowhere perhaps has there been a stronger exemplification of the contagious, or rather demoniacal, madness excited by the shedding of blood. Men who were previously quiet, mild and harmless citizens and fathers of families, became infuriate. One individual, a smith, a good-tempered, merry fellow—perhaps he may yet be living—caused upwards of fifty of his fellow citizens to be shot with the greatest glee. Let it be recollected that these horrors were perpetrated, not by a profligate, enthusiastic or fanatical population, but by sober,



shop-keeping burgesses, men naturally as money-getting and as quiet as the rate-payers of Edinburgh or Aberdeen.

The four Syndics of the Republic, not merely blameless, but magistrates distinguished by their integrity and the conscientious discharge of their duties, were accused of *lèse-nation*, and condemned to die. At this juncture the Sismondi family removed to Châtelaine, and one of the proscribed, M. Caila, a most intimate friend of theirs, fled thither in hope of safety. They concealed the fugitive in a shed in their garden, which stood on the very verge of the French frontier, and it was agreed that, on the first alarm, he should cross the line. Madame de Sismondi entrusted her son with the duty of acting as sentinel. In the midst of the night he heard the measured tramp of the approaching *gens-d'armes*, and rushed to the door of the shed; but the door was fastened. Caila, old and deaf, slept so soundly that Sismondi could not rouse him; the soldiers, who had now entered the garden, made at once for the shed, having evidently received information of Madame's arrangement. The Genevese revolutions have always exhibited abundant perfidiousness on a small scale, the petty spites and mean *tracasseries* of society corrupting into base or sanguinary treachery. Leonard had no resource but to stand on the defensive, in the expectation that the noise and bustle would awaken the sleeper; he was, however, struck to the ground by the butt-end of a carbine. Caila now awakened. Instead of attempting to escape, he quietly surrendered himself, and Madame de Sismondi saw him carried off to certain death. She fell on her knees in prayer. Thus she continued till the morning, when she heard the distant shots of the fusillade.

Geneva now became hateful, and a family consultation being held, they determined to sell Châtelaine, and abandon their desolated country. It was a heart-break, thus to wrench themselves from the once happy spot, but there was no help, go they must. With the world before them, they yearned for Italy, and determined to settle in Tuscany, the seat of their ancestors, their ancient fatherland. The pilgrims arrived at Florence in October 1795, and agreed, after holding another council—for in this most affectionate family parents and children always acted as possessing but one interest and one mind—that it would be most expedient to invest the produce of their Genevese property in land, so that their farm might serve as a home, and as a means of support and maintenance. Leonard set out on foot in search of a settlement. He took the upper road, through Prato and Pistoja; entering the Val di Nievole,

the loveliness of the country and the cheapness of the land determined him to establish the family on that locality. There was a small *podere*, or farm, with a still smaller house, on sale at Valchiusa, near Pescia. The family bought the tiny domain, and, before Christmas, the wanderers were again domiciled on their own property. Sismondi had just been removed from the desk. He now, all but literally, put his hand to the plough, superintending the management of the *podere*. Thus employed, his occupation entered into combination with the studies which he unremittingly pursued, and he acquired that peculiar train of thought which influenced all his writings, namely, the valuing constitutions and forms of government, not as grounded upon abstract principles, but as subservient to the practical welfare of the people. Hence also may be deduced his strong prejudice for agriculture as the source of national prosperity; and, living, as he did, in the midst of an agricultural population, he obtained a degree of practical knowledge rarely possessed by men of literature. His sister married and settled at Pescia, where she resided till her recent death. Sismondi himself retained the property, and revisited it at various periods during the remainder of his life. Thus was the historian of the Italian Republics nursed for the great task which he ultimately performed. No man is fully qualified to write the history of a country, unless he knows the country itself; unless he has trod its earth, drunk its streams, felt its breezes, sunned himself beneath its sky.

He passed his time, not solitary, yet in seclusion, delighting in the lovely scenery, and still more in the converse of the happy and unspoiled peasantry amongst whom he dwelt. Even here he did not escape persecution. He kept himself entirely quiet, therefore neither party could understand him. He was first suspected, and then arrested as an aristocrat by the French. Again, in one of the risings of the Tuscans against their oppressors, he was arrested as a Frenchman, because Geneva, his native country, was then annexed to France. Four times was he placed in confinement. However, in spite of all these troubles, he constantly pursued his studies; and he began the composition of his *Recherches sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres*, a work never completed, but which was in fact the foundation of all his subsequent historical productions; whilst, at the same time, his constant intercourse with the peasantry more and more confirmed him in his doctrine of considering the history of the people as the groundwork of the history of nations. The *Recherches* were intended to contain ten



treatises:—the first two, a general exposition of the theory of political freedom; thirdly, the English constitution; fourthly, the Genevese; fifthly, the ancient constitution of Spain; sixthly, the Italian republics; seventhly, Sweden; eighthly, Poland; ninthly, the Hanseatic towns; and tenthly, the United States of America. A truly colossal work to be contemplated by one scarcely twenty-three years old. Such a plan, whilst it shows his comprehensive views, equally testifies his inexperience. The several divisions would have been quite out of due proportion to the importance of their subjects; and in some, the impossibility of obtaining documentary evidence would have prevented him from ever giving more than an unsubstantial theory.

Yet though working without effect, as far as relates to the particular object he had in view, Sismondi was pursuing no idle course. Whoever thoroughly becomes master of any given line of human study, learns to appreciate, when he approaches to the close of his life, the profit resulting from lost labour. Sketches remaining unfinished, researches begun and abandoned, materials painfully collected and cheerfully left unused. The “art to blot” is not the art of arts; at least not in historical investigations. You must begin much sooner—you must determine not to include in your compositions that which will have to be blotted. In the same way as the finished statue is merely so much marble as remains of the block, so, in every perfected production of literature, and above all, in history, the work, when produced to the satisfaction of the author, bears but a small proportion in bulk to the chips which he has thrown away.

Sismondi now proceeded with vigour. He commenced, in 1798, to collect his materials for the history of Italy; but he did not begin the composition, his time being, towards the conclusion of his stay, occupied with his first published work, *Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane*. How anxious is the young author, bursting from the germ, to indicate himself in the title-page which is to introduce him to the world! how happy if he can affix any designation to his name; any cabalistic capitals which show that he is not one of the multitude. In this instance, the title-page is memorable as indicating what might then be termed his predominating character. The first distinction which the future historian of France and Italy possessed, was that of being a member of the *Accademia Reale dei Georgiofili* of Florence. This book is entirely practical; it details the various modes of cultivation adopted in the Val di Nievole, and is the result of personal observation.

"I have thought it useful," says he in the preface, "that, for once, agriculture should be shown as it exists, and not as people would wish to find it. Most of the works hitherto written upon this science are didactic rather than descriptive: they teach what they suppose ought to be done, but do not so much tell us what *is*. Yet we possess no real knowledge of agriculture, if we merely learn the hypothetical improvements which may be introduced, and not the advantages of the modes of cultivation which already exist.... A good agriculturist should begin by studying the country in its actual state, and next, the books which may show him how to improve it; but how often do we not find in the country pretended agriculturists, men of great towns, who think they know everything because they have read everything; and who, puzzled when they endeavour to apply their theoretical knowledge, amuse the peasants by their entire ignorance of the most common matters upon which all such knowledge should be grounded?—In the work which I now present to the public," he continues, "the country is described as I have seen it; agriculture, as it is practised by the Tuscan peasants, and as I have practised it myself. I have rarely introduced any new experiments, or given any advice which is not sanctioned by practical usage. Not that I believe such a book as mine will enable the agriculturist to dispense with studying the country itself; but he will pursue his study more speedily and more effectually if he is directed by some method."

Theory is discarded from this essay; the descriptions are clear and lively. Without any attempt whatever at style, the composition gives that pleasure which any subject affords when it is treated by one who likes it well and understands it well. Let the foregoing extracts be well considered, because they have a most important bearing upon Sismondi's works. Those who object to his views of political economy depreciate him as a mere theorist. So little pains have been taken in England to become acquainted with his works, that we have heard it stated that the *Tableau* was incorporated in his *Etudes*, whereas, in fact, the latter work contains, it is true, the application of his practical knowledge, but not one line of the practical details of which the essay is composed. As a true picture of the country, it has peculiar value when considered in relation to Italian history. It is an excellent commentary upon the annals of Tuscany. Such works—would that there were more of them—display the nature and genius of the people in their ordinary and most influential course. History dwells principally upon the



events which are exceptions to the ordinary course and general rule.

In 1800, Sismondi and his parents returned to Geneva, when they resumed possession of the wreck of their once ample property, and took up their residence near the city. So general was the desolation which had fallen upon Geneva, that an hôtel, forming part of their fortune, which could lodge twelve families, and had previously let for rents amounting to upwards of 12,000 francs per annum, was wholly unoccupied. All the money which they had invested in the French funds was lost; about 4000 francs constituted their only remaining income, and half was remitted to his sister Serena at Pescia. As to Sismondi himself, he submitted cheerfully to every privation, diminishing even the number of his meals, in order to be able to spare for his family.

His first attempt in "the science of political economy," properly or improperly so called, was his treatise *Sur la Richesse Commerciale*, published in 1803. In this treatise he appears as the implicit follower of Adam Smith. France, as Sismondi then thought with regret, had not sufficiently appreciated the doctrines of that writer. The scope of the work is to show how they could be best applied to commercial legislation. Such a plan excluded all originality; but Sismondi had not sat at the desk in Eynard's counting-house without profit. And, his principles once defined, he follows them up to their consequences with great clearness and a large share of practical knowledge, far more, we apprehend, than belonged to his master. Upon the appearance of the work it was received with great approbation; but in after life he entirely sunk it, if we may use such an expression. He excluded it from an advertisement of his publications, and he does not insert it in a private MS. list of his productions, which he seems to have intended as an outline of his literary history. He did not even keep a copy of the book in his library, nor were we enabled to obtain it without difficulty. The fact is, that he afterwards virtually abandoned almost all the opinions of Adam Smith; especially as to alleged benefits supposed to result from the absence of legislative control upon manufactures and labour.

Sismondi now, however (1803), took the popular view of the question. Adam Smith, though perhaps not much was known about him, enjoyed high repute, and by sailing in the wake of Adam Smith he was in the main stream of literary prosperity. His reputation spread rapidly. There was then a vacancy in the chair of political economy, far north, in the University of Wilna,

and the Senate determined to offer the professorship to the hitherto obscure author. Square letters sealed with large red seals had been received and answered. Proposals had been declined and forgotten; and Sismondi was busily employed in his study, when a tall stranger entered. It was Count Plater<sup>1</sup>, who had proceeded in person to Geneva for the purpose of urging the young philosopher to accept the offer;—a salary of 6000 francs, a retiring pension after ten years' service; nay, if these promises would not satisfy him, they would accede to his own terms. His parents and his friends earnestly urged him to comply. Sismondi paused—he disliked the task of teaching; he doubted whether, filling such an office, he should be permitted to speak and write with freedom; at length, conscious of the internal power which he felt himself bound to exert, he refused a situation where his talent would possess less utility. In this conduct there was nothing of pride on the one hand, or morbid sloth on the other; but the conscientious desire to do his best, in the way which he knew was best. Nevertheless the struggle was painful, and the determination was not made without great effort; for the situation would have given him the means of marrying his first love (who died some few years afterwards), and he truly felt the need of providing for himself and of helping his family. In after life it becomes fully apparent that he had been guided in the right path.

Sismondi, at this period, was much inclined to take a decided line as a political writer; but his mother knew him more truly than he knew himself. She remonstrated against this ephemeral misapplication of his talent, and entreated him to devote himself mainly to history. This excellent woman was the loadstar of his life, the guide of his understanding. He delighted in his mother. He confided all his heart and mind to her, and constantly submitted to her guidance. Well qualified to be the mother of such a son, she was as competent to direct him in his career of literature as of duty. So long as she lived, there was no one work which was not submitted to her criticism and judgment.

Sismondi, in 1806, had not as yet appeared as an historian, but the tendency of his pursuits seems to have become known; and certain Parisian booksellers, of whom Michaud was the principal, engaged him as a contributor to the *Biographie Universelle*. It was a wise choice on their part, and indeed the whole of that publication was undertaken and carried through with singular judgment and discretion. It is necessarily unequal, and has many of those amusing defects in relation to foreign literature which



are inseparable from works of this description<sup>a</sup>. Yet, with every deduction and drawback, the *Biographie Universelle* must be considered as one of the best productions of its kind. It is, we must at the same time confess, far from realising our *beau idéal* of what such a work might be. A biographical dictionary is a dissected drama, in which the players are brought before you, not in scenes, but in alphabetical order. Unless you consider how they respectively bear upon one another—unless you have in your head the *intreccio* of the plot—you will never be able to give to each distinct delineation a sufficient degree of terseness and connexion, and yet so as to avoid repetition and confusion. The article “Wellington” must have reference to “Napoleon”; “Becket” must be allied to “Henry II.”; “Wolsey” and “Charles V.” “Francis I.” and “Henry VIII.” though severed in composition, are yet to be recollected as one group upon the stage. In all such examples, it requires the greatest nicety to balance, as it were, the scenes which ought to be preponderant in the several delineations of life and character. Hence every biographical dictionary ought, as we think, subject to better judgment (*Salvo mejor parecer*, as friend Sancho says, which means in plain English, *My own opinion is best after all*), to be disposed in classes, or at least in periods. The misery of mere alphabetical arrangement necessitates the strangest sequences. Surely many a dear innocent schoolboy has been direfully puzzled when in the first page of Doctor Entick’s English Dictionary he finds *Abacus*, *Abacot* and *Abba*, which last term, the said doctor very considerably and carefully expounds as “a Syriac word for a father.” And in all the biographical dictionaries you travel on, according to the uniform jogtrot road, from “Aa, Peter van der, a celebrated bookseller of Amsterdam”—who invariably honours the trade by being prefixed to the beginning of the row—to “Ziska,” “Zoroaster,” and “Zuinglius, the Heresiarch” who always used to have the honour of bringing up the rear-guard until the weary way was lengthened by the still lower depth of “Zumpt” and “Zurlauben.” How these defects ought to be remedied, we shall not here discuss. The best approximation to their correction is to cast each distinct set of biographies in a

<sup>a</sup> Thus in a German literary history now before us (Grässe, *Lehrbuch einer Allgemeinen Litteratur-Geschichte*), and one of great merit too, the *Prospectus* and *Specimen* of an intended national work by Robert and William Whistlecraft, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table, London, 1818, is inserted amongst the endeavours made to clear up the mystery of the “Grosse Artus Sage.”

piece. This task Sismondi performed excellently well. He composed the biographies of the principal historical characters of Italy, and brought them in one lot complete and ready for the press to the editors, five years before the first volume appeared. As might be expected from such a process, the articles which he furnished are rounded off with the greatest neatness and tact; but above all, with honesty towards his employers. Whatever hire he may have received, he never worked in the spirit of a hireling, but always with love. The employment was also very useful to him. Whilst compiling these lives he was finishing the outline sketches of his history, working up the facts, though they were afterwards to be put together in another form.

The sum which Sismondi received for these literary labours was not very magnificent. Six francs per article. Small as this payment was, it contented him. The task also furnished him with a reason—or shall we say an excuse—for refusing an advantageous but distasteful appointment now urged upon him. It was proposed to his friends that he should become a professor, *i.e.* a master, at the college, *i.e.* school, of Geneva. Poor as the family were, his mother was rather anxious that he should accept the offer. This situation was worth between 2000 and 3000 francs a year. But he disliked the *gêne* of the situation and the bickering spirit of the college *coterie*. Above all, he could not abide the occupation. As for the office of schoolmaster (we detest the new-fangled term of educator) in any shape or grade, there is, in fact, hardly any medium between its being the object of passion or aversion. To those who engage in teaching either from taste or conscience, it is a delight; to all the rest it is a perpetual plague and martyrdom. Sismondi belonged to the latter category. “Je “connaîtrais,” says he, in a letter to his mother, “peu de métiers “dont je me souciasse moins que celui de dresser les enfans ou les “singes en leur donnant des leçons tous les jours.” He subsequently accepted an honorary professorship, which, as we shall see, he of his own free-will turned into an efficient office; but teaching pupils he never would undertake—no money would tempt him to it, neither then nor thereafter.

During these transactions he became acquainted with Müller, the celebrated historian of Switzerland, who assisted him with advice; but this acquaintance had no great effect (as far as we can trace) upon Sismondi's character. Not so his friendship with M. Necker and Madame de Staël. No intercourse was perhaps ever less alloyed with any kind of bitterness than the union which sub-



sisted between Necker and Sismondi during the remainder of their lives. Diversities of temper, genius and opinions, served but to render them more genial and congenial to each other. Sismondi was accustomed from time to time to read to Necker and his daughter portions of his Italian history, honestly, not for praise, but for criticism. Of the latter he got enough; Madame de Staël used to blame him in the most unmeasured terms. These censures he received with the greatest submission and patience—he wrote and rewrote with unwearied assiduity and perseverance; but the more he advanced the more he began to doubt his talent for history. Now ensued a trying period of mental despondency, a period of which there are many examples in literature. All hope seemed to have disappeared; he was so harassed that he used to pray that he might be quickly carried off by a fever. He was, however, enabled to wrestle with the delusion. He sprang out of the slough; resuming heart, he continued writing, until he had seven volumes ready for the press. Then came the usual rub—where was a publisher to be found? aye, and a publisher from whom he might obtain some remuneration for his labours; for he had now formed the determination of making literature the business of his life.

Throughout all these troubles he found help and comfort in his affectionate parent. She was always ready to sustain his spirits; yet she never failed to warn and caution him where she thought he was wrong. For example, we were much struck with the style of her remonstrances against some apparent similarity between his reasonings and the mischievous generalities of the revolutionary orators. Most strict in her religious duties and convictions, she was also a severe aristocrat in principle. In her latter days, her opinions became moderated to a certain degree by her son's writings; but, on the other hand, we must not underrate the effect which these very principles had on her son's character. Perhaps rather we should be thankful for their influence, as preventing him from adopting any of the extreme doctrines of republicanism. During his early career, his passion for pure republican institutions was rather too exalted. But these exaggerations of his era became tempered and moderated when advancing years—and the blessing, not granted to many, of receiving profit from the experience of advancing years—brought increasing wisdom.

At length, in 1807, he succeeded in finding a publisher. Gessner, a bookseller of Zurich, undertook the first two volumes, which

appeared contemporaneously in French and in German. Gessner drove a hard bargain, and paid him partly in books; the last species of commodity—far worse than “ginger and brown paper”—a poor author wishes to receive. However, Sismondi was contented; the success attending the publication was great, and for the future portions neither author nor bookseller had any apprehensions. The publication was afterwards transferred to Treuttel and Wurtz; and the subsequent volumes, having been brought out at intervals, the last did not appear till 1818<sup>a</sup>. Here is the ever recurring dilemma. He who pursues historical literature finds that he has but a choice of difficulties, perhaps postponing till the close of life the result of his labours, or bringing them out successively, as far as he has rendered them available; living, in this respect, for the day, yet in each day living for futurity. Whatever may be the disadvantages of the latter plan, it is far the most advisable. How much have we gained by Arnold’s fragments, if they may be so called, possessing in them the results of his powerful intellect, so nobly and so usefully employed.

We have noticed Sismondi’s great aversion to teaching, in the ordinary sense of the term, but he had a strong wish to render himself useful by affording instruction. About 1811, it was proposed that he should deliver a course of lectures upon the literature of the South of Europe, and he gladly assented. This task was in fact a portion of his Italian history. Had it not been for the great extent of the historical narrative, properly so called, required by the Republics, such investigations would, without doubt, have there found their proper place and station, as chapters in the development of Italian policy and mind.

Having, according to his usual custom, worked and worked again upon his lectures, he put his matter together in a shape fit for the press; and, not without some hesitation, he proceeded in 1813 to Paris, as well in search of a publisher, as for the purpose of consulting public libraries; many scarce works which he needed, particularly in Spanish literature, being *introuvables* at Geneva. Strange to say, this was the first time Sismondi had ever visited the great French metropolis. No time could have been worse for the business of publication. It was just after Napoleon’s retreat from Moscow. Books were the last things thought of; but no period could have been more interesting to Sismondi than this eventful crisis, when the most intense political excitement prevailed. Paris was a chaotic world of hopes, fears, regrets, dis-

<sup>a</sup> The book has since been reprinted three times, at Paris and at Brussels.



appointments, plots and plans, philosophical theories and political intrigues, all exhibited in full light, and amidst the highest classes of society, into which he was received, as it were, by acclamation. Here he made the acquaintance of the present illustrious prime minister of France<sup>1</sup>; and when, in 1819, the professor of history at the university became minister of public instruction, the result of the friendship thus commenced was that he offered Sismondi a professorship at Paris worth 18,000 francs per annum, and in 1824, another at Liège, of almost equal value, both of which Sismondi successively refused. In the Paris of 1813 he was both amused and surprised at his own apparent popularity; but though constantly employed, both in study and in society, eight hours every day in the public libraries, and every evening in the drawing-room, he never passed a day without writing a piece to his mother; when a sheet of this epistolary diary was filled, he sent it off and began again. His mother was constantly urging him to return, but he was compelled to stay till he had concluded a treaty with his old publishers, Treuttel and Wurtz, and the work *De la littérature du midi de l'Europe* appeared in the same year, not, however, without having cost him much anxiety—for the censors of the press seem to have given him all the trouble in their power<sup>a</sup>.

Italy, of course, occupies the larger portion of the *Littérature du midi*; but Italian literature is only to be approached through the literature of Provence. From the professors of the “gay science,” the Italians received their laws of versification. Many of the beauties, and most of the stains and pollutions of Italian poetry are the inheritance derived from the effeminate and profligate troubadours. The Provençal portion is exceedingly clever; Sismondi has made the most of the scanty specimens then printed of the materials which abound in the continental libraries. Since his time, Raynouard<sup>2</sup> has brought forth many splendid volumes, but of more show than utility. Like all “Elegant extracts,” they give us no more a true character of the productions from which they are excerpted, than leaves when they are plucked can do of the tree. The bulk of the work prevented Sismondi from enlarging upon any writers except those of primary importance. His rival is Guingéné. The latter perhaps exhibits more research, but it is the research of a book-maker. He weighs you down with extracts, and does not possess the power of giving a clear and general view of the subject. Sismondi, on the contrary, is throughout bright,

<sup>a</sup> Of this work there have been three editions: the last was in 1829.

rapid and correct; the concluding portion, the view of the literature of his own time, or of the age immediately preceding, in which Metastasio, Goldoni and Alfieri hold a most conspicuous place, is far more satisfactory than can be found in any other book which we can point out. Above all, he has most carefully avoided the approval of the impurities which defile so many portions of Italian literature, whilst Guingéné seems to delight in them. The least successful sections are those relating to Spanish and Portuguese, and for an obvious reason. His attempt to treat upon the literature of the Peninsula is the only instance in which he did not write out of the fullness of his stores and mind. It did not come naturally to him; he had to cram for it; and whenever an author, however able he may be, is compelled to read up, you may be certain that he will write himself down.

In the year 1819, Sismondi determined upon his greatest and best work, and which occupied him till his death, the *Histoire des Français*. It is a production exhibiting the rare example of a great mind, increasing not only in wisdom, but in clearness and vivacity, as youth wears away and life declines. The volumes appeared at successive intervals<sup>a</sup>; the first in 1821—the last has just passed through the press. Various causes and reasons concurred and co-operated in persuading him, as it were, to undertake this work. Study without an object is the most wearisome, fruitless, irksome of employments. He felt an earnest yearning for some task, which, his Italian history having been completed, should become the main employment of his mind. The connexion of the history of France with that of Italy, and which in many parts is almost necessary to give it unity and completeness, particularly in relation to the unhappy influence which, from the first establishment of the Angevin dynasty in Naples<sup>1</sup>, France possessed over Italy, had led him to consider the affairs of the two countries habitually in conjunction. Above all, he was influenced by the total absence of any history of France which could in the least be said to be worthy of such a name. Several portions had been treated by his predecessors with considerable ability; but Sismondi does not exaggerate the fact, when he says that not one of them, royalist or republican, philosophical or *soi-disant* pious, had in the least degree sought the only end which the historian

<sup>a</sup> They were published as follows:—I. II. III., 1821; IV. V. VI., 1823; VII. VIII. IX., 1826; X. XI. XII., 1828; XIII. XIV. XV., 1831; XVI. XVII., 1833; XVIII., 1834; XIX. XX., 1835; XXI., 1836; XXII., 1839; XXIII. XXIV., 1840; XXV. XXVI., 1841; XXVII. XXVIII., 1842; XXIX., 1843.



should pursue, the investigation of truth. Sismondi, as we have before observed, dearly loved France, loved her in her best interests. Therefore, when he planned his work, he determined not to cater for any national appetite, not to purchase popularity by any subservience to vanity; but, as far as he could, by his learning and his talents, to render history a beacon, not an *ignis fatuus*, a guide, not a snare. He wished, as he says, to teach his readers to “avail themselves of the experience of the past: experience, which “can alone teach us what we owe to futurity, what we should seek, “or what we should avoid: experience, like conscience, which is “only useful to mankind when she conceals nothing from herself, “when she never shuns contemplating past errors, or deploring “past sins. I have felt that, in adopting this system, I should have “to beat down many an idol which men have delighted to worship “—that I should have to dispel many favourite illusions—nay, “that I should often offend national pride, a pride which, in many “respects, was not unworthily entertained;—neither consulting “feelings, nor sparing prejudices, full well did I know that I should “be rarely praised; but an historian has a sterner duty to fulfil “than that of pleasing his readers—a far more noble object than “success. Therefore I have laboured with unshaken firmness, in “the hope, which I have before declared, of throwing light upon “the future by the reflection of the past; I have placed my full “and unshaken reliance in the integrity of a great nation—so “strong in its own greatness as to desire to know itself,—and which “ought not to fear the knowledge of the truth, since it is only by “such knowledge that it will not have lived in vain.”

The spirit in which French history has generally been written, may be well illustrated by one single familiar anecdote—we will not go further:—“Everybody knows how,” as Doctor Robertson tells us, “Francis I. had early transmitted an account of the rout “of Pavia in a letter to his mother, delivered by Pennalosa, which “contained only these words, ‘Madam, all is lost except our “‘honour.’” Now this famous story possesses all the authenticity appertaining unto the two sets of last dying speeches ascribed to Pitt, “Melville, remember Jervis”; and “Oh! save my country, Heaven!” As genuine as either of those pathetic and sublime exclamations—from the last of which the big gimcrack erected as Pitt’s monument in the Abbey had a narrow escape—is the energetic burst of “Madame, tout est perdu fors l’honneur!” The letter of Francis is a simple and humble composition of some length, in which a phrase containing the words “tout” and

“honneur” occurs, but not one of the other words of the sentence; and the same phrase, being neatly trimmed, inverted, amended, and detached from the context, has acquired the chivalrous emphasis which has shed such a glory round the name of the “father of letters.” But will it not be supposed that this detection of a most absurd and silly fabrication was the result of laborious researches? Without<sup>1</sup> doubt it will be said that the original letter was concealed in the archives of Simancas, or buried amongst our dusty records in the Tower of London, or perhaps recovered by M. Guizot at vast expense for the *Trésor des Chartres*. Not a bit. The letter of Francis I., inserted in the Registers of the Parliament of Paris, and always accessible to any inquirer, was printed many years ago in a plain, plodding, topographical work of the most common description (Dulaure, *Histoire de Paris*), and, here it is:—

“Pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m’est demouré que l’honneur et la vie,—qui est sauve; et pour ce que, en notre adversité, cette nouvelle vous fera quelque peu de reconfort, j’ai prié qu’on me laissât vous écrire ces lettres, ce qu’on m’a agréablement accordé. Vous suppliant ne vouloir prendre l’extrémité de vous-même, en usant de votre accoutumée prudence, car j’ai espoir en la fin que Dieu ne m’abandonnera point; vous recommandant vos petits-enfans et les miens; vous suppliant faire donner sûr passage, et le retour pour l’aller et le retour en Espagne à ce porteur, qui va vers l’Empereur pour savoir comme il faudra que je sois traité. Et sur ce très humblement, me recommande à votre bonne grâce.” (*Histoire des Français*, vol. xvi. (1833), Ch. iii. pp. 228, 229.)<sup>2</sup> But if a cat has nine lives, an historical lie has nine times nine—and in all the “popular histories” of France the “father of letters,” the “chivalrous monarch,” etc., etc., etc., still continues to exclaim, “Madame, tout est perdu fors l’honneur,” with as much tragic heroism and grandeur as before.

The events of the Hundred Days occasioned one of the most memorable passages in the life of Sismondi. During Napoleon’s previous reign, Sismondi considered the Emperor as an aggressor; and he most fully appreciated the incalculable injury Italy would receive by being amalgamated into one Italian kingdom. Keenly alive also to the truth that Italy’s real vitality is seated in the national identity of her severed communities, an Italian republic “one and indivisible” would scarcely have pleased him better. Without feeling any enmity against Napoleon, he was at best a cold admirer. But upon his return from Elba, the romance of



the incident—the contrast presented by Napoleon's courage, prudence, and wisdom to the shabby and imbecile vacillations of the unhappy Bourbons—the apparently sincere love and loyalty shown by the people, and the sudden combination of the other governments of Europe against him—all these worked on the mind or imagination of Sismondi; and he espoused the cause of Napoleon with a most affectionate sympathy. Burke himself could not have despised the "constitutions" which perched in the pigeon-holes of the Abbé Sieyès more heartily than Sismondi. He held that no form of government could ensure real liberty unless it had been slowly shaped, and had grown up with the growth of the nation; yet, subject to the general censure, he considered that the new constitution of the empire was the best that had been improvised anywhere. Therefore he wished that his scheme of government might be cordially accepted by the various parties amongst whom France was then divided, believing sincerely, whether mistakenly or not need not be here discussed, that Napoleon would be compelled to govern France upon better principles than before. Hence he wished to lend a helping hand, and he published a series of letters upon the new French Constitution in the *Moniteur* which occasioned much sensation. Napoleon expressed a desire to meet the author; and an interview took place which he reported to his *bonne mère* immediately after its conclusion, for she was yet living—his constant confidante and guide—and as she had almost reproached her son for his adhesion to the Emperor, he felt himself bound to justify his conduct. From this MS. narrative the following abridgment is made.

After some of those complimentary speeches on the part of Napoleon, which can be easily supplied, Sismondi expressed his regret that the "truly liberal" Constitution promulgated by the<sup>2</sup> Emperor had been received with so much grudging and senseless clamour. "But," replied Napoleon, "I hope the opposition will diminish, and my decree concerning the municipalities and the electoral colleges will mend matters. As yet, the French are not ripe for those ideas. They dispute my right of dissolving the Chambers; but if I drive out all the members at the bayonet's point, they will think such a coup d'état just as it should be." "I regret deeply," replied Sismondi, "that they are not aware how much your Majesty has changed."

Having listened to some further remarks from Sismondi, Napoleon took up the discourse again, and explained that, according to his belief, he had never departed from the sound principles

of the Revolution, although he admitted that he had combined them to other great projects more peculiarly his own. "But," said he, "in all practical principles, I have adhered to the Revolution:—the impartial administration of justice—equal contribution to the public burdens—the total destruction of all ancient monopolies of employment, place, dignity. These are benefits derived from the Revolution, and the demolition of old institutions, which the peasantry continue to enjoy. Therefore I am popular amongst them; but the French, when principles are concerned, rush into every extreme. *Ils jugent cela avec la furia Francese: ils sont défiants, soupçonneux.* Englishmen are much more sober; their ideas upon all such subjects are more matured, and they are, almost all, sound thinkers. I saw many of them in Elba. Many were awkward, they had a *mauvaise tournure*, and did not know how to undergo their presentation to me; but when they opened, I found that under this rugged bark their ideas were just, moderate, and profound."

Napoleon made inquiries of Sismondi respecting many English, and most particularly concerning Lady Holland, whom he already regarded with much affection, but had never seen. Sismondi talked abundantly to him upon the state of this country, and particularly concerning the difficulties under which he conceived we laboured. France then was again discussed; and, upon this resumption of the discussion of the French national character, Napoleon took the favourable side:—"C'est cependant une belle nation, la Française, noble, sensible, généreuse, toujours prête à entreprendre ce qu'il y a de grand et de beau." What follows is amusingly characteristic:—"Que peut-il y avoir de plus beau, par exemple, que mon retour à présent? Eh! bien, je n'y ai aucun mérite, aucun, que d'avoir deviné la nation." He ascribed his restoration far less to the army, than to the spirit prevailing amongst the peasantry. "On my landing I marched fifty leagues without meeting a soldier, but the peasants came out to meet me, and followed me singing with their wives and children. They had composed political songs, in which they abused the Senate, whom they accused of treason. When I came near Digne, the inhabitants compelled the municipality to present themselves. They were not well-disposed towards me, but outwardly they behaved decently. Indeed, I was absolute master at Digne. I could have hung them by hundreds had I chosen. They urged me to stop in the town, but I wished to push forward, for I had no time to lose. There is a hill above Digne which I ascended, followed by



“the whole population. At my bivouac I was met by people of every station from high to low, and yet I had not a soldier.”

Napoleon gave an interesting account of his views in composing the electoral colleges according to his new Constitution. He said that he thought electoral colleges containing members chosen for life, would introduce a very useful mixture of aristocracy. Sismondi replied, that, in his opinion, aristocracy is a necessary element for the preservation of liberty; and that it is as necessary that all the elements of permanence should be represented in the legislation, as the transitory interests of the passing day; a maxim too often forgotten by the advocates of reform—and, at this present moment, almost as unpopular with Conservatives as with Radicals. “Government,” continued the Emperor, “is a species of navigation. Two elements must concur in navigation”—Napoleon himself could not foresee that a third might be called in to derange his simile—“and two also are required to direct the vessel of the state. In the same manner, there is no possibility of government in a pure democracy, except by combining it with aristocracy; one is opposed to the other, and you direct the vessel by contrary impulses. (*On n’a de même aucune possibilité de direction dans la démocratie pure; mais en la combinant avec l’aristocratie, on oppose l’une à l’autre, et on dirige le vaisseau par les passions contraires.*)” Sismondi agreed with Napoleon:—“I wholly admit,” said he, “the necessity of this aristocratic element. I consider hereditary nobility as entirely conformable to the natural sentiments of mankind. Nobility is a property which becomes the more precious in proportion to the growth of national liberty, and in proportion as the glory of families is connected with national glory; but under the circumstances in which your Majesty is placed, I think the establishment of such an order is very difficult. I do not exactly understand how your Chamber of Peers can acquire that respect which is needed. Your Majesty had previously adopted the system of amalgamating the old nobility and the new—a plan in which your Majesty succeeded, but which cannot, I now think, be resumed. The *ancienne noblesse* are now decidedly your Majesty’s enemy; I do not believe that your Majesty can at present call them back into your plan of government; I do not think that you ought to do so; and I equally do not understand how a new nobility can maintain itself in opposition to the ancient nobility.”

“I admit,” replied Napoleon, “that at present it is quite impossible to fuse the two elements together.” “Then,” said

Sismondi, "I could have wished that your Majesty had substituted "an elective for an hereditary aristocracy." "And how would you "have managed that, M. de Sismondi?" replied the Emperor. "Why I would have left to your Majesty the right of creating new "peerages, but I would have given the Chamber the right of "replacing the members by election when vacancies should arise." "Oh, no," said Napoleon, "such a plan would be quite impracticable; we must give time. At first the peers will be in an uncomfortable position; they will have to encounter great opposition, but in the course of time people will get used to them. The "old nobility will re-enter the Chamber, and, at last, the union of "the old and new nobility will appear to be the natural course of "things."

Thus did Napoleon calculate upon a futurity which was never granted to him. All these speculations ended as they began—in words; yet this is a case in which words are things. It is very instructive to consider this discussion between the head of an empire declaring his practical opinions, and a man of letters, giving utterance to theories which were the result of deep and prolonged study of the vicissitudes of nations, at a time when he thought his abstract opinions might be put into practice; and statesman and student equally coinciding in the result, that a form of government depending upon an unchecked democracy, or upon an American representation founded upon an unchecked democracy—for both in fact are the same—never could stand.

The discourse then turned upon Italy. Napoleon declared that the Italians were "*un brave peuple,—il y a de l'étoffe là pour une "nation.* I did much for them. I gave them a military spirit, "which they had not, and a national feeling. Matters went well "with them then, but now they are *bien malheureux.*"

Sismondi answered very cautiously, for to these sentiments he could not respond. He considered, as we have seen, and most truly, that the combination of Italy into one state would have been, if practicable, destructive of every institution and every character by which Italy is rendered Italy, and from whence her worth is derived. Your Italian liberal, your philosophic resuscitator of "*la Giovine Italia,*" is the worst betrayer of his country's interest and glory. Sismondi, of course, acknowledged that Napoleon had made good soldiers of the Italians; but he candidly disclosed the fact that Tuscany was not particularly disposed to be again revolutionized, and Napoleon turned off the discourse. He then conversed upon the affairs of Switzerland, and argued



that the mass of the population would most gladly re-accept the act of mediation, "*Et je ferais une révolution en Suisse avec cet acte, comme je l'ai fait en France.*" It may be easily imagined that to such a declaration Sismondi made no reply. The conversation glanced aside to literature. Napoleon declared that he had no partiality towards J. J. Rousseau. He thought him full of pretension, and that he had *un style constamment tendu*. Sismondi replied that Chateaubriand might be criticised nearly to the same effect—that his style was brilliant, but without truth. "Yes," observed Napoleon, "he is always aiming at effect; but the reader feels that he is only busied about his phrases, and that there is 'no maturity of thought beneath the surface.'"

After more literary talk, Napoleon wound up his discourse with another eulogium of the French nation. Much of this curious discourse was intended for effect. Confidences made by a Sovereign to a man of letters, who is always supposed to hold his note-book in his hand, are like all "asides," spoken in the full expectation that they will not be lost upon the audience.

The opening of the Continent threw Sismondi into the best English society. As a natural consequence, he also became connected with English literature, and he wrote the article "Political Economy" for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*,—a sketch which he expanded into his *Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique*, which we shall notice hereafter; and on which we here only observe, that during the composition of his *Histoire des Français*, and, indeed, till the end of his life, he was always employed upon political economy (at least according to his version of the word), as a perpetual commentary upon history.

Years of great domestic comfort—for Sismondi was now happily married<sup>a</sup>—ensued. The proceeds of his literary works, though never ample, were sufficient, with the addition of his small property, to supply his limited wants, though not his ungrudging, unstinted, unbounded charity. His residence continued at Geneva. Frequent visits to his *podere* at Pescia, and to his friends in England, diversified the even tenor of his life, affording sufficient excitement to enable him to return with great vigour to his books, though not so much as to break off the habit of labour.

In 1838 he had a remarkable opportunity of bringing his opinions into practice, and of showing the agreement, not always exemplified, between the opinions promulgated from the study,

<sup>a</sup> M. de Sismondi married Miss Allen, sister to the late Mr. Allen, of Cressilly, M.P. for Pembrokeshire, and to the second wife of Sir James Mackintosh.

and those practised in the actual struggle of life. This was in relation to the diplomatic note addressed by France to the Helvetic Diet, on the subject of the adventurer, Louis Napoleon, the hero of patriots and swindlers, in whom the reckless, the ridiculous, and the shabby have been so singularly combined; and whose history will have hereafter to be collected from the cabinets of statesmen, the bureaux of journalists, and the obscure crannies of Angel Court and the Stock Exchange. Sismondi considered that Geneva was imperatively bound to comply with the requisitions made by the French government. This view of the question was entirely against the feeling of the multitude. Without being in the least afraid of the mob, he nevertheless wisely desired to avoid collision with popular feeling, and before he engaged in open debate in the Council, he wrote privately to the members, informing them that every principle of public and international law, as well as every historical precedent, was in favour of the French demand. Reason is impotent against the passions of democracy. It is little to the credit of Geneva that attempts were made to intimidate him by a *charivari* of powder and shot, and with threats that his house should be burnt down. Sismondi's argument was simple and concise. During more than two centuries mutual treaties have existed between France and Geneva, by which Geneva is bound not to bestow her municipal freedom upon persons banished from, or adversaries of France; and the simple question now is, whether a treaty of alliance declared to be perpetual, ought not to continue until it is formally annulled. Without doubt, on the part of the Genevese, there was the petty feeling of corporate pride against "giving in," even to the lawful claims of your betters; but Sismondi very properly observed, that when one of the parties to a perpetual treaty merely requires the execution of it from the other, there is neither weakness nor humiliation in fulfilling the equitable demand. In the conclusion of his argument, he urged that Louis Napoleon, by attempting a revolution at Strassburg, had declared himself to be a Frenchman and a claimant of the throne of France, pretensions wholly irreconcilable with the condition of a Swiss citizen, and that Switzerland could not recognize him as one of her children. Many people cried out, that this conduct indicated timidity on the part of Sismondi, but in fact, from the position in which he was placed, it was consistent boldness. He endangered his personal safety, and alienated many of his friends, who never forgave him, accusing him of forsaking his early principles, when in fact it was they who had forsaken their once



common principles by going so far beyond him, that their relative positions were only changed in consequence of his remaining behind.

Age was now stealing upon M. de Sismondi, but without any abatement whatever of his mental faculties, whilst his career proceeded in unbroken prosperity. Between 1833 and 1842 he continued working upon his *History of France*; and he also brought out his *Etudes sur l'Economie Politique*, of which more hereafter. By degrees, however, a painful disease began to undermine his constitution. Without despondency, he accepted the certain forboding that the allotted number of his days would soon be told. Accompanied by great pain, he bore the trial with the utmost patience and resignation, never desisting from those labours which constituted the pleasure as well as the employment of his life, until at length political events destroyed his tranquillity of mind. That his anxieties for the welfare of his distracted country actually caused his death, may be perhaps doubtful; yet those who loved him best, and are best acquainted with him, fully believe that those mental troubles accelerated the catastrophe. Political revolutions occasioned the misfortunes of his early age, and equally embittered the closing period of his existence.

We must here pause in the biography of Sismondi, and turn for awhile to the history of his country. Of the many important things which at this busy period are left untouched and untold by the public press, one is the present political state of the *Eid-genossenschaft* of Switzerland. We are very much accustomed to value the importance of political events solely with relation to the magnitude of the Powers with which they are connected, quite forgetting that a spark in a corner may set fire to the most magnificent edifice. Take a more homely comparison. The slightest trespass on either side of a hedge may raise up a quarrel between two litigious neighbours, and involve the whole parish in the fiercest discord. Such indeed is the present state of Switzerland. Convulsed and shattered in every member of the Confederation, she seems prepared to invite the attacks of her mighty neighbours, should the present tottering equilibrium of the European commonwealth be destroyed. It is probably here, that will be first let loose the dogs of war.

Anterior to the French revolution—an event which in other terms must be designated as the fated period of the destruction of the great Fourth Monarchy—the Swiss Confederacy was composed of thirteen independent commonwealths, varying in every

form of policy and feeling. In some, as Berne, a close and lofty aristocracy; others mixed; some, like the three *Waldstätter*, absolute democracy. Yet, as in every other republic which existed in Western Christendom, the constitutional principles of their old-fashioned republicanism were entirely different from those to which the Revolution gave birth. A republic, however constituted, or by whatever name it may have been called, or whatever principles it may have professed in a nascent state, was nothing but an absolute (often a cruelly absolute) monarchy put in commission. All republics were practically governed upon the principles of despotism and intolerance. As much loyalty, if we may use the term, was due to the body, however numerous, which exercised the powers of government, as to a crowned and anointed sovereign, and exacted as rigorously by axe and scaffold, gallows and halter. None of the republics recognized any of those abstract principles which are now considered as essential elements of a free community. Liberty of the press meant nothing more than liberty of printing what was agreeable to the ruling power. Their High Mightinesses of Holland and West Friesland would allow you to vituperate Louis XIV. to your heart's content, but a word against their wisdom would consign you to the lowest pump-for-your-life cell in the Rasp-house. Liberty of conscience meant nothing beyond a mere toleration of existing dissidents, but without any permission to promulgate new modes of religious opinion. Liberty itself, meant nothing more than the liberty which the ruling body possessed of acting without constraint or control. Visconti or Sforza could not have ruled Milan with a more iron despotism than was exercised over the Italian baillages by the cowherds of the Grisons and Schwytz and Uri. Compensation was indeed found; but it was in the social institutions of the people.

This is not the place to follow the history of Switzerland through the French revolution, and the subsequent changes and usurpations which placed the Confederacy under the yoke of Napoleon. Pursuant to the guarantee of the Congress of Vienna, a new pact was formed. The old cantons, and also the other states, hitherto allies or subjects, but now admitted as sovereign and independent members of the Confederacy, reconstituted themselves; some upon their ancient foundations, or as near thereto as they thought fit. Berne and Basle replaced a portion of their ancient aristocracy; others took a more popular form. By the same treaty, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland was guaranteed. So far, therefore, as the allied powers were concerned, Switzerland, still



possessing so much that is good, still so interesting, in spite of all the sins and faults of the people, was secured in the enjoyment of independence, peace, and tranquillity. A further consequence, however, resulted, beyond the mere restoration of the ancient confederacy. They became assenting parties to a new European compact. If we are to construe international treaties by those general rules of law which have been immemorially held to apply equally to public and private transactions, this treaty imposed upon the Swiss Confederation the obligation of adhering to the forms of government established when the treaty was concluded; for the plain reason, that if any change was made, the condition imposed as the motive of the concession was violated. In exchange for the protection given to them by the allied powers, the Swiss did entirely surrender that attribute of sovereignty which enables a nation to change its form of government. This was felt, acknowledged, and by some deplored; and we well recollect hearing a member of the Council of the then newly constituted canton of the Pays de Vaud lament that, by this act, Switzerland was placed in a state of perpetual pupillage. But they accepted the guarantee of their own free will; and had it not been for this stipulation, it is most probable that the key of Italy would have been partitioned and blotted out from the rank of nations, and extinguished with as much *nonchalance* as any of the smaller powers who sustained the process of mediatization.

The events of the Three Glorious Days lighted the train, which very soon, as in Belgium, caused a corresponding explosion in Switzerland. Up to this period, whatever had been the differences of politics or of religion in the different cantons, the majority of the people were still influenced by uniform and consistent principles—respect for the laws;—orthodoxy, according to their several standards of belief;—above all, the most thorough veneration for the laws and institutions of their forefathers. “*Stare super vias antiquas*,” was the motto of the whole Confederation; but in the meanwhile, the pupils of Fellenberg and Pestalozzi had been growing into men, and the result was the entire triumph in several cantons of Radicalism, so called by name—for England has incurred the miserable responsibility of transporting the very word, name and thing amongst that once faithful people—all the cantons have sustained more or less of the infection. Nor has any reaction taken place, except at the bidding of religious faith. In Zurich, the peasants, headed by their pastors, expelled the council who had insulted Christianity by placing Strauss in the pro-

fessor's chair. Lucerne has also sustained a counter-revolution, the Romanists, for analogous reasons, having equally destroyed the ascendancy of the advocates of infidelity.

We must now return to Geneva, and to those transactions in which Sismondi was more particularly involved. Anterior to the Reformation, Geneva, originally a part of the Burgundian kingdom, was a free city of the Empire. A legal supremacy was claimed over it by the count of Savoy, as well as by the bishop; but, except as to certain points of jurisdiction, the Genevese were practically free from bishop and empire; and the oddly dimidiated heraldic bearing, one half of the black eagle, and the one key, the arms of the city, which you see upon their coins and public buildings, may be taken as a species of symbol of the divided and imperfect authority of its civil and ecclesiastical superiors. In more recent periods, that is to say, after the Reformation, the constitution of Geneva was fixed upon a qualified democratic basis—the magistrates and councils, who exercised and fully asserted the powers of sovereignty, being chosen in the general assembly of the people. But the most marked feature in the constitution of Geneva was its exclusively “Protestant spirit.” Geneva was proud in the title of being the “Rome of Calvinism”; and so strong was this popish spirit at Geneva, that even in the constitution of 1796, established under the full influence of the French Revolution, and the “philosophic ideas” of our present age, all religious worship excepting that of the Calvinists was forbidden; no dissident, not even a Lutheran, could be a citizen of Geneva, or possess the slightest political franchise or power. Indeed, all dissent from an established religion was as strictly forbidden by the “principles of the Reformation” as by the Romish Church, and conformity enforced by the same unchristian means. True it is that this absence of toleration was, in the eighteenth century, rather the result of a general mode of thought than of any zeal for orthodoxy, yet it displayed their practical adherence to the principles of their ancestors. Geneva fully participated in what we have termed the absolute principle of the ancient European republics. In her religious reformation she had, however, taken in a large share of the democratic elements so fully developed amongst the Huguenots, and she sustained many stormy revolutions, which, placing and displacing parties, left, however, the main form of government undisturbed. The form of government was strictly municipal; a great Council which had the initiative of the laws, a lesser Council, possessing the functions of ad-



ministration; and four Syndics, were the chiefs of the state. The inhabitants were divided into four different classes. The citizens or burgesses alone enjoyed the franchise, and the three other classes, called "natives," "inhabitants," and "subjects," were entirely deprived of all political rights, and enjoyed even their civil rights with various limitations.

Geneva was annexed to the French Empire during sixteen years, 1798–1813. In December, 1813, upon the approach of the Austrian troops, the Genevese took arms. Such of the members of the old magistracy as were yet living formed themselves into a provisional government, which was recognized by the allies; and a new constitution was framed by these representatives, if they may so be called, of the ancient aristocracy. Some few, however, of the citizens considered the measure too precipitate. At the head of these was Sismondi; one of his active coadjutors was Dumont, the well-known editor of Bentham. They petitioned for delay, but the constitution was put to the vote. Every citizen above the age of twenty-five being summoned to give his suffrage, the constitution was accepted by an enormous majority, 2444 having voted for the proposition, and only 334 against what we must term the government party. Sismondi became an active member of the new council. Though unused to public speaking, except in his occasional capacity of lecturer, he succeeded well. His abounding flow of ideas supplied the place of practice; but he found himself constantly in opposition, either expressed or implied. Thoroughly dissatisfied with the aspect of domestic affairs, he did not participate in the general exultation. The political existence even of Geneva was still very problematical. Lord Castlereagh, as it was understood, inclined to surrender the Pays Genevois (city and canton) to its ancient dynasty, the King of Sardinia—a measure which is now becoming popular in some parts of Switzerland. Genoa was ceded instead, and thus the fall of Geneva was averted; but by this transaction, though a foreign concern, Sismondi was nearly as much grieved as if it had related to his own country. In the end, the Savoyard cantons of Faucigny and Chablais, containing 18,000 Romanists, were given to Geneva, and the Republic was admitted as a member of the new "Hochlobliche Eidgenossenschaft."

Sismondi felt little satisfaction at this increase of territory, much less did he approve of the union of the Republic with the Helvetic Confederacy; probably auguring the evils which would ensue. Whilst in the council he usually worked with Dumont,

Pictet, and a few others of his friends;—and considerable ameliorations were introduced, not at all upon theory, as might have been expected from the names we have mentioned, but very plain and simple practical measures, a few absurd prison discipline vagaries excepted. Quiet good sense and an honest and wise intention guided them; the reforms proceeding by degrees, and a state of things established which really left little to be desired. Some theoretical grievances were complained of, such as the want of a French jury—the most wonderful union of absurdity and injustice which the wit of man ever devised;—but, in truth, the government was perfectly well adapted to the wants of the people, and was free without being licentious.

Geneva at first vigorously resisted the Radical movement of 1830, but the government continued to lose ground. Geneva and the rural districts formed one community, and complaints were made that, as the city contained half the population, it reduced the other portions to comparative insignificance. But the council exercised the powers of government with great impartiality, and particularly in its government of the ceded districts, between which and the Protestant population of Geneva there existed a strong antipathy. Radicalism, however, flourished more and more. It became first a prevailing fashion, next a predominating principle; and in 1841 an association was formed which, from the day of its first meeting, obtained the name of the “Association du 3 Mars.” War was begun by the usual guerilla of pamphlets. Agitation, in which some foreign refugees of very bad character lent an efficient aid, was actively pursued, and produced (18th October) what had hitherto been almost unknown in Geneva, a large popular meeting. In this assembly the Radicals loudly censured the government, and demanded redress of grievances. The government were now terrified, and made all kinds of promises, including, as a matter of course, universal suffrage. But this concession came too late to satisfy the people; and when the council met, on the 22nd November, the *Maison de Ville* was beset by the crowd, threatening death and destruction. The national guard was called out. The larger part refused to answer the call, and the government then passed a resolution for a complete revision of the constitution, for which purpose the people were called upon to name a constituent assembly. Of this, Sismondi was a member; and having previously addressed an earnest remonstrance to the association, in which he most strenuously denied the necessity of the proposed new organization, he continued to offer the firmest



resistance to the advance of the Revolution. Increasing illness, pain, languor, prevented his taking an active part in the meetings, but in the *Discours* which he published, and which may be considered as his political testament, he reproached the innovators, and deplored the bad spirit by which Geneva, "l'ancienne Genève, la patrie à laquelle ses enfans tiennent par tant de souvenirs," would be wholly destroyed. "The new Republic," he said, "no more belongs to the Lake of Geneva than it does to the Lake of Ontario. It is a Republic consisting of a conglomeration of voters without a soul, and all you will do will be to make an *appoint* of 60,000 inhabitants, to become the prey of some one of our neighbours at the next *rifacimento* of Europe. There is no future for a people who have no past. By destroying all the ancient institutions which rendered Geneva dear to her children, by which they knew her to be Geneva, you kill all our hopes. In itself, how trivial was the custom of the *cloche de retraite*, the evening bell; and yet, after the long cessation of the usage during the French government, when the bell sounded again, no old Genevese could hear its tone without being moved to tears. These tears were the token of that love of their country which had survived in full vitality under the crushing influence of slavery; of that nationality which the yoke of the stranger could not destroy. Your new government has destroyed all your ancient institutions. Under the French yoke, hope yet lived, for our ancient fatherland yet lived in our hearts; but now the flame itself is extinct,—une patrie d'hier n'a point de lendemain."

All these exertions were fruitless. Each day increased the trouble of his spirit as well as his bodily infirmities. Those friends in the Constituent Assembly who agreed with him in secret, shrank from asserting their opinions in public, either yielding to timidity, or from utter hopelessness of effecting any good; and the mob had been urged to put down the enemies of reform by personal violence. Such sentiments as those which actuated Sismondi were wholly unintelligible to the great majority of the Constituent Assembly. The characters which predominated in the Assembly were discouragingly impracticable. It mainly consisted of half-informed, dull men, in the highest degree self-conceited, and excited by circumstances into dogged and factitious enthusiasm. Besides which, a large and influential party, particularly amongst the mercantile classes, were and are heartily anxious to bring about any crisis which might unite them to France. What is the worth of all the *souvenirs* of our own country, when compared to

an open market for our goods and manufactures? Is not a return of fifteen per cent. upon your capital better than all the *cloches de retraite* that ever rang? Sismondi regretted the loss of the institutions of his native country, yet he was equally distressed at the thought of participating in any feeling of angry hostility towards his fellow-citizens, with whom it was his duty to live in peace and good will. His bodily sufferings increased; but they urged him, as it were, to labour yet more intensely upon his history. "God be thanked," said he in a letter to a friend, "I can yet find entertainment in my work. In six months more I shall complete the task of my life, but I must do it now or never. If I lay my pen down but for a day, I shall never be able to resume work again." And he was forming his plans for the "next" year, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three—our present year, like his, of plans and projects for the "next," which we fancy we see before us, though really shrouded in as deep a veil as the consummation of all things—a last visit to Pescia and the Val di Nievole,—in the scorching summer, a retreat to the sweet and tempered atmosphere of Covigliano; and in May, 1844, when he should have completed his seventy-first year, his return to his home. But the disease became exacerbated; his stomach refused all nourishment, and on the 25th June, 1842, he died in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

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Waiving for the present any comparison of merits between him and his contemporaries, but taking into consideration merely the extent and completeness of his productions, Sismondi has contributed more to historical literature than any other writer of the present age. In the bulk of his works—not composed of a flimsy web spread over a large surface but of solid and well elaborated matter—we discover the leading characteristic of his mind. He was devoted to historical study with singleness of purpose. History was the one object to which he rendered all others subservient and the same sentiments which imparted to his works their merit and excellence, enabled him to bring them to an end.

The first eight volumes of Sismondi's Republics were long since noticed in our Review (Vol. VII. Art. 10). Sismondi had many misgivings in the course of the composition of the work. In writing history, you are, as it were, upon a lofty eminence, and the landscape beneath you most unequally illuminated; one point, perhaps the most distant, seen clearly through a thin lovely mist; other portions nearer to you, quite concealed; so that you can form no



complete idea of the country. By and by, as the sun rises, the light increases—you are able to map the whole. In Sismondi's journals, and in his correspondence with his dear mother, he detailed all the perplexities and puzzles as they arose; but he always grappled with them cheerfully. His work never displeased him, though it often rendered him very desponding and anxious. The following extracts will be read with great interest, not merely with reference to Sismondi's views and conflicts, but also from their cleverness.

“7 Juillet, 1804.—Je suis tourmenté d'une idée; c'est que j'ai commencé mon histoire d'Italie deux siècles trop tôt, et que pour bien faire je n'aurais du l'ouvrir qu'à l'époque où je suis actuellement, celle de la guerre de la liberté contre Frédéric Barberousse. Ici seulement on commence à voir les grands caractères se déployer, et les évènements ont tout à la fois une importance et un degré d'intérêt qui satisfont le lecteur. Cependant, je ne puis pas comprendre un plan qui ne commencerait pas par la naissance de ces Républiques, et les premiers exploits de Pise—un plan qui ne montrerait pas la désorganisation de la monarchie au milieu de laquelle elles s'élevèrent. Il faut, je le crois, l'attacher à celui que j'ai formé, mais il faut aussi trouver moyen de jeter plus d'intérêt sur les premiers chapitres du second livre. J'ai lu hier de mon histoire avec Madame de Staël; elle approuve très-hautement mon introduction, qui lui parut parfaite; à peine trouva-t-elle quelque légère objection à faire à deux ou trois phrases. Elle lut ensuite le premier chapitre, mais elle en fut tout à fait mécontente: il lui parut n'être qu'une compilation sèche, sans vie, et tout à fait étrangère à mon sujet. D'après son observation, je me déterminai à retrancher tout à fait ce premier chapitre et le suivant, et faire entrer tout ce qu'il contient d'intéressant dans un chapitre préliminaire de considérations philosophiques, et non dans une narration d'évènements. D'après ses conseils je transposerai aussi l'ordre des chapitres de ce premier livre....”

“28 Juillet, 1804.—Ce jour a produit de grandes révolutions dans l'histoire d'Italie, et des révolutions dont les résultats sont fort tristes. J'ai lu ce matin à mon père et à ma bonne mère les deux chapitres que j'avais écrit avec tant de peine la semaine passée, et j'en ai été moi-même si prodigieusement mécontent que j'ai pris à l'instant la résolution de les refaire. Je suis descendu à ma chambre pour me mettre à l'ouvrage, déterminé à traiter séparément l'histoire de Pise, Rome et Naples, pendant les deux siècles obscurs qui m'ont constamment embarrassés; j'ai fait

"même le début de mon premier chapitre, début qui m'a paru d'un meilleur ton que tout ce que j'avais écrit encore. Mais comme j'allais entrer en matière, je me suis dégoûté de mon nouveau plan, et j'ai trouvé que le plus sage était de commencer là où l'intérêt commence—de prolonger séparément chacun des chapitres de mon premier livre pour arriver jusqu'à Frédéric Barberousse—et quant à ce que ne pourra pas y entrer, de retourner en arrière, comme on fait dans les poèmes épiques. Cela m'oblige par conséquent à retravailler sans exception absolument tout ce que j'ai fait. Tout cela m'a donné assez d'humeur...."

"30 Juillet, 1804.—J'ai labouré péniblement ma journée, m'efforçant de commencer cette histoire de Frédéric Barberousse, et ne réussissant à rien faire de bien; j'ai à peine écrit quatre pages.... Je voudrais ne pas me laisser décourager, puisque je dois savoir par expérience que mes commencements sont toujours ce que j'ai fait de plus faible, et que je me fortifie en m'avancant. Cependant dans tout ce que j'ai fait, je n'ai point encore écrit vraiment l'histoire, et je tremble de n'avoir point le talent nécessaire pour cela; je suis excessivement noir."

After this he returned to his first plan.

It is from the very causes which give so much value and interest to the history of Italy, that the difficulties of treating that same history of Italy mainly arise. How are we to combine into a harmonious whole, the annals of so many states, independent, and yet conjoined; some, though near neighbours, having hardly any intercourse except by war and enmity—others distant, but united by sympathy and feeling? St. Marc gave the matter up, and composed his history in parallel columns, a process which soon tired him out and brought his work to a premature end; having tired his readers much sooner, few, if any of whom, have ever arrived at the conclusion of the fragment.

Now there are two modes of imparting unity to Italian history, either of which may enable the writer to present a connected and instructive narrative.

All western Christendom during the middle ages was deemed one Commonwealth, under Pope and Emperor. Even in England, jealous England, we allowed the Kaiser a shadow of supremacy, by permitting him to appoint or sanction public notaries; but forty years ago, if our recollection serves us rightly, the style in Scotland of "admitted by Imperial authority" was yet retained; and the relations of the several states to the Imperial and Pontifical powers would give a sufficiently common bond. This is the one mode.



The other mode is the scheme adopted by Sismondi, of considering the "rise, progress and decline" of the Italian Republics as the motive of the historian's researches. So taken, Florence assumes in Italy the commanding position which Athens had in Greece. Proudly does she lift her turret-crowned head and graceful form amidst the group; and the history of the other communities winds round the city of the lily. So far as to design; but the execution of it is attended with far less difficulty in Hellas than in Hesperia. Employed upon the history of Greece, we have to make the most of the scanty relics which have been preserved. But in the history of Italy we have to contend with the *embarras des richesses*—to make our selection amongst the abundance with which we are agreeably overwhelmed.

Thus treated, according to the second mode, the history of Italy becomes, in a measure, the counterpart of her great romantic epic. In apparent contradiction to the precepts of unity, Sismondi weaves his complex narrations into one, and yet without perplexing the skein. He shifts the scene from Genoa to Naples, from Venice to Milan, yet he does not distract the fable. Such as the adventures of Paladins and Knights in Ariosto, so are the events of States in Sismondi; Ariosto himself does not exhibit more skill in the variety without confusion, which characterizes his song, than Sismondi in his history. Of each State, so much is told as is required for the great historical epic of the extinction of "liberty," and no more; and, except so far as relates to the Papal power, no general reader needs any further acquaintance with the history of Italy, from the decline of the Roman empire, than is here told. Throughout the work, there is great art veiled by simplicity of style. In the drama, the test of the master poet consists in the slight touches of passion which give you the keynote of the characters, enabling you to anticipate the actions they will perform. Even thus, should it be the endeavour of the historian to delineate the "shadows cast before"; the events, of which the consequences are faintly anticipated by the living generation, and according to which each man shapes his hopes and fears; whilst in a subsequent age they are seen as the certain tokens of the results which were fated to follow; as, for example, that the debates upon the Exclusion Bill<sup>1</sup> produced, of necessity, the Revolution. People who have blamed Sismondi as unnecessarily prolix cannot have considered the crowd of details presented by the history of Italy. It is these particulars which impart point and individuality to history. His task required equal labour and judgment, as much

drudgery as imagination, as much antiquarianism as philosophy. Piles and piles of folios were to be excerpted. He had to select not only from masses of inferior matter in which the interesting bears a small proportion to the worthless, but from chroniclers and writers stored and storied with curious and valuable information, possessing also all the charms of novelty, never before having been made accessible to the general reader.

In a literary work, as in a building, the parts and portions not seen are amongst the most important. In these the reader is entirely at the mercy of the writer; if he does not act honestly you cannot help yourself. It depends entirely upon the conscientiousness of the contractor that the foundation is well laid, the piles driven home, the stone well chosen, the bricks sound, the timber well seasoned. All this, and more a great deal, it is the builder only who knows, it is he only who can tell. We shall have occasion to speak again of the extraordinary labour bestowed by Sismondi upon his composition. As a partial exemplification, the following passages from his correspondence will be very interesting. The chapter itself to which he refers is an excellent specimen of composition.

“J’ai été fort triste pendant ce mois, et je le suis encore; moins “peut-être cependant aujourd’hui que j’ai un peu repris au travail “de mon histoire Italienne. J’ai achevé le second chapitre du “second livre, et je me mets immédiatement à le recopier, mais dans “ce livre-ci il faudra faire au moins deux copies pour arriver au “passable; il est bien plus difficile que le premier....

“Je travaille à présent sur le chapitre d’Amalfi; il ne passera “pas dix-huit pages, à ce que je crois; encore faut-il pour le faire “arriver là que je le remplisse plus de généralités que de faits; et “cependant pour l’écrire il m’a fallu lire 250 pages in quarto de “Giannone, feuilleter 650 pages in folio du Recueil des écrivains “d’Italie, lire une dissertation sur la chronique d’Amalfi d’environ “50 pages in folio à deux colonnes, et enfin un volume des annales “de Muratori—à tout cela j’ajouterai les dissertations de Brenckmann sur la république d’Amalfi.”

Here is exhibited the process of study and elaboration by which real history is composed. When a book is to be “got up,” a more compendious course may be taken. “I am going to do “a history of the United States of the Netherlands; what books “would you advise me to read?” was a question not long since put by a literary lady to an eminent historical writer. We wish we had been by to hear the answer she received.



When addressing his readers, at the conclusion of his work, he describes with singular and honest boldness the labour he had bestowed.

"I have never spared any pains to arrive at the knowledge of the truth. I have lived in Tuscany, the fatherland of my ancestors, as much as in Geneva or in France. Nine times have I traversed Italy in various directions, and I have visited almost every place which has been the scene of any great historical event. I pursued my investigations in almost all the great libraries of Italy, and I have searched many municipal and monastic archives. The history of Italy is intimately connected with that of Germany; and I have therefore travelled through the latter country, in order to search its historical monuments. Lastly, I have spared no expense in procuring all books which could throw any light upon the ages and the people whom I have endeavoured to describe. I have sought to enable my readers to judge continually both of my work, and of the degree of credibility which ought to be bestowed upon the facts which I narrate. I have, therefore, carefully quoted my authorities, and I have indicated, with scrupulous attention, the page of the writer to whose evidence I have trusted. Yet, when many names are grouped together, it must not be supposed that the narrative of each, taken distinctly, is conformable to mine. Each, in such cases, has furnished me with a circumstance, and, by comparing them one with another, all the several facts may be found, and the reader may also judge of the principles upon which I have determined on the narrative which I have chosen."—*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes—Postscriptum.*

A grand array of quotations is but a most imperfect test of diligence, still less of capacity. It is the usual resource of every Peter Pangloss, LL.D., and A.S.S.; nothing is more easy, as every one who knows the tricks of the craft can fully testify, than to fill your margins with a cabalistic array of abbreviations referring to books which you have never opened. Even when the originals have been consulted, they prove nothing more than that the writer has made the same kind of acquaintance with his authority that you gain by your look at a literary lion in the squeeze of a soirée or a conversazione; whilst a misprint, faithfully transmitted from compiler to compiler, not infrequently reveals the secret of the appropriation of other folk's feathers, so ingeniously applied. We have verified a very large proportion of Sismondi's quotations, and we can most completely bear witness to the perfect sincerity

of intention with which he has worked, and to his accuracy. Possibly, there may be here and there a mistake in matters of mere antiquarianism. He has not always seized the exact sense of the chronicle-Latin. But the very examination which detects his errors, convinces you that they are the errors of a truth-seeking mind.

Sismondi goes on thus:—"The number of original historians 'is immense, and almost all have written in languages not my own. 'This circumstance ought to furnish some excuse for me in the 'judgment of those who blame me for neologism and incorrectness.'" Sismondi here alludes to his French critics; not merely to the comparatively few who noticed him through the medium of the press, but to the larger number, to whom he was the object of petty literary detraction, in societies and coteries. Few classes have done more injury to literature than the empty martinets of language. Those who think correctly, must often speak incorrectly. An unauthorized or ungrammatical phrase will convey your meaning with a degree of logical precision which would be destroyed by the interference of the code imposed by an Academy<sup>a</sup>. Whenever the era arrives in which normal rules for accuracy of style or language are laid down and obeyed, then literature has passed its age of vigour, and is declining towards decrepitude. All these truths are truths which your man of grammar, your man of dictionaries, never can be made to understand. Sismondi then proceeds, "in order to fulfil the task which I had imposed on myself, and to attain that truth which I had pledged myself to 'present to the public, I have been compelled to live, in some 'degree, out of my mother tongue. During twenty years of my 'life, I have worked eight hours at least in each day, and I have 'been obliged habitually to read and think in Italian or in Latin, 'in Spanish, Greek, English, Portuguese, German, and Provençal. 'I have been obliged to pass from one of these languages to another, 'without always bearing in mind the form in which the thought 'was clothed—often without perceiving that the form itself had 'changed."

At the close of his life, Sismondi declared with truth that he never belonged to any political party, in the strict sense of the term. "I do not subscribe," said he, "to any confession of faith 'in politics or in political economy. I do not know any principles 'in either science which appear to me so clear or so indisputably

<sup>a</sup> Swift, a master, if there be one, of pure English style, is never weary of expressing his scorn for what he calls "schoolmaster's English."



“demonstrated that they should not be submitted to a new examination: none from which experience may not teach us to draw new conclusions.” Detached, as he certainly was, from any out and out partizanship, in the common sense of the word, we should, nevertheless say, that he was a decided Whig of the old school, who, like so many other of his great and gifted contemporaries, was carried away by the contagious enthusiasm so well described by our Wordsworth:—

“Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood  
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!  
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven! Oh! times,  
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance!  
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
When most intent on making of herself  
A prime enchantress—to assist the work  
Which then was going forward in her name!  
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,  
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets  
(As at some moment might not be unfelt  
Among the bowers of paradise itself)  
The budding rose above the rose full blown.  
What temper at the prospect did not wake  
To happiness unthought of?”<sup>1</sup>

In producing the first fruits of his studies, Sismondi yielded to the delusion that liberty, in the sense then so prevalent, was the object and end of human society. Strong, however, as his prepossessions may have been, they could not in any degree induce him to swerve from historical truth. In his capacity of judge, he opens the whole case as it was presented to his mind. He never suppresses any one fact which can make against him. He never extenuates any of the abuses of democratic power, or conceals the vices, the faithlessness and the tyranny of his favourite communities. Above all, he never falls into the mistake of believing that any one political theory contains within it a security for national strength or prosperity; though, when he wrote his “Italian Republics,” he conceived that a republican form of government was, on the whole, best calculated for the development of the elements of human welfare.

Hence, the struggle you can constantly trace in Sismondi’s mind. Whenever we follow the history of the Italian Republics,

we constantly find our sympathies arrayed against our reason. On the one side, all our faculties and feelings of imagination and intellect revelling, as it were, in the rich banquet, on the other, all our sentiments of equity and justice. We know we are loving Circe, but we cannot wrest ourselves from her embrace, or dispel the illusion of her charms. Truly has Sismondi told his story; impartially has he declared the results of the theory of government as founded upon the basis of the popular will, and animated by the most erroneous doctrine, that resistance to authority always is a glorious privilege, instead of being, as it may be, [*e.g.* in the case of the Revolution of 1688,] a painful duty—but a duty of most rare occurrence, and from which we ought to pray to be exempted. With so much truth, and with so much impartiality has he performed his task, that, if all the histories of mediæval Italy had perished, future generations would in Sismondi's pages find the fullest, the most cogent, the most trusty testimony of the evils which the tyranny and licentiousness of democracy bring upon mankind.

Though resulting from very different causes, the time is now approaching when a revolution must take place in our mode of considering the history of the middle ages, analogous to that effected by Niebuhr in Roman history. Far wider, however, in extent, far more important in consequences, this revolution will not be the product of the labours of one man, nor the result of one mind;—our age will not complete the change;—our generation will not witness its consummation. There must be a great and mighty conflict of opinions to accomplish this end, because there is hardly any one of our present popular notions and traditions with respect to the formation and policy, whether civil or ecclesiastical, of the modern European communities, which must not be greatly modified or entirely renounced before the truth can be received. In some portions of the region the rank weeds must be plucked up; in others, the tangled forest must be felled.

As in all reformations, there will, of course, be the danger of substituting new errors in the place of those which are dissipated. There is a great peril attending the position of feeling that you are in possession of truth which has hitherto been forgotten or concealed. You may delude yourself into the belief that you are employing it to gain the victory for the good cause, whereas it is your own triumph only which you seek. You are in possession of a mighty power, and all power is a temptation to abuse. When once converted into a theory, the very working out of a correct principle often becomes in itself a source of new systematic



delusion. Hence all that at present we can expect or desire in history are partial developments of truth, each inquirer elucidating some one passage in the progress of society, exhibiting some one series of portraits in their real likeness, destroying some one favourite or romantic vision or dream;—above all, dragging down from their niches some one or more of the idols which have won the false worship of the multitude.

In preparing the way for the beginning of this revolution, Sismondi will hereafter be found to have had a very great share.

Before him, there was no historian who did not, over and above the constant and all-pervading desire of ministering to national vanity, consider the annals of France as forming an unbroken series. They assumed that a kingdom of France had existed from the age of St. Remy; nor was there one writer who did not, more or less, colour all transactions of past ages with the opinions and feelings of his own. Mézeray bows and smirks before Clovis, just as he would before Louis XIV, in his full-bottomed wig and *habit galonné*. Mably ascribes to rough, tough, old, shaggy Charlemagne all the *politique* which he was willing to find in Frederic the Great, the philosopher Joseph, or the amiable Catherine.

According to the monkish tradition, the original armorial bearings of the Franks were not lilies but toads. Toads or lilies, they were alike to be the subject of panegyric. Tricolor and Eagle craved and exacted the same subserviency. Equal sycophancy was demanded by the *grande nation* and by the *grand Monarque*. All this cringing to “public opinion” Sismondi heartily despised. He was strengthened in his contempt because he felt the true respect and honour which the French deserved. “La nation Française,” he observes, “est assez grande et assez glorieuse pour ne pas devoir être embarrassée de se souvenir de ses revers et de ses fautes.” Had Sismondi merely stopped at this point—had he only emancipated himself by casting off the traditional deference paid to national vanity—such independence of mind would alone have constituted a new era in the composition of French history. But he did much more; he saw that, in order to show the real development—or, let us correct ourselves, and say the real formation—of the French monarchy, it was necessary to divide French history into distinct eras, each of which possesses a sufficiently distinct character to render it an historical epic. Such a separation into periods must, of course, be artificial, and, like artificial systems in natural history, occasionally be somewhat

arbitrary; but, at the same time, the historian has, in this respect, the advantage over the naturalist, that his artificial divisions always partake, as it were, of a natural order. Treat your matter as you will, time must always be an element in the historical scheme; and each division can be defined by chronology with a sufficient certainty to prevent any material error, or lead to any confusion in the lessons which you read. But in the early divisions of the work, he imposed upon himself the law of considering each period as severed, so to speak, from the rest,—“Je ne puis prétendre à “savoir d’autre partie de l’histoire des Français que celle que j’ai “écrite, et mon jugement demeure suspendu sur toute cette série “de faits qui commence là où je me suis arrêté. Cette vue incom- “plète de mon sujet a pu m’entraîner dans plusieurs fautes, mais “la méthode contraire avait, je crois, pour résultat de plus grands “défauts encore.” The *méthode contraire* was the one he had adopted in his Italian history, and by which he gave it so much dramatic interest. His new plan rendered his composition more dry and chronicle-wise; but, as the work advanced, he gradually got out of it, and forgot his theory.

I. The Merovingians.—The invasion of Gaul north of the Loire by a comparatively small body of the Salic Franks, ruling by right of conquest; the Roman institutions not entirely displaced or subverted within the region of their conquest, and left to flourish or decline in the portions not submitted to their authority. Sismondi was the first writer in the French language who applied the researches of Savigny to French history. He displays also a great degree of sound criticism in the examination of the early evidences upon which the history is grounded.

II. The Carolingians.—The organization of the empire begins; a central government superinduced upon communities, distinct, though subject to one crown, each, nevertheless, retaining a considerable degree of individuality, either grounded upon political independence or upon national feeling. During this period a great and increasing influence is gained by the clergy as a member of the state; their hitherto strong moral influence being now strengthened by the additional constitutional authority which they obtained.

III. The early Capetians.—During this period Sismondi considers the Empire of the “Reges Francorum,”—for let it be recollected there was no such thing yet as a King of France—as a species of confederation of sovereign states, held together merely by their feudal relation to their common superior. Whether the



view which he has taken of "feudality" and the feudal system be correct, opens questions which cannot be here discussed. Abstracted from theoretical developments, the facts are very clearly and accurately told.

A more emphatic demonstration that this era constitutes the turning point of French history is, however, needed. Henceforward the historical student ought to keep in his mind a parallel between France under the Capetians, and the Carlovingian empire after the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty. Both portions of the great inheritance of Charlemagne originally consisted of the same elements; but ultimately their constitutional history takes a totally opposite course. In the Empire the several members gradually detach themselves from the supreme authority. Wise and vigorous sovereigns were clad in the robe of Charlemagne, and wore his arched crown. Hohenstauffen and Hapsburg are enthroned as the representatives of the Cæsars. But each successive "Mehrer des Reiches" sees, in mockery of his proud title, the boundaries contract, and the power of the sceptre diminish, till at last every member of the Empire becomes possessed of absolute sovereignty.

Now, contrast the Empire with France. Here we have feudatories, as they are called, but as powerful as their chief,—Britanny and Normandy, Provence<sup>1</sup> and Burgundy, Flanders and Aquitaine, —often bearding the sovereign, rarely rendering obedience in more than name. But the royal authority steadily expands; duchies and counties and viscounties and baronies, become apanages and provinces; their brightness wanes away, they lose more and more their independence, and become more and more subject to the crown. At last, every vestige of distinct existence is gone, and the whole is subjected to one head, who, whether king, consul, or emperor, does govern them practically with an authority which, though far be it from us to call it despotic, virtually places every individual of the nation, from the highest to the lowest, in the position of feeling that the supreme power is omnipresent, penetrating the inmost recesses of human society.

IV. From the accession of St. Louis to the death of Charles le Bel, 1226–1328, forms a period which Sismondi considers as the era of the law, when legal fictions, diligently inculcated by the jurist in his study, became embodied in the policy of the State, and placed every right and franchise at the mercy of the Tribunal. As far as we recollect, Sismondi is the first amongst modern historians who has sufficiently felt the power of legal traditions in

silently producing greater changes than any legislature ever thought or dared. Following in his footsteps, his principles could be carried to a wider extent; further examinations will establish the fact, that what is called the feudal system, in the shape according to which we familiarly and traditionally receive it, was nothing more than the practical exposition of the theories of the jurists. In the same manner as the grammarians have coerced every Greek and Hebrew verb into a paradigm which never existed, so have the jurists everywhere coerced the national institutions into the shape which the platform (to use the Elizabethan expression) assumed in their own minds. Thus, for example, having assumed as a principle, *nulle terre sans Seigneur*, the easy process of throwing the burden of proof upon the allodial tenant, gradually converted all allodial property into feuds. Those who wish to appreciate the vigorous grasp of Sismondi's mind should dwell upon this fourth part. Clearly and soberly, without passion or enthusiasm, he delineates the conscientious equity by which St. Louis planned to quell the turbulence of the baronage, neither trenching upon their lawful rights, nor gaining any increase of his own power at their expense. St. Louis dreaded the curse of removing his neighbour's landmarks; he wished to subject the violence of the age to the dominion of the law. Despotism he abhorred, and yet he wished to possess absolute power, in order that he might suppress private wars and judicial combats, the last of which, in conformity to the decisions of the Church, he truly considered as tempting providence. Hitherto the administration of the law had been, to the greatest extent, in the hands of the clergy: "*nullus clericus nisi causidicus*" might have been the honour of the clergy—it also had become their shame. St. Louis called into existence a new class or order of legists; most of them raised from the lower, sometimes the lowest ranks of society, forming what, in the conventional phrase of our day, is termed the "aristocracy of talent." Let us here remark, that whether through the medium of ecclesiastical institutions, or subsequently of the law, the influence of intellect in the so-called dark ages—dark, because we shut our eyes when we turn our faces to them—was comparatively much greater than at the present day. But this new aristocracy became far more powerful than that of birth. The spear yielded to the grey-goose quill, the mailed baron succumbed before the decrepit judge, muffled in his ermine.

V. From the accession of Philip de Valois to the death of Charles VI., 1328–1422. The great question of succession which



had arisen could not be solved by law; and, as usual, the Gordian knot was cut by the sword. In this era of sufferings and crimes, the interest of Sismondi's narrative arises far more from the multitudinous activity of the details, than from any sympathy he excites for either of the parties. It is hard to say on which side there was least faith, least virtue, or most insincerity, falsity and cruelty. Sismondi's historical biographies of Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, and his antagonist the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, are true to the life; the little touches of political reflection interspersed, are full of good sense, without any parade of philosophy.

VI. From the accession of Charles VII. to the death of Louis XII., 1422–1515. This period includes the events so fortunate for France, and still more for England, which prevented the union of the two kingdoms under one crown. The wars of this period, at the same time that they checked the development of the French nation, in the opinion of Sismondi rather tended to promote its ultimate maturity. Under Louis XI. the science of politics, in the modern sense of the term, originated. The modern statesman is truly the production of the soil of France, though matured in Italy. From its origin, statecraft defied all moral obligation; and transactions, which are perhaps now more decently veiled, were then openly exhibited to the world. As soon as the French had recovered their strength, they became impatient to exercise that strength at the expense of their neighbours. Hitherto the warlike spirit of the French belonged to individuals—for we will not in the least allow that there was anything really heroic in the marauding crusades—now it became infused in the nation collectively. Hence the invasion of Italy under Charles VIII. Yet the science of government, so far as relates to the welfare of the community, began to be understood; and Louis XII. not only endeavoured to obtain, but deserved the title of the Father of his people.

VII. Reign of Francis I. In this reign Sismondi, withstanding the temptation of seeking applause by setting his history to popular tunes of love and “chivalry,” melodious strains of airs and canzonettes, and flourishes of kettle-drums and trumpets, most fully acts up to his principle of rigid impartiality. This age of transition was the period of the sudden development of principles which had long been germinating beneath the ground. An ample harvest spreads over the soil; but the good corn is so thickly mixed with tare and darnel, that no one field produces a crop which can be said to be healthy or sound. To this age, poisoned

by profligacy and immorality, belongs a state of society simultaneously refined and corrupted. With respect to the personal character of Francis I., Sismondi considers that the traditional glory by which he is surrounded is scarcely warranted by his merits. Selfishness and self-gratification predominated. Bigotry, and an undefined apprehension of change, led Francis to rage against the Reformers, but without the slightest zeal for religion which never restrained him from any sin or crime. So far as his own taste was concerned, his love of literature was confined to romances of chivalry. Taking a false standard of morality, from books describing institutions which never had existed, the constant endeavour of Francis I. was to display himself as an Amadis; content with the applause of the worthless *coterie* by whom he was surrounded, but utterly disregarding the welfare of his subjects and his duty as a sovereign. Yet, as is so often the case, personal gifts did much to excite that affection which character did not deserve—for men, women, and children are all ruled by the eye. In the earlier years the people were delighted with his noble aspect. His manners were pleasant, his conversation fascinating. He truly possessed

“...cet heureux don de plaire

Qui mieux que la vertu sait régner sur les cœurs.”

But whilst people at large, who had derived least good from his government, deplored his loss with rather more sincerity than is usually felt by the mourners of kings, those who had most enjoyed his personal friendship were in delight at the prospect of the accession of the new sovereign. Diane de Poitiers is as gay as a lark; the Duc de Guise, slowly creeping to the door of the death-bed chamber with a doleful face, trills and sings as he trips away, “il s’en va—le galant!”

VIII. Francis II. to Charles IX., 1556–1589<sup>1</sup>. In this period the wars of religion (alas! the sad contradiction in terms) principally occupy the historian.

Perhaps no portion of Sismondi’s narrative is told with greater liveliness nor, on the whole, taken as the production of a staunch Geneva Protestant, with more impartiality. He fully shows, and more clearly than any other writer, the republican tendency which the Calvinistic “Réforme” had assumed, rendering it incompatible not merely with the safety, but with the existence of the monarchy. The characters also are skilfully developed, and the causes of the progress of the Reformers lucidly shown; their singleness of principle well contrasted with the vacillations of their opponents.



IX. France under the Bourbons. Sismondi himself considered that his reign of Henri Quatre was one of the best portions of his work; and one of its great recommendations is the novelty which it receives from its truth. With every respect for the traditions of a great people, we are actually almost sick of his "*Panache éclatant*." And, for the first time in French history, Sismondi gives us a true portrait of the sage greybeard fooled and gulled by *la belle Gabrielle*, not idealized as in the *Théâtre de Vaudevilles*, but in the unsophisticated colours of reality. It is an ugly likeness, painted, as Oliver Cromwell said he wished to be, with all the blotches and scars and roughnesses of the original.

X. Under Louis XIII. and the Regency, Sismondi rapidly traces the progress of centralization. All the remnants of the independence anciently possessed by the several constituent states and members of the realm were rapidly disappearing. The sovereign was ruled by favourites, and the game of statesmen carried on with more and more intensity. In this portion Sismondi shows great biographical talent. At no era of French history was personal history more powerful; and the march of events appears subordinate in importance to the actions and characters of individuals. History at this period is most strictly a drama, and the court is the stage upon which it is acted.

XI. As the history advanced, Sismondi felt the necessity of condensing his materials. With the reign of Louis XIV. he begins in fact a new work, rejecting much of what he would have inserted, had he continued upon the plan of his former volumes—confining himself more strictly to the political history of the country, and not treating upon the moral history of the *siècle*. No living creature could naturally entertain less predilection for Louis XIV. than Sismondi; but the same feeling of the strict responsible impartiality attached to the high function of an historian has enabled him to invest the character of that very extraordinary man with a degree of dignity far superior to any which he obtains from his encomiasts. Louis XIV. is far greater than his flatterers show him; but it is a species of greatness differing wholly from theirs. Sismondi extenuates none of his faults; the merciless persecution of the Huguenots is detailed with fearful truth; the vices of the monarch are neither slurred over, nor brightened up and varnished for the admiration of posterity. The redeeming merit of Louis XIV. consisted in his endeavour entirely to perform his duty as a king. He never put off the monarch. Most unquestionably his judgment was often misled; yet, when not

swayed by passion, or corrupted by vice, or influenced by the pervading errors of his age, he truly advanced in a straight-forward path. His pride was tempered by internal timidity; and in his love of splendour an inherent feeling of dignity prevented his magnificence from degenerating into that frivolity which brings contempt upon the crown. The real excellence of Louis XIV.'s character is developed in the period of his misfortunes, when the firm persuasion of his having done his best for the welfare of his people, sustained him amidst every calamity, and enabled him to surrender all the plans of his ambition, almost without a pang. He continued on the throne; but he had as completely abdicated as a Diocletian.

With the death of Louis XV. the history concludes. The great interest and value of this period arises from the forecast which we gain of the Revolution—the struggles between the crown and the privileged bodies, and the general fermentation of opinion, influencing more or less every branch of public policy; and by which it pleased Providence to bring about that great change in the state of Europe, of which at present the commencement is only seen.

Sismondi, though he possessed a truly poetical mind, rarely rises to passionate eloquence. The merit of his style depends upon its even flow and tenor; nor does he in any great degree attempt to work upon the imagination of his readers, though he constantly interests their sympathies. His tenderness of disposition led him to sorrow over the history of nations. He wishes you to pity, rather than to admire.

Romantic history, as it is now called in France, attempts to realise the past, by minute and elaborate detail—a kind of “velvet Breughel” painting in which you can trace every joint of the coat of mail, the bearing upon every standard, every feather of the plume. Manners and customs, tilts and tournaments, engage the attention of the romantic historian; he endeavours to show you the very aspect of the personages, and to cause you to hear their very voices. Philosophical history, according to the French system, is, on the contrary, based upon a theory of which the historical facts are merely the expositors. The romantic historian places you in the world of human life—you are called upon to mix with the multitude, and to be jostled by the crowd. The philosophical historian soars above the world, or beyond it; you are to judge calmly and deliberately, contemplating mankind as if you belonged to another sphere.



Sismondi, as we collect from a private memorandum, was anxious to hold a due medium between these two modes of treating history. Perhaps the first was not entirely congenial to his turn of mind—more warmth of colouring would have been required than he was inclined to bestow. Although he was a pleasing poet, and possessed considerable powers of versification, yet his prose style was severe, and his turn of thought naturally led him to avoid any ornament which might be suspected of being meretricious, or of giving a false aspect to facts. He very much abounds in detail, but the details are rather moral than physical. He imparts life and truth to his personages, by a diligent study of their feelings. He does not adopt the plan of bringing out his characters by dramatic contrasts with each other, but is perpetually contrasting them with the opinions of Sismondi. In these details of moral character, as well as in those of facts, he is very full, so much so, that we have heard him blamed for prolixity; but such prolixity is nothing more than a due attention to the particulars by which the succession of events gain their hold upon the memory. It is by the minute yet wide-spreading fibres of the roots that the oak is fixed in the soil.

But Sismondi's inclination was always to generalize from his details; and, it is very remarkable, to observe in his works a growing tendency to establish the existence of a constant compensation in the affairs of mankind.

According to the popular mode of treating history, we are too apt to forget this providential compensation. It is the axiom of mechanics, that what you gain in power you lose in time, and what you gain in time you lose in power. Counterchanging between "civilization" and "barbarity," and "barbarity" and "civilization," could we affix a numerical value to the elements of human happiness and human misery, and fairly cast the account in all ages, and under the most different circumstances, we should find the balance much the same. In the blaze of "civilization" the dark places of the earth are as full of cruelty as ever. It is not by the light of intellect that their gloom is dispelled. Sismondi may not express this theory in terms, but it grows upon him as time advances. Least discernible in the *Républiques Italiennes*, you find it increasing more and more in the *Histoire des Français*; and towards the conclusion of his life, it became his leading principle.

Whatever may be the bulk of Sismondi's two chief works, the Histories of the Italian Republics and of France, there are none which can be read through with more pleasure, or from which

you part with more unwillingness at their conclusion. When you come to the last page, it is like taking leave of an old friend. Sismondi commands your respect by his consistent earnestness. He is not writing with any object except that which he discloses; he has no bye view of profit or fame. He speaks as a teacher deeply sensible of the importance of his own task; he feels his *aplomb*,—his dignity; far more persuasive than the eloquence of words, is the calm and solemn empire which such a teacher obtains over the reader's mind.

Sismondi accompanied his "History of France" by the *Précis* (two volumes, 1839), which contains a summary of events to the reign of Henri Quatre inclusive. This *Précis* is a composition entirely different from what is usually termed an abridgment. It is not a reduced copy of a good picture, clumsily executed by a book-seller's engraver, but an original sketch on a small scale. Generally speaking, no set of works has done more mischief in educational literature than the sad jobs perpetrated under the name of abridgments, as well as in other productions, more pretending in aspect, but virtually of the same class;—error perpetuated by transmission from writer to writer—a torch extinguished, yet smouldering with unsavoury smoke, passed by the blind bearers from hand to hand. These works reduce the most interesting of studies to a *caput mortuum* of dates and facts; a weariness to the mind, and a burden of which the memory discharges itself as soon as it is cast aside; shadows of shades; mere arid outlines—or worse—starved compilations, in which the writer attempts to give a spurious show of originality by a few coarse and gaudy touches;—the queer, the quaint, the romantic,—measurements of high head-dresses and long-peaked shoes,—prices of beeves, and pigs, and muttons,—abuse of priestcraft,—exaggerated accounts of rudeness or simplicity, ignorance or credulity,—all mashed together raw, without any correct appreciation of the state of society in which they subsisted, conveying a conventional and theatrical idea of past times, but utterly destructive of all historical pertinence or utility.

Sismondi's *Précis*, though arising out of his larger history, is in every respect a new composition—hence its value. He gives you in this, the last elaboration of his materials, a rapid, a concentrated narrative, abounding with instruction; certainly the best introduction to French history, for those readers who will not venture upon the larger work.

Hitherto we have considered Sismondi as an historian. It is



in this character that he is best known, most generally appreciated, most famed. Yet, he himself, set far greater value upon those productions in which he endeavoured to give a practical application of the knowledge he had acquired. We have seen that he began his literary career as a teacher of agriculture; he kept his hand upon the plough to the last—at the same time constantly endeavouring to explain the laws which promote or regulate the prosperity of the mass of mankind. Whilst employed upon his histories, he produced upwards of sixty essays, either published in journals or in separate pamphlets, bearing more or less upon the theory of government and political economy, both, according to his speculations, to be studied as the “social sciences”; and which, with many corrections and improvements, form the basis of the *Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique* (1819–24), the *Etudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres* (1836), and the *Etudes sur l'Economie Politique* (1837–8)—his most favourite work, and in which his doctrines concerning political economy are most fully developed. We cannot better define the Sismondi doctrines, than, as a constantly increasing antagonism against Adam Smith, usually honoured as the main founder of the science.

Never, perhaps, was any leader so whimsically treated by his followers as Dr. Smith; witness the annotations with which Mr. M'Culloch has favoured us upon his honoured precursor. If we calculate rightly, this rigid editor stigmatizes about one hundred articles of political economy doctrine, as held by his author, varying in every degree, by from and between—“how erroneous,” “not solid,” “wrong,” “singularly mistaken,” “misled,” “fallacious,” “exaggerated,” “untenable,” “inconsistent,” “doubtful,” “controverted,”—a sliding-scale of censure, now up, now down; a peal of blame-bells upon which the changes are rung in every modulation of tone. Sismondi, in his *Nouveaux Principes*, asserts that the principles of Adam Smith have constantly served him as a guide; but in what respect a guide?—a guide whom you must not follow, lest he should lead you into the ditch—since he adds, that from the same principles he will deduce wholly different conclusions; indeed so different, that, as exemplified in the *Etudes*, we may say there is hardly a point of resemblance between the doctrines of pupil and master. How could it be otherwise, since, though Sismondi respectfully refrains from direct refutation, he points out the great source of error which pervades the whole school, namely, considering the science of political economy as being entirely subject to calculation, wholly a matter

of figures, to be cast up in pounds, shillings and pence, meted by the bushel, measured by the yard; whereas, in fact, the "wealth "of nations," even in the narrowest and most mercantile sense of the term, is quite as much rated by passion, sensibility, imagination, the imponderable elements which evaporate during the analysis, and leave no residuum in the crucible?

We shall not attempt—considering how perfunctorily, at best, we could treat so extensive a subject—to give anything like a full view of the Sismondi system in all its bearings; still less to confront him with the other writers against whom, however courteously, he puts himself in array. It was no slight effort for him thus to speak out, for, as he truly says, he placed himself in opposition, not only with the many of his contemporaries whom he esteemed, but with the few whom he loved, and who were constantly charging him with an absolute dislike to England. Nothing could be more incorrect than such an accusation. Whether erroneously or not, he considered this country as one to be pitied, and whose example should be avoided; and—in the same way as in his *Républiques Italiennes* he brings forward the tyranny of man for the purpose of teaching men to shun tyranny—so in speaking of England does he expatiate upon the tyranny of machinery, for the purpose of teaching other nations to avoid a far more influential source of bodily and mental degradation and slavery.

True, to us, such reasonings are superfluous. It needs no argument to convince a man that he is diseased when he feels pains and aches in all his limbs. It is important in elucidating the clear good sense of Sismondi, that, like Southey, he foresaw the impending evil; but the frailty of human prescience is always unsatisfactory. It is the faculty of foreseeing the approach of evil, without the gift of averting the impending punishment. All Sismondi has said upon this subject is nevertheless highly instructive; and if we learn nothing more than self-distrust and humility, great good will be gained. We justly consider that the weakest and most absurd point of the American character is their excessive jealousy of any censure upon themselves; and surely the best proof we can give of our national good sense is to listen patiently to the reproof of an impartial inquirer.

The fundamental position of Sismondi's matured theory is, that the writers of the Smith School have not really treated upon political economy at all. He maintains that they have blinked the main question, or, rather, that they have wholly avoided it. They have applied themselves entirely to chrematistics—a hard



and Aristotelian, yet apposite, term—*i.e.* the science of the increase of riches. Chrematistic writers, having considered wealth in the abstract, and not in relation to man and society, wholly pervert the direction which their studies ought to receive. The utility of riches consists not in the welfare of the individual, but in the general good of society. Whatever tends to loss of health or comfort, or deterioration of morals, in the main body of the nation, is not wealth but poverty, notwithstanding any superficial splendour of things wherewith it may be combined.

Division of labour, according to Adam Smith, is the great source of national wealth, of "general plenty, diffusing itself through "all the different ranks of society." Sismondi says, "No." Division of labour is a source of national poverty; if you make man a machine, a machine can replace him. He who is employed all day in making pins' heads, will not have a head worth a pin at the close of his career. By this division man loses mental and bodily vigour, health, cheerfulness, all that renders life desirable. Possibly Sismondi may be in the wrong; but it is not at Bolton, or Sheffield, or Manchester, that we can disprove him.

Unlimited competition, according to the popular theory, is the great source of national riches. Sismondi says, "No." Unlimited competition renders the whole system of commerce a vast game of "beggar-my-neighbour." Men who are wise enough to walk away from the table when they have swept the stakes, may keep their money in their pockets, but if they continue engaged in the gambling, they will be sucked up themselves in the vortex which they have made.

To many other prevailing popular doctrines of the political economists Sismondi says, "No"—"No"—"No" over and over again. Thus, a still greater heresy is his steady denial of the principle that the interference by the legislature with trade and commerce is needless, nay mischievous. "Permit each person," quoth the political economist, call him Adam Smith, call him M'Culloch, call him Chalmers, it is all the same—"to seek his own "interest in the way that suits him best, and you must be, since "society consists only of individuals, promoting the general interest of society." Sismondi uncivilly contradicts this doctrine by the remark that a thief seeks his own interest when he robs; and the man robbed seeks his own interest, when, not having the power to resist, he submits to be plundered in order to escape being knocked down. Merchants overreach, masters tyrannize—the positive intervention of the law is needed for the purpose of

preventing injustice. This was his doctrine in the *Nouveaux Principes*. In his *Etudes* he gives it a new and special application. He now appears as the defender of the system of corporate privileges so strongly disowned by Adam Smith, and of which in our days—certainly not days of unchecked prosperity—we have witnessed in England the total downfall. Sismondi considers that, by the abolition of these franchises and labour-monopolies, we have deprived the poor of their inheritance.

Sixty years since—says Sismondi—labour, the sole capital of the poor, was comparatively a scarce article; there was not enough of it in the world. Neither labour, nor pecuniary capital, nor the arts untutored by science, were sufficient to answer the demands of the consumer. In some parts of Europe mechanical labour might be contemned, but it was amply paid. There were many poor—for public calamities, national bankruptcies, fiscal extortions (it will be remarked that Sismondi is speaking more particularly of France) frequently snatched away the bread from him who had gained it by the sweat of his brow; yet, on the other hand, there was no poor man who, able and willing to work, could not find work; and no line of business which, managed with honest intelligence, assiduity and economy, did not, on the whole, fairly succeed.

This general well-being subsisting amongst the labouring classes of towns—Sismondi continues—resulted in France from the *corps de métier*, or corporations, into which the industrial classes were formed, possessing a certain degree of coercive and legislative authority. Each corporation had the power of making laws whereby they might defend themselves against the aggression of other classes of the state, and also prevent an undue beating down or cheapening of their own labour. The main scope of these corporations was to limit the number of workmen, and thus, keeping up the price of hammer and hand in the labour market, to check competition and prevent gluts. By these restraints the profits of the masters were in a certain degree equalized, whilst the workman, having once entered into his calling, might, if he conducted himself properly, not merely be assured, humanly speaking, of present maintenance, but also of rising, by sure though slow degrees, to a certain degree of competency in his old age. No one could enter these corporations otherwise than by service as an apprentice. This law limited the number of workmen in every way. It required the sacrifice of time on the part of the apprentice, and the master refused to take apprentices if work happened to be



slack in the locality. The apprentice became an inmate in his master's house, and a member of his family. When his term of probation expired, he was admitted as a *compagnon* or *gesell*. We had apprenticeship in England, but this intermediate stage of the *compagnon* was not so well-defined and the continental guilds limited the number of *compagnons* which the master could employ. Hence production never could be extended beyond a certain limit. The best workman produced the best goods, and drove the best trade, but none could produce overmuch; the warehouse could never be overfilled. You never could have a glut in the market. Lastly, after the *compagnon* or *gesell* had fulfilled his *wanderjahr*, he became admitted into the *maîtrise*, but which only took place after he had satisfied the ruling body of his competency. Then he became independent and married. Henceforward, though he might not become rich, he never, except in case of absolute vice or crime, could fall into squalid poverty. As long as he had strength for work, work could be found. The workman never had to beg employment as a boon. He never was at the mercy of the capitalist. When disabled by age or infirmity, there was a moral as well as a legal obligation on the part of his *compagnons* and his apprentices to work for him, besides which, he received help to fill up the gaps from the common stock or fund of the community.

But it will be asked—Sismondi says—did such an organization of the industrial classes enable them, as they do now, to avail themselves of the progress of science? Were the consumers equally well served? Did they obtain their goods on any terms approaching to the abundance and cheapness of the present day? Certainly not—but then, Sismondi replies—all those deficiencies and rudenesses and inconveniences were fully compensated by the good which the restraint upon the production of the workman produced upon the character of the workmen themselves. What you lost in material riches, you gained in the elements composing the true and real wealth of nations.

Sismondi then considers whether anything can be done now to promote the advantage of the industrial classes, and to restore them to some portion of the comfort which they have lost. He doubts whether any increase of capital would really add to their good. “The *organisation antique des arts et des métiers* cannot be restored; “certain as it is that when this organization prevailed, the workmen enjoyed an infinitely greater degree of ease, security, and “respectability than our present manufacturing classes. But the “world will not put on again the bonds which it has broken. The

“privileges of the corporations have been abolished with shouts of triumph, as if it were a victory that the poor have gained over the rich; whereas, in fact, the corporations were invented for the protection of the poor, and they alone were gainers thereby. But the poor themselves never would consent to a retrograde movement,—and perhaps they may be right. New habits have been formed; new interests created; great sufferings would result from closing the free entry into occupations now open to all.”

Sismondi has truly pointed out one of the political causes whence arose the increasing degradation and penury by which the labouring classes are now assailed; but other influences concurred in destroying the vested rights of the poor, besides those indicated by Sismondi, especially in England. Here the process began early, and has been most completely carried through. Nowhere has the swoop been so fell; therefore the vastness of the masses of misery. As a subject of historical inquiry, none can surpass in interest the investigation of the principles which converted the workman into the operative, and the villein into the day-labourer. We have often begun and as often stopped in prosecuting the inquiry—but we dare not assert that, under the present state of national feeling, any remedial plan can be suggested, even by experience. We or our children must wait, until taught or compelled again by misery, to respect that teacher of wisdom.

Mr. Charles Buller<sup>1</sup>, in his late speech upon systematic colonization—one replete with ability, with statesman-like views and with excellent feeling—observed that the result of the previous debate upon the distress of the country was an universal agreement as to its existence, and an universal disunion as to the means by which it is to be removed. So long as this disunion of sentiment prevails, there is no power upon which legislation can be grounded. Laws are never effectual until they embody the feelings and opinions of human society; and until one definite and pervading principle gains the mastery, we must continue in our present condition, hoping against hope, waiting for deliverance—without any possibility of determining the duration of our Egyptian bondage—and yet, as certainly, without despair.

We have not space to enlarge upon Sismondi's minor works. With respect to the *Etudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres*, it is sufficient to observe, that, as he spoke to Napoleon, so he wrote, so he thought—advocating not the privileges of an aristocratic class, for the sake of an aristocracy, but the indispensable need of an aristocracy for the sake of the community.



The *Histoire de la Chute de l'Empire Romain, et du Déclin de la Civilisation* (1837), is, like all Sismondi's productions, clear and flowing, but it was bespoken, we believe, for that unlucky farrago, *Lardner's Encyclopædia*, and has the usual demerits of works of this class. Besides which, when we have read it, we obtain no clear idea whatever corresponding with the promises of the title—any more than we do by the more celebrated work of M. Guizot, which promises to develop the progress of "Civilisation en Europe." Nor shall we, until a definite answer be given to the four following questions, which we can assure our readers we have propounded in vain to several of the excellent individuals who are most zealously and conscientiously engaged in the popular associations of the present age intended for the moral and religious improvement of the whole human race. 1st. What are the specific characteristics and elements of "civilization"? 2nd. What are the benefits secured to the people, and particularly the "masses," by "civilization"? 3rd. What are the causes opposing "civilization"? and 4th, Is there ever any practical opposition between "civilization," and Christianity or the Holy Scriptures? Nowhere do we find any satisfactory reply; possibly it may not be thought unworthy of the attention of those who employ the term of "civilization," if they were to attempt to define their own meaning, as well as the end they propose to attain.

Let us now, before we quit Sismondi, enter his study and view him at his work as an author. Much is learned in the fine arts, when you can ascertain the course followed and the process employed by the great masters. Do we not delight to contemplate Michael Angelo rising at midnight, and, with his candle fixed into his paper helmet, chipping away *con furia* at the marble; Paolo Veronese disposing his models on the table; Rembrandt sketching in his half-darkened room, with the ray gleaming upon Turkish bows and quivers, Damask sabres and Milan armour?

Sismondi was a man of the strictest and most conscientious accuracy, therefore he never depended upon secondary sources. He always worked from the originals; and he had the inestimable advantage of finding the main materials for his two great works already collected to his hand. It is very instructive to trace the effect produced by collections of historical materials. Never can those who consume their days and nights in these weary tasks, expect to witness the result of their labours. An hundred years after the press of the Louvre had given forth the Byzantine

historians, Gibbon was born, to avail himself of what had been provided for him by the munificence of Louis XIV. Muratori<sup>1</sup> also, except so far as he was used by Gibbon, continued unopened—until Sismondi gave us, for the first time, a History of Italy. And, although the collections of Duchesne and Martène, and Durand, and Dom Bouquet, and the array of Memoirs, had been occasionally employed, still it remained for Sismondi truly to work French history from the mine.

As an historian he had to contend with a singular constitutional infirmity. His memory, as to dates, was remarkably bad; we have heard him remark that, with respect to a transaction which he had occasion to quote six several times in his History of Italy, he never could recollect the *chiffre* of the year in which it occurred. In order to remedy this failing, he was accustomed to tabularize his matter over and over again. When he had brought his materials roughly together, he was equally painstaking in giving them shape and form. Every line of his Republics was written three times; so were almost all his historical works: towards the close of his life composition became easier, and some of the latter portions of his History of France were written only twice over. Equally elaborate was his process of correction; he corrected his proofs five or six times, usually reading them aloud twice over. A wise precaution—for without such a test it is difficult to understand how very different is the impression produced upon the mind by the sight of words upon paper, and the same idea when vitality is given to it by sound. With Sismondi's habits of composition, it is hardly necessary to observe that he never could have pursued his studies in a public library, and that, like Gibbon, he possessed in his own house all that was required. Public libraries<sup>a</sup>, important as they are as repositories of manuscripts and those rare books which the life-long diligence of the collector can alone obtain, are only occasional helps to profitable reading. Except, perhaps, with powers of abstraction not given to one in a thousand, no man can carry on the mental process entirely necessary for acquiring real knowledge, amidst the scramble of a crowd. Hence, the crude and superficial character of our popular literature.

A passage hastily scrambled out of one author, or verified out of another, may enable the writer to garnish his margins with an array of references, but yet at the same time will never produce anything except tessellated work, coarse and showy, made up of

<sup>a</sup> But in order to prevent misapprehension, we must observe that libraries attached to institutions, like monastic or college libraries, are private libraries.



separate pieces, and having no other bond of unity except the bed of mortar upon which they are laid. Whereas the real theory of composition is, to follow the example of the painter (we must be pardoned for again recurring to art as affording the lesson in a parallel), living as much as possible amongst the objects which he studies, every form which may present itself—the child playing before the cottage door, the dog curled round and basking in the sun, the tree reflected in the stream, the tint of the passing cloud—and then, working up those studies into the sketch,—and then transforming the sketch into the outline upon the canvas—and then the fine hair-thin outline repeated and effaced, and repeated and effaced, showing *pentimento* after *pentimento*, as Raphael was wont to do upon the priming until he was satisfied with his accuracy—and then the colours laid on—blended and mellowed into each other in a rich *impasto*—and then delicately glazed—until finally a picture has grown out of these successive labours, approaching to the ideal perfection which the artist had contemplated, but still so far from it that he never can look upon it, however finished to the eyes of others, without seeing some touch which he would wish to obliterate, correct, or amend.

However paradoxical it may appear, we fully believe that public libraries, and similar institutions, as now existing in great cities, are impediments in the path, rather than means conducive to the improvement of the mind. Reading is an education carried on throughout life: and, as is the case with almost every other branch of education, we are too apt, in the means, to lose sight of the end. The object of a library is not so much to make books, or readers of books, as to make students. Human knowledge is not to be pursued for its own sake, but as a discipline for the human mind. Knowledge otherwise is worth nothing. Never is any real benefit produced by reading for mere amusement. Cribbage, with its “fifteen-two, fifteen-four, and a pair are six,” is an intellectual amusement of nearly as much dignity as such reading. In the tempting facilities offered by public libraries there is a great deception, at least under the present aspect of the literary world. They destroy the science of literature. Like machinery in manufactures, they increase production, at the expense of the strength of the staple. The article is not made for wear, but for the shop-window. Instead of the pattern being woven in the damask-silk, which would stand alone, it is printed on mock muslin, too often saturated with “devil’s dust.” By using authorities as “books of reference,” no real knowledge is gained beyond the mere aspect,

if we may so call it, of the passage before you. You may settle the date of a battle or the circumstance of a death, but nothing more. It is not enough in these cases to visit the bank of the stream, you must sail down it; and unless the writer familiarizes himself to the whole course of the subjects of study, by going along with them upwards and downwards, he will never feel their true connection with each other, or enter into their interest.

Give us the one dear book, cheaply picked from the stall by the price of the dinner; thumbed and dog's-eared, cracked in the back, and broken at the corner, noted on the fly-leaf, and scrawled on the margin; sullied and scorched, torn and worn; smoothed in the pocket, and grimed on the hearth; damped by the grass, and dusted amongst the cinders; over which you have dreamt in the grove and dozed before the embers; but read again, again, and again, from cover to cover. It is by this one book, and its three or four single successors, that more real cultivation has been imparted, than by all the myriads which bear down the mile-long, bulging, bending shelves of the Museum, the Imperial Library, or the *Bibliothèque du Roi*.



## MEDIÆVAL KALENDARS—SAINTS' DAYS.

REPRINTED FROM THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" OF MARCH, 1843.

*MEDIÆVI KALENDARIUM: or Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Kalendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century; and an Alphabetical Digest of obsolete Names of Days; forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other Aids for ascertaining Dates.* By R. T. HAMPSON. 2 vols. London. 1841.

THE plan and intention of this work may be best told in the words of the author.

"Of a work which is chiefly founded on information derived from manuscript or printed sources, little explanation can be necessary. The original intention was, to cast into the form of a glossary as many of the terms now obsolete, being employed in mediæval chronology, as could be obtained by a diligent research, and to assign the bearing of each as nearly as it could be satisfactorily ascertained. In the prosecution of this plan it soon became obvious that the utility of the glossary would be considerably enlarged by determining the age of the term itself; and the attempt to effect this object with exactitude has necessarily introduced a multitude of ecclesiastical and legal antiquities which were not contemplated in the first design, but which are indispensable in many cases to confer probability on explanations respecting which there may be conflicting opinions. Writers of considerable eminence on ecclesiastical subjects connected with chronology do not always agree in determining the year in which several of the principal feasts were instituted. The variation sometimes extends to one or two centuries, and occasions difficulties which are not always to be surmounted. In such cases the leading opinions are given, with references to the authorities on which they are founded....Innumerable instances may be readily collected from the glossary, in which it has been a principal object to assemble, in an alphabetical order, whatever might tend to elucidate the obscurities of the

"chronology of the middle ages. In order the better to preserve  
 "the utility of this department of the work, by removing from it  
 "everything that did not immediately belong to the explanations,  
 "it became necessary either to reject many curious and not al-  
 "together useless facts, or to embody them in a separate depart-  
 "ment. The latter course has been pursued.

"The Kalendars, it is presumed, will be found of considerable  
 "service. They are six in number, of which two are incorporated  
 "in one, but the others are distinct. They range from the middle of  
 "the tenth century to the end of the fourteenth, and may therefore  
 "be supposed to contain all the information which can be expected  
 "from works of their description. Of one, of which the original is  
 "believed to have been the property of King Athelstan, it must  
 "be confessed that it contains much matter that is not likely to  
 "prove remarkably useful, and it has been presented more as a  
 "literary curiosity than as an assistant in chronology. The obits  
 "of another have been retained, so far as they could be read by  
 "the transcriber, because it is possible that one or other of them  
 "may determine the date of some particular fact. For instance,  
 "we know from the Saxon Chronicles that the battle of Maldon  
 "was fought in the year 993, and we ascertain, what is not men-  
 "tioned by our historians, from the obit of Byrhtnoth, that it  
 "took place on the 11th of August."

Mr. Hampson makes no parade of his researches, but he has  
 diligently consulted manuscript authorities, and brought forward  
 much new and very curious matter, hitherto neglected or un-  
 employed. He is, nevertheless, rather deficient in knowledge;  
 and he has fallen into many errors and inaccuracies, displaying  
 want of editorial care. These defects, which we will pass over, are,  
 however, of very secondary importance when compared with the  
 flippant and irreverent spirit by which the work is completely  
 deformed. Such passages as those relating to the anointing of  
 our queen (i. 194), and the observance of the Lord's day (i. 242),  
 and the articles upon the Sunday (ii. 364), and the Sabbath (ii. 344),  
 are most reprehensible; and the coarse and outrageous abuse of  
 the Roman Catholic Church is in that tone which, instead of  
 checking superstition, only promotes scoffing at all faith, all  
 devotion, and all religious observances whatever. We regret to  
 be compelled to pass this heavy censure upon a work which might  
 have been rendered very useful to historical students; but we  
 must do our duty, and strongly therefore recommend, in its  
 place, the clear and accurate *Chronology of History*<sup>1</sup>, by Sir Harris



Nicolas—which, though less discursive, and less costly, contains all the information which can be practically required.

Those of our readers who are free from the labour of ascertaining the dates occurring in historical or legal documents can have no notion of the perplexity in which such inquiries are involved. Take, for example, an era apparently occasioning so small a hitch as the beginning of the year<sup>1</sup>. Yet our New Year's day was, in the middle ages, only New Year's day to a comparatively small fraction of the European community. Double-headed Janus, it is true, maintained his place at the head of the written kalendars, which, by tradition, always followed the Roman computation, so as to enable those who chose to reckon by kalends, nones, and ides to do so; still the practical *caput anni* shifted about, so as to compel you to be constantly on your guard. A very general commencement was on the Feast of the Annunciation, or the 25th March, which continued in use in this country until the introduction of the New Style in 1752; and although this change is a matter of great notoriety, it has nevertheless been repeatedly forgotten by those who have had to deal with documents of comparatively recent dates, but anterior to that alteration. We have known persons, otherwise well-informed, woefully puzzled at the fractional-looking dates, e.g. 14 January, 174 $\frac{2}{3}$ , by which careful writers included the strict legal computation, and the other which was finding its way into use, though not recognized by law.

Midwinter, Yule, or Christmas day, was a very common era for the commencement of the solar year, and appears to have been in use from the age of the Anglo-Saxons to about the thirteenth century. There was a considerable degree of thought, or, as we should now call it, philosophy, in causing the new year to begin from the "mother-night," whence, as it seems, the sun, having completed his circle, starts forth again in his race. How amusing it is to trace etymologies to their remote source, and yet how sure and certain is the path when once it is found. Yule<sup>2</sup> and Golgotha look as if there was not the slightest kindred between them; yet they are both of the same stock, about as near as first cousins once removed. Their common parent is found in the Hebrew גלגל, to turn or roll. This root reappears in *volvo*, κυλίω, *quellen*, *wallen*<sup>3</sup>, and all their derivatives. From hence

<sup>1</sup> Gesenius, in his *Lexicon Hebraicum Manuale*, an able though deeply-tainted work, has a very curious article in which he pursues the ramifications of this root

comes, by emphatic duplication, גלגל, a wheel; and, as denoting its round and rolling form, גלגלת, a skull, whence Golgotha. Such was the flow of form and thought in this great branch of the Semitic language. In the Teutonic, the primitive root became *Hweol* (A.S.) and *Hiul*, more commonly written Yule; and this term grew to be applied to the winter solstice, because the sun then begins to turn or wheel round; hence the season is also termed *Sonnenwende*—as will be well recollected by those who are familiar with the great Teutonic epic, the *Niebelungen Lay*.

Yule, at least, is easily found, being a fixed time-mark; but a more puzzling mode of computation was the one which very generally prevailed in legal documents and transactions in France, according to which the new year began at Easter. Consequently, the computable solar year varied in duration as well as in its commencement in every year of the paschal cycle; and, inasmuch as the paschal year may include thirteen lunar months, or nearly two Aprils, it is impossible, except from internal evidence, to determine to which end they respectively belong.

But all these puzzles, with respect to the commencement of the year, are as nothing compared with the difficulties of ascertaining the particular days in the course of it. Amongst us, nothing appears so easy and so evidently the thing, as to count on and on consecutively, through the kalendar month as it runs; but this plain mode of computation was, during the middle ages, entirely disregarded. The nearest approach they ever made to such a mode of reckoning was when they employed the Roman Kalendar. But that plan was rarely adopted; they almost universally quoted the date simply by what, as the case may be, was either the Christian name or the nickname of the day. Thus, the 29th of December might be quoted as "*Dum medium silentium*,"

through many other languages and dialects. Gesenius is, throughout, an excellent example of German industry, and also of the conceit of German neology. He illustrates a peculiar Hebrew idiom by a comparison with German and English phrases in the following manner: "der Fremde mit welchem ich gegessen habe: "im Englischen mit *which*—z.B. *the books, which I did*." (*Lehrgebäude*, p. 744.) But, after a while, he bethought him, and he favours us in his Errata with a correction—"S. 744 l. 28, muss die englische Redensart vollständig heissen: *the books which I did you say of*." This reminds one of George Faulkener's celebrated erratum, "In the last number of our Gazette—For her Grace the Duke of Richmond—"*read*—his Grace the Duchess of Richmond." And this acute judge of the niceties of living languages asks us, upon philological grounds, to surrender our belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures!



or the Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket, or the Feast of St. Marcellus or St. Evroul. The 30th of December might be equally the Feast of St. Sabinus, or of St. Anysia, or St. Maximus. The 12th of April may be quoted as *Broncheria*, or the Feast of St. Saba, or St. Zeno, or St. Julius, or St. Victor, and so on; and what may be termed the governing name—that is to say, the one in most repute—varies in each country, and often in each diocese.

The first of the before mentioned classes of denominations arose from the designation given to the day from the initial words of some one of the Introits, Lessons, Collects, or other portions of the church service, which emphatically impressed themselves in the memory of the hearers. Such phrases as "*Da pacem*," a common denomination of the eighteenth Sunday after Whitsuntide; "*Commovisti terram et conturbasti eam*," for Sexagesima Sunday; and "*Dum medium silentium*," for Sunday in Christmas-week (being the instance above quoted), are all portions of the Introits or other services appertaining to the respective festivals. Something like this prevails at the present day amongst school-boys, or at least did prevail in our time. "Hurrah! to-morrow is "*Stir up Sunday*"—the Sunday before Advent, whose Collect announces the glad approach of the Christmas holidays.

A second class of denominations arose from usages and games annexed to peculiar days or feasts. "*Carniprivium*" announced the sorrowful news that flesh-meat was to be banished from the table, and "*Carnivora*" that beef might appear again. "*Broncheria*," or Palm-Sunday, told of the strewing of the branches; "*Bohordicum*,"<sup>1</sup> of the mock fight (or rather not mock, for many a head was broken in right earnest) on the first and second Sundays in Lent. "*Der blaue Montag*," and "*Der schwarze Sonntag*," are so called in Germany from the colours of the church-hangings on Septuagesima Monday and Passion Sunday.

But the great source of these denominations arose from the practice of appropriating each day to the commemoration of the Saints of Holy Church—their birth, their sufferings, their death. Thus did the temporal history of the Church militant become incorporated, so to speak, in the chronicle of life; at first, by popular veneration or ecclesiastical usage, not having any positive sanction, but in later periods by the direct authority of the papal see.

We have inserted three red-letter days in our kalendar by Act of Parliament, which ought long since to have been expunged

—the 5th of November, the 30th of January, and the 29th of May<sup>1</sup>. The services appointed for those anniversaries nourish any feelings rather than those of Christian devotion, love, or charity. It is a pain to hear them. Whatever may be said for those who framed them, in these days they are merely angry memorials of political sentiments travestied into devotional language. The heathen Roman raised his trophies of perishable materials, in order that the memory of the triumph over the enemy might decay and wear away. We engrave the chronicle of our unhappy dissensions upon the very altar of holiness. Repeal the statutes passed when men's minds were troubled by fear, or excited by hatred or revenge. Let the Church appoint one annual solemn day of thanksgiving for national mercies, and one other annual day of humiliation for national sins, and relieve herself from the odious necessity of casting three annual gauntlets of defiance against those whom she seeks to reclaim into her fold.

Without doubt, many a name was inserted in the mediæval kalendar upon doubtful traditions; yet these have been somewhat exaggerated; and when it has been triumphantly pointed out (if we recollect rightly, by Geddes) as a proof of the ignorance of the middle ages, that they converted the Almanac<sup>2</sup> itself into a saint, under the title of *Sanctus Almachius*, the critics quite forget the fact that Saint Almachius, a primitive martyr, being appropriated to the 1st of January by Venerable Bede, it is possible that his name, altered and corrupted, became that of the kalendar. At least, this etymology is about as satisfactory as any which we find in the dictionaries.

Such immethodical modes of marking time by names and quotations, appear strange enough to us; but the system will become perfectly intelligible if we advert to the fact, that mere numbers obtain hardly any hold upon the memory. In those ages, when little was written and less could be read, when you had neither an almanac bound in your pocket-book nor hanging on your wall, the old fashion was the best process by which to fix a day, in the common run of life, permanently in the recollection. The mind yearns for distinct identity. We have often thought it must be the last stage of human annihilation when John Thompson, upon entering the police service, is sunk for ever thereafter in G 26; and such a topography as that presented by the city of Washington, where A 3 and B 7 are the only denominations of streets and squares, will for ever destroy any pleasant or historical associations to any given locality. We can read with interest of



Queen Philippa witnessing a tournament in Cheapside; but who would care about it if he were told that the scaffold upon which she sat to view the sports was erected in Z 16? Thus, the mediæval denominations of the days constantly raised up pictures in the minds of the people, which supplied the want of written information; and, even in our own age, we may find how much more vivid are any recollections annexed to analogous instances, than those which you must designate by mere numbers. Try, if you can, to remember any given event which happened to you last year, and you will find how much more naturally you can fix yourself by any of the few festivals which are left us—yea, even by the Lord Mayor's day—than by any figure in the kalendar.

It is a matter of considerable interest at the present era, when the principles of the Church are so anxiously scrutinised by friends and foes, to recollect how and in what manner our present kalendar of Festivals and Saints' days was formed. Our Reformers truly and reverently proceeded upon the principle of honouring antiquity. They found "a number of dead men's names, not over-  
"eminent in their lives either for sense or morals, crowding the  
"kalendar, and jostling out the festivals of the first saints and  
"martyrs." The mediæval Church, as the Romanists still do, distinguished between days of Obligation and days of Devotion. Now, under the Reformation only some of the former class, the Feasts of Obligation, were and are retained, being such as were dedicated to the memory of our Lord, or to those whose names are pre-eminent in the Gospels:—the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, the Baptist as the Precursor, and St. Stephen as the Proto-martyr; St. Mark and St. Luke as Evangelists; the Holy Innocents, as the earliest who suffered on Christ's account; the Feast of St. Michael and all Angels, to remind us of the benefits received by the ministry of angels; and All Saints as the memorial of all those who have died in the faith. Surely no method could have been better devised than such a course for making time, as it passes, a perpetual memorial of the head of the Church.

The principle upon which certain festivals of Devotion still retained<sup>1</sup> in the kalendar prefixed to the Common Prayer, and usually printed in italics, were selected from among the rest, is more obscure. Many of them evidently indicate names which had been peculiarly honoured of old in the Church of England;—St. Alban, the proto-martyr of Britain; Augustine, the apostle of the English race; Venerable Bede; and King Edward the Confessor, the real patron of England, supplanted in the age of pseudo-

chivalry by the legendary St. George. Others must have been chosen for their high station in the earlier ages of the Church—St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Martin, and St. Cyprian; others from their local celebrity.

A third class are, Saints who are simply commemorated; and it is a very curious fact, and, as we believe, hitherto quite unnoticed, that these Saints'-days, now considered as the distinctive badges of Romanism, continued to retain their stations in our popular Protestant English almanacs until the alteration of the style in 1752, when they were discontinued. By what authority this change took place we know not, but perhaps the books of the Stationers' Company<sup>1</sup> might solve this mystery. We take the first which lies before us, the almanac of the venerable Philomath Gadbury:

## JANUARY, 1733.

- |                            |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. <i>Circumcision.</i>    | 17. Anthony.               |
| 2. Abel.                   | 18. Cathed. Petri.         |
| 3. Enoch.                  | 19. Woolstan.              |
| 4. Chromach.               | 20. <i>Pr. W. born.</i>    |
| 5. Edward, Confessor.      | 21. <i>Septuages.</i>      |
| 6. <i>Epiphany.</i>        | 22. Theodore.              |
| 7. 1 p. <i>Epiphany.</i>   | 23. Term begins.           |
| 8. Marcellus.              | 24. Wilfrede.              |
| 9. Lucian.                 | 25. <i>Conv. St. Paul.</i> |
| 10. Agatha.                | 26. Cletus.                |
| 11. Higinus.               | 27. Christopher.           |
| 12. Arcadius.              | 28. <i>Sexagesima.</i>     |
| 13. Hilary b.              | 29. Samuel.                |
| 14. 2 pp. <i>Epiphany.</i> | 30. K. Charles I. mart.    |
| 15. Maurus.                | 31. Cyriacus.              |
| 16. Kentigern.             |                            |

More amusing, however, is one of Gadbury's rivals, whom we find included in the same volume:

"Poor Robin, 1733, a new Almanack after the old fashion, wherein you have an account of the eclipses, the new moons, full moons and half moons, commonly called quarters; also the sign governing, telling you when to cut your corns, pare your nails, and many useful things not to be had anywhere else, with a discovery of an infallible method to tell fortunes by the Twelve Houses, being the first after Bissextile or Leap-year, containing a two-fold Kalendar, viz.: the honest, true-hearted Protestant old account, with the martyrs for pure religion on the one side, and those who were justly executed for plotting treason and rebellion on the other."



We select the month that is the richest, namely:

## OCTOBER, 1733.

- |                               |                                     |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Remigius.                  | 1. Jack Adams.                      |
| 2. Leodegar.                  | 2. Phalaris.                        |
| 3. Thomas b.                  | 3. The season now                   |
| 4. Francis.                   | 4. declines a little.               |
| 5. Constantine.               | 5. Leave physic off,                |
| 6. Magnus.                    | 6. and stick to victual.            |
| 7. 20 <i>aft. Trin.</i>       | 7. <i>Will. Say.</i>                |
| 8. Pelagio.                   | 8. Perillus.                        |
| 9. Dearris.                   | 9. <i>Rainsborough.</i>             |
| 10. Pauline.                  | 10. Simon.                          |
| 11. <i>K. George II cr.</i>   | 11. Nestorius.                      |
| 12. Wilfred.                  | 12. Charon.                         |
| 13. Amantius.                 | 13. That flesh upon your            |
| 14. 21 <i>aft. Trin.</i>      | 14. back to lay,                    |
| 15. Severus.                  | 15. That summer labour              |
| 16. Gallus.                   | 16. washed away.                    |
| 17. Audrey.                   | 17. <i>Harrison, the Butcher.</i>   |
| 18. St Luke Evan.             | 18. <i>Cook, the Solicitor.</i>     |
| 19. Ptolemy.                  | 19. <i>Scot, the Brewer.</i>        |
| 20. Faust. Virg.              | 20. <i>Hugh Peters, the Jester.</i> |
| 21. 22 <i>aft. Trin.</i>      | 21. <i>John Carew.</i>              |
| 22. Cordula Virg.             | 22. <i>John Jones.</i>              |
| 23. Term begins.              | 23. <i>Adrian Scroop.</i>           |
| 24. Areta.                    | 24. <i>Daniel Axtel.</i>            |
| 25. Crispin.                  | 25. Crispin.                        |
| 26. Amandus.                  | 26. Who loves the law               |
| 27. Florence.                 | 27. the term is come,               |
| 28. 23 <i>aft. Trin.</i>      | 28. But my advice is                |
| 29. Narcissus.                | 29. 'gree at home.                  |
| 30. <i>K. George II born.</i> | 30. Owen Bowen.                     |
| 31. Julian.                   | 31. <i>Phelps the Scribler.</i>     |

We wish our diligent and erudite friend Sir Henry Ellis would take "Poor Robin" in hand. He beats us; alas! how the keenest wit evaporates in the course of a century. We are utterly unable to explain the joke of introducing "Jack Adams" and "Phalaris" amongst the "roundheads." "Poor Robin," in his day, was the delight, the counsel, the guide of the English country-folk. They made love and beer by his directions; wooed the sweetheart and tapped the barrel, in the assigned planetary hour. His kalendar is the great treasure-house for allusions to local customs and popular sports. Quaint rhymes and ludicrous prose fill his pages, not always the most delicate or refined, yet perhaps as innocuous as the "useful information" now presented to the "intelligence of "the masses," by his untaxed successors—"B. Franklin born,"

"*Voltaire died*," "*Day when Oxford Dons get drunk*," and so on, as may be seen in the Temperance Almanac, to the great edification, without doubt, of the numerous respectable clergy and pious ladies by whom the said Society is patronized. "*Poor Robin*" affords much matter for consideration. He shows that the tradition respecting the appropriation of the days to particular saints was considered by the common people as eminently Protestant, that is to say, as a part and parcel of the Church of England; and that an almanac without saints for every day was nought. We have neither space nor leisure to pursue this inquiry; but we do earnestly wish that some one well versed in ecclesiastical history, for instance Mr. Palmer, would investigate the "*Kalendar*"; not with the view of ministering to antiquarian curiosity or idle amusement, but as involving principles of the highest importance. The secular power came to the aid of the Church by the statute 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 3. This Act commands all our present liturgical festivals to be observed; and their non-observation is by no means an act of discretion, but a breach of the law of the land. Of the peculiar sports and observances which had been attached by ancient usage and custom to peculiar days—the dancing round the maypole on the festival of St. Philip and St. James—the bonfires on the feast of the Baptist—and the like—it is unnecessary to speak; but the main feature, anterior to the Reformation, was the cessation from work and labour upon such festivals. The people had a time provided to rejoice before the Lord; and the exceptions in the Act show that such was still the spirit of the age; those who chose to work are merely permitted to labour.

The Puritans abolished the Church fasts and festivals; and by their ordinance, 8th June, 1647 (Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances*, p. 81), the feast of the Nativity of Christ, Easter, Whitsuntide and all other holidays, were utterly suppressed. But they were not so blind as not to see how this abolition might have an injurious effect upon the comfort and well being of the people. If, on the one hand, they discarded the festivals of the Church, they felt that, on the other, some substitute must be provided. "To the end, therefore, that there might be a convenient time allotted to scholars, apprentices, and other servants for their recreation," it was by the same ordinance enacted that they should have "such convenient, *reasonable recreation and relaxation from their constant and ordinary labour*, on every second Tuesday in the month throughout the year, as formerly they had used to have on the festivals commonly called holy-days." And in case of any differ-



ence arising between master and servant concerning the liberty thus granted, the next justice of the peace was to have power to reconcile the same. Yet the foregoing ordinance was not thought sufficient to secure the comfort of the people; and by another, passed on the 28th of the same month of June, 1647, it was ordained "that all windows of shops, warehouses, and other places where wares or commodities are usually sold, shall be kept shut on the said day of recreation, from eight in the morning till eight in the evening; and that no master shall wilfully retain his apprentice or other servant within-doors, or from his recreation, unless on account of market-days, fair-days, or other extraordinary occasion"; and in such case the master was to allow unto such apprentice, or other servant, one other day of recreation in place of that one thus taken away.

The Puritans—we do not use the word in reproach, but as a term of description—were wise in their generation. In 1644 they had enacted, by the ordinance "for the restraint of several evils on the Lord's day" (Scobell, p. 37), what they considered, and not without truth, as a great moral reform. Maypoles, "a heathenish vanity, generally abused to superstition and wickedness," fell at one stroke. The recreations hitherto practised on the Sunday were to cease. The arrow ceased to fly at the butt; the bowl rolled no more; down fell all the skittles; and the "lewd dancers" on the green were to be indulged with three hours rest in the stocks, for their own comfort and the edification of the neighbours.

Let us be careful how we carp at these men. With whatever sourness, whatever asperity, whatever "anti-prelatical" feeling this enactment was made, it was founded upon a true and holy principle; and the general neglect of the Sabbath—nay, the encouragement given to its desecration by the Book of Sports—so entirely contrary to the principles and practice of the early Christians—can be viewed only as amongst the national sins which drew down upon the Church of England that tribulation and punishment which she then experienced. Why should we be ashamed to confess the fact? we make no claim to infallibility.

"All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Even the ass cannot be always kept in the mill; and the Puritan legislation points out one great practical object to be attained by the due observance of the Church of England Festivals—practical, because what may be termed the machinery of the Church all works to one end,—and if you maim one portion, it is like damaging

a wheel in a clock, the whole goes wrong. The Saints' days and other Festivals were intended by the Church to become outworks, defences protecting mankind in the solemn enjoyment of the Lord's day. The Puritans, by their "recreation ordinance," scanty as their allowance was, showed that they understood the question in its practical bearings. Observe these holy days according to their true intent; let the morning be spent in the house of God; let the remainder of the day be given to cheerfulness, and you afford to the labouring population—and we take the word "labouring" in its widest sense—the means of reasonable and healthful recreation equally needed for body and mind; and you remove at once the temptations which lead the "masses" to encroach on the sanctity of the Sabbath. Penal laws defeat their own object in such cases. Sorrowful as the desecration of the Lord's day may be, in or around any great town, or still more in our tremendous metropolis, it is far more sorrowful to feel that we urge and scourge the labouring classes to this great sin, by the intense worry and drive of morbid activity which pervades the entire frame of society. Enter the squalid wildernesses of Spital-fields or St. Giles. Even make your progress through the quarters inhabited by the bettermost sort of operatives and working traders, the hives of courts and narrow streets where the brightest blaze of summer never affords more than an a-dust and sickly ray—where the sweetest shower of spring falls polluted to the ground. Go farther—breathe the stifling vapour of the arcade or the bazaar, and look at the pallid countenance of the pining maiden, and you will be convinced that the absolute animal want of mere fresh air, at least for one day in the weary week, must become irresistible.

Perhaps, however, there are no localities where we could so successfully begin to permit the poor, the needy, and the humble to enjoy again the liberty which the Church so joyfully wishes to bestow, as in the manufacturing districts. How many of the plans about which we now dream and talk for the benefit of the operatives, were really effected by the Church long ago, long before there were steam-engines or power-looms? Daily service secured the remission from labour sought by Lord Ashley's bill; and the Festival would now give the means of healthful relaxation and mental improvement, without trespassing upon that seventh of our existence in which we are not to seek our own pleasure, nor speak our own words.

"What!" exclaims the mill-owner, "stop the works for forty



"days in the year?" Certainly. Do not you lose ten times more by strikes, and turn-outs, and Chartist meetings, than by all the superstitions of preceding centuries?

Never can the Lord's day be duly and strictly observed, and yet in a kindly and affectionate spirit, until the whole system of the Church service is restored. Those who seek to propitiate the "masses" by throwing open museums, and galleries, and libraries on the Sunday, give nothing of their own; they take away that which belongs to the Lord. Those who duly observe the commandment equally give nothing of their own; they give to the Lord what is his, and which costs them nothing. And, so long as they who profess to honour the Sabbath continue, during the remainder of the week, to exact that crushing and continuous labour from those classes who are either directly or indirectly under their control, which drives the objects of their rule to worldly amusements and recreations, or "intellectual pursuits," on the day which should be the day of holy rest—so long are they co-operating in the most efficient manner with the advocates of indifferentism and infidelity. You may give the most "exemplary attendance"—alas! what a root of self-deception and bitterness is there in that word "exemplary," so applied—at church, or chapel, or Exeter Hall; always appear at the proper time in your pew or on the "platform"; be an active member of "The Lord's Day Observance Society"; distribute tracts from "the Repository, No. 56, Paternoster Row"; or Bibles and Prayer-Books from "the Christian Knowledge Society's House, No. 67, Lincoln's Inn Fields"; hunt all the donkeys off Hampstead Heath; bowl and roll the oranges down Primrose Hill; kick the cake-baskets off the kirb-stone; wheel all the old apple-women to the workhouse; trundle the barrows to the "green yard"; explode all the ginger-beer; swallow all the "annual reports"; never read the Sunday newspaper—except in the "Monday's edition";—and yet with all these professions and exertions, if you so chain your clerk to the desk, your shopman to the counter, in short, all your slaves to the oar, as to destroy the comfort of weekday life, and only release them from their bondage when you are compelled to strike off the fetters, you merely goad them to violate the word of God, and mock the spirit of Christianity. What are termed the ordinances of the Church are only applications of the Divine Law. You must take all or none. Difficulties unquestionably there are in the way; but as is most truly and powerfully remarked by Arch-deacon Manning, with whose words we shall conclude,—

“The habits of life are not so absolute but that a little firmness “would soon throw them into a better order. Let us only resolve “to ‘seek *first* the kingdom of God,’ to take the cycle and the “seasons of the Church as our governing rule, and to make our “lives bend to its appointments. When once the Church has “restored the solemn days of fast and festival, and the stated “hours of daily prayer, there will be an order marked out for all “men of good will to follow; and, at the last, we shall once more “see this fretful, busy world checked, and for a while cast out by “the presence of the world unseen. Its burthen will be sensibly “lessened, and the hearts of men will have some shelter and rest “to turn to in the dry and glaring turmoil of life. Then among us, “as of old, men may go up in secret to the house of prayer, to “make their sin-offerings, and their peace-offerings, and their “offerings of thanks. No sun should then go down on sins un- “confessed, or blessings unacknowledged; and if any be truly “hindered, still in their own home, or by the wayside, or in crowded “marts, or in busy cities, or in the fields—when the bell is heard “afar off, or the known hour of prayer is come—they may say “with us the Confession and the Lord’s Prayer, and though far “from us on earth, may meet us in the court of heaven.”—*Sermons*, pp. 206, 207.

NOTE.—Since this article was paged for working off, Lord John Manners has published a “Plea for National Holidays,” in which he has taken much the same view of the question which we have attempted to advocate. Regretting that under these circumstances we cannot at this moment enter into an examination of his production, we do most earnestly recommend it to all who are interested in the welfare of the community. It is written with ability, and, what is of far more importance than ability, in an excellent spirit. May the young author be strengthened and guided in the good course which he has begun, and may others of his rank and station follow his example; for it is amongst such men as he promises to be, that the Crown will find its best defenders, the poor and needy their most sincere and steady friends.



## POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.

REPRINTED FROM THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" OF JULY, 1814.

OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES: *chiefly illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies and Superstitions.* By JOHN BRAND, M.A., Fellow and Sec. of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Arranged and revised, with Additions, by HENRY ELLIS, F.R.S., Sec. S. A., London, 1813.

THE word "vulgar" ought to be obliterated from the title of this work. What should we say if a traveller, viewing only the present degradation of the royal abbey of St. Médard<sup>1</sup>, or the episcopal hall of Eltham<sup>2</sup>, were to describe the one as a laystall, and the other as a ruinous barn? The devotional opinions and customs now living only in the recollection of the inhabitants of unpolished or secluded districts, were once incorporated in the splendid ritual of the Romish church. The mechanic and the schoolboy are amused by sports and holidays, which formed the recreation of the throne itself; and those who were amongst the wisest in their generation, gave credit to errors and superstitions, which even the most illiterate are now half ashamed to acknowledge. It is equally unnecessary to apologize, as Mr. Brand and other writers have done, for the "seeming unimportance of the "subject." There are few departments of literature which have a better claim upon our attention. Customs, arbitrary and unmeaning in the judgment of the careless observer, guide us as surely as the pages of the historian. Nor are the wildest superstitions to be rejected. They also supply the want of historical evidence, and, as Mr. Scott has well observed, connect the religion, and we shall add, the philosophy of one age, with the follies of the next. If they are picturesque, let the poet weave them in "his wild and wondrous lay." If they are too obscure to assist the antiquary, or too inelegant to claim a place in verse, they will not be lost upon the investigator of the human intellect; to him they will answer the same end as the morbid specimens which the anatomist treasures in his museum, and in which he finds the elucidation of the structure and functions of the healthy subject.

These inquiries may be more legitimately considered as forming a chapter in the history of the moral and physical habits of the middle ages, which retained their influence to a later period than is usually supposed. Even in the days of Queen Anne authority was loth to cast off the scarlet hood and robe of ermine, with which she had been arrayed by the gorgeous genius of chivalry; and notwithstanding the circulation of the polished philosophy of the *Spectator*, and the business-like columns of the *London Gazette*, the world continued to think in black letter and illuminated capitals. For one who repeated the experiments of Boyle there were hundreds who puffed away their gold in the athanor of Basil Valentine and Isaac the Dutchman<sup>1</sup>. Blagrove and Gadbury were found in many a study, where Halley or Newton would have been sought in vain; and Garth was forced to divide the empire of the medical art with the regular or irregular disciples of Culpeper. When the heir attained his majority, the learned serjeants counted as audibly as though Taltarum's case<sup>2</sup> had been fresh in their recollection; they quoted Bracton and the year books, to prove their learning; and danced before the judges in the Inner Temple Hall at Christmas, to display their agility. The cope and amice<sup>3</sup> were retained in the cathedrals; and the choir resounded with matins at the true old canonical hour<sup>4</sup>. The concluding scene of human life was also conducted according to ancient form and fashion. Garter and Norroy were called upon to arrange the procession; banners and pencils went before the coffin of the esquire; and the recumbent effigy of monumental alabaster was the only authorized model for the sculptor, who seldom ventured to heathenize the tomb, except by substituting the thorax for plate armour, or by introducing a mournful Mars, or a pair of melancholy cupids.

Of these archaisms of every description we yet retain a tolerable store; some in the ceremonies and regulations annexed to the pageantry or duties of public life, and more in the pastimes or errors of the common man, or in the traditionary accompaniments to the events of joy or sorrow, which form the distinguishing epochs in the little chronicle of life. On account of their ordinary occurrence they fail to excite our curiosity. We are not generally aware that bride-favours are derived from the Danes; and that bride-cake<sup>5</sup> was probably borrowed from the Romans; that the cheesemonger who counts at the rate of six score to the hundred is following a Runic custom; and that precedents "hoar with eld" may be adduced in support of hot cross-buns, and Christmas boxes.

To trace the history of what may be called the secular division



of popular, or rather national, customs, would require a complete dissertation on the manners of the times when kings played at cross and pile, and when their subjects loaded themselves with furs and three-piled velvet in the dog-days; saturated everything they ate or drank with honey or sugar; and slept stark naked, to make amends for the sweltering burthen of their day dress.

Customs may be more or less connected with religion, and superstitions, whether practical or doctrinal, form the other general division of the subject now under consideration. Many of them are the vestiges of paganism, which the Christian teachers were unable to eradicate. Not that the northern nations were lukewarm and unwilling converts, like the nations of Peru and Mexico. Practising a simple mode of worship, in which the idol<sup>1</sup> was less liable to be identified with the divinity of which it was the symbol, and accustomed to doctrines which familiarized them with the existence of abstract spirit; their minds were prepared for the reception of purer tenets, and the glad tidings of salvation were embraced with eagerness and sincerity. They nevertheless adhered, and with some degree of pertinacity, to certain of their old religious rites, not very material in themselves, but which were nevertheless anathematized by the clergy, who, like the fanatics of a succeeding age, were perhaps too much alarmed at the danger of allowing a proselyte to retain any fondness for the exuvæ of an abrogated faith. It was this apprehension which sent forth the Gallic saints with bell, book and candle, to rout the May Queen and her rustic attendants; and which made minced pies and plum pudding an abomination in the mouth of Prynne and Harvey. But neither the thunders of the councils, nor the more tangible terrors of the parliamentary ordinances, were able to wean the bulk of the people from the observance of times and seasons, which afforded to the young a prescriptive right to merriment, and to the old, the equally valuable privilege of claiming the enjoyment of an extraordinary cup, and the grant of some savoury dish from the frugal housewife. Sometimes the reigning philosophy was resorted to as a justification. As the bonfires continued to burn at the summer solstice, notwithstanding the canons against them, the churchmen thought it as well to prevent their authority being compromised, by asserting that these festal flames were not without their use. The blaze, they said, scared away the dragons who flew about at that season, and caused plague and pestilence by poisoning the waters and polluting the air.

The machinery of the popular mythology, and the endless

variety of superstitious practices which, according to Le Brun's<sup>1</sup> definition, delude the vulgar and puzzle the learned, owe their primary establishment to the same source; although the flood has been enlarged by many tributary streams. The clergy attacked them as formidable enemies, instead of treating them as shadows and nonentities, and this unremitting warfare strengthened the belief, both in the existence of supernatural beings of every class, and in the magic virtue of vervain and four-leaved trefoil. Yet in spite of the learned labours of the theologians, by whom the whole unearthly synod were consigned to the bottomless pit, the esoteric doctrine, as well of the priesthood as of the laity, with respect to the more beneficent classes of those fanciful creations, was more calculated to inspire veneration than abhorrence; and many a square-cap, who diligently proved the infernal nature of these visitors to the great edification of his readers, thought in his heart, that if the half-brothers of Beelzebub really performed all that was ascribed to them, the family was painted in much darker colours than it ought to be.

The details of these articles of the unorthodox creed vary in every district, although there are some broad and general features which are discernible almost all over the world. The voluntary transformation of men into beasts of prey is one of them. The wizard-tigers of Mexico are the counterparts of the war-wolves<sup>2</sup> of Armorica. Besides the diversity of the religious systems from which they emanated, they have received a peculiar tinge and colouring from all the circumstances which stamp the character of a nation, and distinguish it from its neighbours. Vampires and Vroukolakas originated with the once ferocious Slavonian. Italy united the useful professions of witch and procuress. The solitary instance of Mistress Turner<sup>3</sup> will not justify our affixing such a stigma on our tramontane witches, none of whom could ever boast of the blended inventory of Monna Alvia's cupboard, where conserve of roses and bean-flower water stood on the same shelf with the skin of birth-strangled infants and the blood of snakes and flitter-mice. In France the fairies are elegant females in white, as attractive, as yielding, and alas, as capricious as their sisters of mortal mould;—the very ghosts there have a *penchant* for coquetry. They haunt ruined towers and caverns, and the solitary sea-beach. On one fated day in every year they are transformed into toads and vipers, but on the following they recover their pristine beauty. English fairies have less frailty in their composition, and more permanence in their beauty. With us, the



favour of the "airy people of small stature clothed in green," is only to be gained by neatness of apparel, purity of body and of mind, and especially by fervent prayer and fasting. But neither love nor devotion has any charms for the malicious elves, whom we encounter within a few days' journey to the north; who harass the farmers by shooting the cattle out of spite, and riding their horses to death for their diversion, and who are so well acquainted with the value of the circulating medium that they never give up possession of a field until they have received a compensation in sterling money.

The laborious German peopled the gloomy recesses of his metallic caverns with malignant, and at best capricious beings; and every blast of hydrogen was converted into an offended gnome. Scheele or Klaproth would have analysed the demon Anneberg who suffocated a dozen workmen in the "mine called "the Rose-garland." Through Van Helmont<sup>1</sup> and Paracelsus, the legends of the mines are transplanted into the scientific nomenclature of modern chemistry. The "Gas,"<sup>2</sup> who in the days of yore drove the sturdy labourer from the adit, now calmly submits to the confinement of the stopcock. And the "Cobold"<sup>3</sup> is divested of his perversity in the purgatory of the crucible.

The search after hidden treasures infatuated the Germans in no ordinary degree. Like Sancho's pilgrims, their constant cry was "ghelt, ghelt, ghelt," and they had no objection to take the devil as a partner in a mining adventure. If the pick-axe and the borer failed to discover the vein, the land-owner had recourse to the divining-rod; or to the tremendous "berg-spiegel" dug out of the new-made grave, or from under the wheel which bore the mangled carcass of the robber. Instant death was the lot of the first living being that looked into this mirror; but the intelligencies might be appeased by the destruction of a dog, or any other inferior animal, which procured the vision of every treasure that the earth conceals. The dreamy enthusiasm of their national character is also strongly marked by the marvellous embellishments which accompany their traditions of secret and mysterious stores of wealth. Such are the stories of the tailor of Basil;—the more fortunate shepherd of Falckenstein, who detached as much of the precious metal as he could carry from the golden statue of Tidian, until his superiors charged him to discover the iron door leading to the cavern, after which he could never discern it amongst the rocks, the treasure being destined for him alone;—and the fountain which gushed forth in planetary hours rolling pearls beneath its waves. There are

some traces of druidism lurking in Germany in the shape of popular superstitions, which are obliterated elsewhere. The pentalpha is considered as a powerful phylactery by the peasants, who know it by the name of the *trotten-fuss*, or Druid's foot. And a white adder is believed to nestle under the root of the trees upon which the mistletoe grows, possessing many properties analogous to the adder's egg of Pliny.

The original inhabitants of Spain are thought to have crossed over from Africa. Their language fully proves them to have been an insulated stock. Their mode of numeration is one of the most striking of its singularities, for they reckon on from one to twenty. A Vascongado writer appeals to it as a mark of the superior antiquity of his nation. He says that other nations learnt to reckon after they had degenerated from the simplicity of nature by wearing shoes and stockings, and therefore they left off when they had given names to all their fingers. But the Vascongados began to study arithmetic when they were yet unshod, so they passed on to their toes, and doubled the length of the series. However, without stopping to examine the validity of the inference, it is certain that the Celtiberians had nothing in common with the rest of Europe, and therefore we need not be surprised at the peculiarity of the creed of their descendants, blended, as it is, with Moorish superstition. We are not aware that any castle on this side of the Pyrenees is haunted by such strangely figured monsters as the *Belludo*<sup>1</sup>, or the *Caballo descabezado*. Even the miracles of the church assume an unwonted appearance. No tutelary saint informs the bell of Velilla which prognosticates the misfortunes of the kingdom of Castille, nor is the cause of its spirit of prophecy made much more intelligible by those who ascribe it to one of the thirty pieces of silver which was cast into the melted metal. The lynx-eyed and fireproof *Zahori*<sup>2</sup> is also the peculiar production of the peninsula. These gifted mortals, it is said, can see through stone walls or any opaque object whatever, with the single exception of red cloth or stuff. Huygens half believed the fact; the instance which he communicated to the celebrated Father Mersenne is whimsical enough, it is the counterpart of the scene between Mercury and Phædra, in Dryden's *Amphitryon*. Rejecting, however, the supernatural powers of vision which have been ascribed to them, and in which children born on Good Friday are also believed to share, it is not unlikely but that, by long experience, and attending to indications which escape the less experienced eye, they may be able to give a tolerable guess at the existence of



subterraneous waters. Something similar is told of the Arabs of the desert, by a modern traveller, who says that they have an uncommon facility in discovering distant wells by atmospherical or other signs, which do not affect the senses of a European. That the Zahories are acquainted with some preparation which protects their bodies from the natural effects of fire and corrosive substances, is now proved beyond a possibility of doubt, by the performances of the incombustible Spaniard<sup>1</sup>, as he was called, who exhibited himself at Paris about twelve years ago. This man shut himself in an heated oven, washed his feet and hands with flaming brimstone, walked on red hot irons, and rinsed his mouth with aqua fortis and oil of vitriol. An account of those feats which were performed in the presence of many scientific characters, and without the deceptions of our vulgar fire-eaters, may be found in most of the periodical works of the time. It was remarked that his skin was soft and white. Father Nieremberg described the Zahories as having red, inflamed eyes; one would almost think they are a kind of Albinos. The monster Sabella, half fish and half woman, who rules the seven winds, described in a book of Navarrese charms, if not of Gnostic origin, may possibly be some forgotten divinity of that country.

“As careful mothers and nurses on condition they can get their children to part with knives, are content to let them play with rattles, so they permitted ignorant people still to retain some of their fond and foolish customs that they might remove from them the most dangerous and destructive superstitions.” By this simile does Fuller designate the remnants of the rites and ceremonies of popery which are retained in this country. Such of them as formed part of the authorized ritual of the Romish church, and which are consequently to be found in full vigour where she retains her authority, have no great claim to be included in the inquiries of the popular antiquary;—they can be traced at once to Rome, to Constantinople, and to Jerusalem. There is more obscurity attendant upon the devotional and festive accompaniments of solemn days and times, which custom alone, and not ecclesiastical discipline had annexed to them; and in the superstitious absurdities ingrafted upon the extravagancies which were taught and believed to be within the pale of orthodox worship. Before the reformation, the Romish clergy never opened St. Thomas in the chapter where he distinguishes between vain observance and profitable devotion. In truth the angelic doctor himself, with all his talents of splitting hairs, would have been

at fault, if he had been called upon to assign a reason why the rope of St. Francis should be a passport into heaven, and the medal of St. Benedict a futile and almost heretical amulet. The mechanical repetition of Ave Marys and Paternosters prepared the way for the "barbe à dieu" and the "white pater-noster," both of which protected from all temporal evils and procured a place in Paradise. For purposes of less importance, the prayer which describes St. Peter as waiting at the gate for his buttered cake was resorted to, in order to make the butter come. The prayer of St. Eloy cured the glanders. A very devout liturgical composition drove away a fever;—another with a little less holiness kept the foxes from the hen-roost;—and the invocation by which "theeves" "were compelled to stand soe as to have no power to goe nor parte" "awaie," and to be bound "soe sore as St. Bartholomeus bounde" "the foule feende with the heire of his bearde," answered every purpose of a man-trap or spring-gun. Noxious insects were expelled by excommunication. They took care to conduct the proceedings with due attention to the form of the courts Christian, lest the defendants should complain of surprise or injustice. A proctor was appointed to act on the part of the inhabitants of the village or district, and another was assigned to the caterpillars or locusts; and after hearing the cause, sentence of excommunication was pronounced against them, which they could only avoid by quitting the diocese. Sometimes they acted on an *ex parte* petition to the ordinary; who, after due proofs being made of the allegations, ordered the reptiles to depart under penalty of incurring his malediction. It was late in the day before the Romish clergy were shamed out of connivance at these follies, and brought to confess, that according to their own authorities they were indefensible. But this tardy acknowledgement was almost wholly confined to the Gallican church, and to the enlightened prelacy of northern Italy. Spain and Germany did not attempt to extricate themselves from the slough of magical devotion and pseudo-hagiology. The holy shoulder wound has yet its brotherhood at Vienna; and if the French have not spoiled the trade, the tickets which have touched the blessed bodies of the three kings of Cologne are still prized by the Flemish faithful.

Witchcraft is related both to Christianity and Paganism. This strange delusion, so universally prevalent at no very remote period, is now rapidly fading into oblivion, except perhaps in Lancashire, which did not acquire its reputation without sufficient reason. On the commitment of the celebrated Lancashire witches



in 1630, Edmund Robinson the witness swore that "they made "such ugly faces as scared this deponent so that he was glad to "run out and steal homewards"; but it is now affirmed by credible persons, that although they abound in that country as much as ever, they have cunningly changed the terms of their compact. Dancing on the ridge of a barn, and flying up the chimney, are wholly exploded; and deformity is no longer the inseparable concomitant of the fascination of the evil eye, respecting which Mr. Brand has collected half-a-dozen pages of grave authorities. It is true that there are no very recent accounts of their killing cows, and causing babies to wither and pine away by their powerful glances, yet it is said that even now they are not to be encountered with impunity; and that if the churchwardens in the County Palatine were to receive such an order as was issued by the kirk-session of Auchterhouse, "to make search every ane in their own "quarter gif they knew of any charmers in the parroch," a very voluminous return would be the consequence.

The task of tracing the origin of witchcraft presented little difficulty to the demonologists and theologians of the old school. Availing themselves of texts, obscure in the original, and misinterpreted by the translators, they resorted to the sacred volume, which, according to their conception, proved the existence of the crime, and the punishment which it merited. And the nocturnal dances of the maids of Helicon<sup>1</sup>, the choir who

... "κεκαλυμμένοι ἤερί πολλῇ  
'Εννύχαι στείχον περικαλλέα ὄσσαν ἰείσαι,"

as well as the revellings of the nymphs and satyrs, were asserted to be the prototypes of the grotesque assemblies of the wrinkled hags who infested every village.

The magic of the ancient world may be divided into two distinct and widely differing genera. Asia was the native seat of the one; it had directly emanated from the primitive idolatry which assigned a spiritual intelligence to each of the host of heaven. The other was the undefined sorcery of the Greeks and Romans, perpetually confounding itself with their religious observances. In Greece, a partial introduction of the knowledge of the occult sciences of the Chaldeans took place in the most flourishing ages of that country. They harmonized with the doctrines of Plato, who was not disinclined to believe that charms and suffumigations might persuade or compel the immortals to become subservient to the wishes of the invocators. The magic which had a juster claim to be considered as national, continued

to be of a less spiritual nature. Theoris, like Simætha<sup>1</sup>, added real guilt to her powerless enchantments. Amongst the Romans also, witchcraft was generally the companion of the crime which has so often disgraced modern Italy. Even in the simplicity of the republic, the Lex Cornelia<sup>2</sup> bears witness that the Roman matrons knew how to rid themselves of a jealous husband or an importunate relation, according to the Neapolitan fashion. The inventress of the *aqua Toffana* was preceded by Locusta<sup>3</sup> and Martina<sup>4</sup>, and the Obi spells of the latter were only the auxiliaries of her deleterious potions, not indeed without their use; the bones and ashes and barbaric names, hid so as to be easily found, in the palace of Germanicus, exasperated his malady by the intimidation which they produced.

After the reign of Augustus, the Greek and Latin subjects of the Roman empire appear in a great measure to have adopted the magic rites and doctrines of the orientals. We may observe the extreme points of the series in the sacrifices of milk and blood—the evocations of the manes of the heroic age; and in the laying of the ghost which haunted the ruinous house at Corinth by the exorcist Arignotus.

Torreblanca<sup>5</sup> confessed that the heresy of witchcraft, for so it was considered, until the Catholics found it prudent not to insist upon the classification, and the Protestants became equally desirous that it should remain forgotten, was of recent date. The transportation of modern witches through the air, their feasts and revels, and the adoration of a malignant spirit when combined, are the features which distinguish witchcraft (the word must be considered as technical) from other kinds of supernatural intercourse.

The belief of the Scandinavians in the nocturnal flights of sorceresses or furies, mounted on the ravenous wolves whom Regner Lodbrog<sup>6</sup> boasted that he had gorged with the flesh of his enemies,

“Fengom Falo-hestom  
Fullan verd at sinni,”

may be considered, as an indication that the germ of the superstition is to be found amongst the Teutonic nations. We are inclined to acquiesce in the opinion that the Cymry<sup>7</sup> borrowed their Fal mam-y-drwg<sup>8</sup> from the Belgic tribes<sup>7</sup>, who have left too deep traces in the British language to allow us to doubt of the intermixture of the races. There is an obvious affinity between this fiction and the fable of Abaris and his javelin. We have no historical evidence to dispel the proverbial darkness of the Hyperborean regions, but there is at least a reasonable ground for



presuming that they were inhabited by a Germanic population—when we received the first accounts of them, one half of the non-teutonic portion of the settlers of Europe had already reached the maritime boundaries of the continent, and the other was yet in Asia. Long afterwards we meet with another Hyperborean aëronaut, who also possessed the unimmersionability which our British Solomon considered as a standing miracle. Local superstitions are always of high antiquity; and there are some yet observable which corroborate the supposition that the witchflights are connected with the Teutonic mythology. Eros and Anteros have been transmuted into imps of Satan, and Fala and her kindred may have been degraded by a similar process.

The optical phenomena observable on the Blocksberg, or Brocken<sup>1</sup> (mons Bructerorum) in the Hercynian forest, probably first caused it to be considered as the haunt of supernatural beings, and the idol Crodo was worshipped in its immediate vicinity from time immemorial, until his temple was destroyed by Charlemagne. This mountain is now supposed to be the spot where his infernal majesty holds his plenary court for receiving the homage of his vassals in Germany and the countries adjoining. The witches of Mohra, in Sweden, as our readers will recollect—for we suspect that there are few who have not obtained a stolen perusal of the delightful horrors of Glanvil<sup>2</sup>—used to transport themselves to Blockula, which is by no means the ideal Meru<sup>3</sup> it appears to be in the relation. Aubrey, in his *Remaines of Gentilisme*, says that “the witches doe meet in the night before the first day “of May upon an high mountain called the Blocksberg, situated “in Ascanien, where they, together with the devils, doe dance and “feast.” Brückmann, one of the strange anomalies who figure amongst the learned Germans of the last century, has given several plates of their gambols.

There is another singular coincidence of the same description, but in order to reach it, we must saddle our broomsticks, and fly through the midnight air, to the principality of a very distinguished personage, whose name enjoys as great a celebrity as the walnut tree did, which perhaps still flourishes in his dominions.

“De la famosa noce il chiaro grido  
Ne gli estremi paesi, e ne' vicini  
E sparso sì, che l' habitante infido  
Dicesi possessor de' suoi confini.  
Quindi i popoli tristi appresso il nido  
Del gran Plutone, e de' suoi cittadini  
Per cotal noce han privilegio tale  
Che nuocer non gli puo schiera infernale.”

If this statement, that Satan is the legitimate owner of Benevento, be correct, he will do well to claim an indemnity at the approaching Congress, for the possessions of which he has been ousted by Monsieur Talleyrand<sup>1</sup>. It may be as well to show the manner in which the prince (we mean the prince of darkness) obtained seisin of that district.

In the reign of Duke Romuald<sup>2</sup>, the partial conversion of the Lombards did not prevent their adoring an anonymous deity, whose statue, a winged serpent, was placed under the shade of the "famosa noce." The well-timed zeal of Saint Barbat<sup>3</sup>, who availed himself of a season of public danger, reclaimed his flock, and he destroyed the idol in the presence of a solemn assembly of the people. The image of an amphisbæna, revered by Romuald, underwent the same fate. The form of the latter idol stamps the authenticity of the legend, as the double-headed serpents found in the tomb of Chilperic prove that it was sacred or at least significant, among the German nations. This being performed, Barbat caused the tree to be uprooted, and an enormous serpent, which unfolded itself out of this cavity, having been put to flight by an aspersion of holy water, the victory over the fiend was judged to be complete. But the prince of darkness, continues the historian of the nut tree, convoked the infernal council, and declared that, maugre the bishop, the tree should flourish again, and be graced by new and solemn rites. Benevento, he said, should become the chief place of the assembly of the congregation which he intended to establish for the support of his dynasty, and which he charged them, on their allegiance, to protect with all their might. This is a clumsy allegory, but stripped of its figurative language, we may receive it as a correct indication of the changes effected by popular tradition and credulity.

There is some obscurity in the various accounts of this tree. It is not very clear whether the devil raised an ympling from a fragment of the old roots, or whether that which the witches afterwards saw, was not the production of his palingenesis; but either this, or some other nut-growing tree growing near the city, became exceedingly famous as his headquarters. The *noce di Benevento* is proverbial. Even the witches of Lorraine used to resort there. One author calls it Satan's metropolitan church; we know not how the rival claims of the primacy of the Blocksberg were adjusted.

The anointings and flights of the dames of Thessaly may induce others to consider our witches as their successors. However they do not affect the basis of our conjectures. Superstition is the most contagious of all epidemics, and the intercourse between



Greece and her barbarian neighbours was greater than the pride and gravity of her historians chose to record. The free citizen, who spoke out of order, was committed to the custody of the Scythian bowbearer, whose broken Greek was as familiar to an Athenian audience as the clipped English of Monsieur Canton<sup>1</sup> is to the gallery of a London theatre. It was a moot point among the learned whether the transportation was ecstatic or corporeal; texts and fathers and councils were marshalled against each other; and the writers of Greece and Rome were pressed into the service as auxiliaries. The canon falsely ascribed to the council of Ancyra<sup>2</sup>, but which is nevertheless of great antiquity, was supposed to favour the ideal system. After admonishing the bishops to eradicate all unsound doctrines, and particularly the errors of "many wretched women, who being seduced by the "illusions and phantasms of the demons, believe and assert that "they ride by night, accompanied by a countless multitude, and "under the command of Diana, the goddess of the pagans, or of "Herodias": "therefore," it proceeds, "the priesthood should "instruct the people, that these are but dreams, produced by the "influence of the evil spirit, who deludes the silly women by im- "pressing their imagination with gloomy or joyful visions, and with "the appearances of friends and strangers. Thus they do not feel "that those phantastic and unsubstantial things take place only "in the spirit, but they believe that they are really performed in "the body." In these cavalcades we may also recognize the queen of Elfland and her train. The unexpected appearance of Herodias has already attracted the notice of Mr. Douce and Mr. Scott. To their researches we shall only add that the name may possibly have been corrupted from ἡ Εἰνοδία<sup>3</sup>, one of the epithets of the three-formed goddess<sup>a</sup>. Du Cange derives it from Hera Diana. It is rather singular, although we do not intend to lay any great stress upon a coincidence which may be wholly accidental, that in the lay of Sir Orfeo, the name of Eurydice, who assumes a very mysterious character in the "Gothic metamorphosis" of her history, is melted into Eurodys and Heurodis.

The path now becomes indistinct, and it is only after a long interval that we can retrace it. There is a romantic account in William of Newbury, of a Northumbrian peasant, who, returning

<sup>a</sup> Εἰνοδία θύγατερ Δάματρος ἅ τῶν  
Νυκτιπόλων ἐφόδων ἀνάσσεις.—*Ion*, vv. 1048-9.

<sup>3</sup> Ἠλιε, δέσποτα, καὶ πῦρ

<sup>1</sup> Ἰερὸν τῆς εἰνοδίας Ἑκάτης.—*Sophocles in Rhizotomis*.

home at midnight near a hill, was surprised by the sound of mirth and jollity. On approaching it he became aware of an open door in the side of it, through which he saw a company seated at a splendid banquet. One of the attendants perceiving the stranger at the entrance, offered him a cup, which he accepted; but, like the Count of Oldenburgh, he prudently spilt its contents upon the ground and fled away. The swiftness of his horse enabled him to baffle his pursuers, and he bore off the vessel which was made of an unknown substance, and which was afterwards presented by Henry I. to the Scottish monarch. Del Rio<sup>1</sup> maintains that this was a witch feast, but it is evidently a fairy adventure. And although we have now advanced to the period when magic was added to the number of liberal sciences, and when the encyclopedia of enchantment was translated from the Arabic at the special command of Alfonso the Wise<sup>2</sup>, there is no distinct appearance of witchcraft proper. The sorceresses torment their absent enemies by classical charms, and the male professors of grammar, are the learned clerks that study astrology and nigromancy at Cracow, Toledo or Salamanca, or the more venturesome wights who emulate the boldness of Guerino il Meschino<sup>3</sup>, and penetrate into the cavern of the Norcian Sybil. She enjoyed a very durable reputation. Aeneas Sylvius sent the Duke of Saxony's physician to Norcia to learn magic. It is erroneously asserted by Hutchinson<sup>4</sup>, that the decree of the University of Paris in 1398, complains of the increase of witchcraft. The learned faculty of theology declares that it is an error to believe that the demons stand in awe of characters written in goat's blood upon virgin parchment or lion's skin; that it is an error against faith, natural philosophy, and true astronomy, to ascribe any virtue to constellated images of white wax, or of red wax, or of gold, brass, or lead, and that it is a blasphemous error to attempt to inclose good angels in a gem or ring. But their indignation is solely directed against the school of Picatrix<sup>5</sup> and Peter of Abano<sup>6</sup>.

Joan of Arc is improperly called a witch by our English chroniclers; her crime was that intercourse with the fairies which enraptured Ashmole and Aubrey. If the enormities which were afterwards supposed to be committed by the votaries of Satan had then been currently known, her accusers would scarcely have failed to charge her with them. About the same period flourished Hoppo and Stadlein, the disciples of Stafius, who are introduced as spirits in the song in *Macbeth*. We also suspect that Hoppo is to be identified with Harper, who led Dr. Farmer into a maze in



search of an etymology. They were guilty of the old crimes of destroying the crops, and sending a murrain amongst the cattle; but without any imputation of devil worship.

The doctrines of the evangelical churches of the Alpine valleys, of those

“...who kept thy truth so pure of old,

When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,”

had now made a deep and lasting impression in the eastern parts of France, and in the adjoining provinces of the German empire. In most other parts of Europe they had sunk before the sword of persecution; but in this tract which, from its locality, sheltered a greater proportion of the disciples of Peter Waldo, their lessons had long excited a general wish to clear away the rubbish which Rome had heaped on the altar. The heresy of Dauphiné, Evreux, Lyons and Sedan, is attested by the bull of Innocent the Eighth; and the stand made by Niga<sup>1</sup> against the condemnation of those who were suspected, affords a presumption that it was not confined to the laity. The ludicrous and hieroglyphical representations which abound in the ancient churches of the north and west of Germany, show the prevalence of the same spirit amongst the persons who sanctioned them. The caricatures in our churches of gorbellied monks, and baboons in cowls and scapularies, were only intended to amuse one half of the clergy at the expense of the other; but those graphic libels are levelled against the faith. They ridicule the cross and the mass-book, and exhibit the pontifical vestures as covering wolves and demons.

Such being the state of religious feeling, the magical archers will assume a very different character. They were sorcerers whose arrows never missed their mark. The unerring shafts of an enemy of this class, named Puncher<sup>2</sup>, destroyed the whole garrison of the castle of Lindenbrunnen at the rate of three each day. There is another instance of Puncher's skill, which we give in the note<sup>a</sup>. Either the inquisitor was speculating on the ignorance of his

<sup>a</sup> Fertur denique de ipso, quod quidam de optimatibus, dum artis suæ experientiam certam capere voluisset, eidem proprium filium parvulum ad metam posuit, et pro signo super biretum pueri denarium, ipsique mandavit, ut denarium sine bireto per sagittam amoveret. Cum autem Maleficus id se facturum, sed cum difficultate, assereret, libentius abstinere, ne per Diabolum seduceretur in sui interitum. Verbis tamen principis inductus sagittam unam collari suo circa collum immisit, et alteram balistæ supponens, denarium bireto pueri sine omni nocumento excussit. Quo viso dum ille Maleficum interrogasset, cur sagittam collari imposuisset? respondit, si deceptus per Diabolum puerum occidissem, cum me mori necesse fuisset, subito cum sagitta altera vos transfixissem, ut vel sic mortem meam vindicassem.—*Malleus Maleficarum*, p. II. qu. I, c. xvi.

readers, or we must conclude that when he wrote, this exploit had not been introduced into Tell's<sup>1</sup> history. Lauffer, in his voluminous history of Switzerland, the only one we can now refer to, never quotes his authorities, and we cannot, therefore, ascertain whether it is noticed by the older historians of the Helvetic confederacy. Those archers, say the inquisitors, owed their skill to a compact which they made with the devil, and the price they paid was the sacrilege of shooting three arrows at the crucifix on Good Friday; they were probably iconoclasts, whom it was convenient to brand with a more odious name. Such expedients were often resorted to. The preamble to the first statute made in this country against conjuration and witchcraft, and which passed when Henry the Eighth burnt a protestant with as much zest as Torquemada, saith that "the persons that had done these things, had dug up and "pulled down an infinite number of crosses." And this, saith Hutchinson, "was a trap that could catch a protestant as well as "a wizzard, and take him off without ever letting the world know "what he died for."

The calumny of a promiscuous commerce between the sexes, reiterated against every sect which has been compelled to meet in secret for worship or exhortation, formed one of the leading accusations against the Waldenses or their followers. The crime of devil-worship was revived and superadded to it. In 1454 they were both imputed to the persons comprising a nightly conventicle, which assembled in a cellar in the town of Sangerhausen, and to whom the demon appeared in the form of a ram.

The persecutions in Artois in 1459 speak a language which is still more intelligible. A new colouring was given to the tales of wonder floating among the people, which together with the improbable and impossible crimes of the victims at Sangerhausen, were employed as a powerful engine of destruction against the heretics, who maintained that the pope was Antichrist, and purgatory a dream. "In this year," Monstrelet informs us, "there "were sad and fearful doings in the town of Artois, in the county "of Arras. This matter was called the Vaudoisie, but I cannot "tell the reason why it got such a name. They said, that in the "night-time divers persons, both men and women, were borne "from their homes by the power of Satan, and straight they "found themselves in solitary places, in woods or wastes. And "there they met a mighty number of other men and women, and "a devil in man's shape, but whose visage they never saw." Monstrelet gives an untranslatable description of the orgies which



ensued, and then he proceeds. "By reason of this foolish tale, "were many of the chief people of Artois, and others of less "note, cast into prison, and racked so barbarously that they "confessed those things in respect of which they were arraigned. "And, moreover, they gave up the names of many other persons "of consideration, prelates and lords, and governors of balliwicks, "who consorted with them. It was commonly thought that, by "dint of artful interrogatories and repeated torments, the judges "and commissioners got them to name whomsoever they chose. "The poorer sort were burnt alive, but some of the richer men freed "themselves by bribes."

It may be safely affirmed that the assemblies, "*en auscuns "lieux arri re des gens,  s bois, ou  s desers,*" were such as, from similar causes, were held by the Scottish presbyterians. The flames, thus kindled by religious rancour and framed by avarice, did not fail to spread themselves. Del Rio exultingly proclaims that witchcraft was the inseparable companion of the principles of the Waldenses, as well as of the more modern Lutherans and Calvinists. In 1484, Innocent the Eighth directed a bull to the inquisitors of Germany, charging them to discover and punish the heretics of both sexes, who had abandoned the Catholic faith, associated with the demons, and caused infinite mischiefs to man and beast by their hellish sorceries. The bulls for the extirpation of the Waldenses followed in 1487. The inquisitors seem to have availed themselves of either of the accusations as suited them best. Thus about this time an hundred Piedmontese were burnt as witches and the inquisitor would gladly have burnt as many more, had not the people expelled him from the country. We shall not trace the further growth of the poison-tree, which soon overshadowed Europe; it is sufficient to have pointed out the soil where it first was raised. However divided they might be on other points of religion or jurisprudence, all considered it their bounden duty to vindicate the divine majesty, and to protect the commonwealth, by inflicting torture and death upon the victims of the most egregious folly, or the foulest perjury. A witch was a *Wulfes-heafod*<sup>1</sup>, whom no flight across the frontier could save from destruction. Amongst the memorabilia of witchcraft we must not forget the reasoning by which the truth of the system was maintained. There was an obvious absurdity in asserting that a prisoner, who was accused of gliding through a key-hole, and flying a thousand miles between midnight and sunrise, would submit to languish in a dungeon; and that a pile of faggots should consume her, who

commanded the elements and had all the powers of hell at her devotion. But these difficulties were easily solved by descanting on the perfidy of Satan. After giving so many instances of his power, it was prudent to allay the admiration which it raised, lest he should become too general a favourite.

In the trials, every judicial rule, good or bad, was disregarded. Bodin<sup>1</sup> taught (and we are giving a literal translation of his expression), that "the trial of this atrocious offence must not be conducted like other crimes. Whoever adheres to the ordinary course of justice, perverts the spirit of the law, both human and divine." "He who is accused of sorcery should never be acquitted unless the malice of the prosecutor be clearer than the sun: for it is so difficult to bring full proof of this secret crime, that out of a million of witches, not one would be convicted if the usual method were followed." And the rules and practice which they did follow, were such as would be dictated by a lunatic familiar of the Holy Office. On the trial of Mother Munnings, in 1694, one witness swore, that coming from the ale-house about nine at night, he looked in at her window, and saw her take two imps out of her basket, a black one and a white one. The white imp was a lock of wool which the poor woman was going to spin, and the black one was its shadow. Such was the usual nature of the evidence produced, and when that could not be procured, they had recourse to presumptions,—as a number of faint lights, they said, are equal to one bright light, thus many weak proofs are equivalent to a strong proof. Two of the "symptoms," which according to Mr. John Bell, minister of the gospel at Glaidsmuir, were "providential discoveries" of the crime, are "mala fama," which another authority informs us is nearly infallible, if the witch cries out, "Lord have mercy on me!" when she is taken; and the inability of shedding tears, because as a witch could only shed three tears, and those with her left eye, her stock was soon exhausted, and it was the more notable, King James shrewdly observes, "since women in general are like the crocodile, ready to weep upon every slight occasion." Martin d'Arles laid an equal stress upon squinting, which arises, as he says, from the horrid visions and apparitions of the evil spirits. Hopkins, we know, was employed in discovering those

"Who feeling pain, were hanged for witches."

On the continent they burnt them if they did not feel. When the rack failed to extort a confession from fortitude and conscious innocence, the taciturnity of the victim was ascribed to the devil. Bodin is averse to the practice of putting witches to the torture



when they are accused upon suspicion. The cause of this tenderness will not be readily anticipated. The civil law absolves a criminal when there exists only presumptive evidence of his guilt, provided he undergoes the torture without confessing. Therefore lest the witch should be obstinately silent, and consequently become entitled to an acquittal, he advises the judge to pass on immediately to condemnation. Del Rio, on the contrary, is a great advocate for the rack "in moderation, and according to the regulations of Pope Pius the Third, and so as not to cripple the criminal for life"; but in order to obviate any misapprehension, he carefully explains that he only intends to discountenance those tortures which fracture the bones, or lacerate the tendons—as to simple dislocations, and such like, "*vix in tormentis ea potest evitare.*" With the same humanity, the most distressing torture which cruelty ever invented, that of keeping the sufferer without sleep for a week or ten days together, is recommended by him as being excellently adapted to women and others of delicate habits.

It was truly hazardous to oppose those judicial murders—if any one ventured to do so, the catholics burnt him as a heretic, and the protestants had a vehement longing to hang him for an atheist. Thus Vlaet was burnt alive, and the same fate would have befallen Cornelius Loos<sup>1</sup>, if a natural death had not disappointed his persecutors. We may estimate the merit of his suppressed treatise by the anxiety expressed by the learned jesuit whom we have so often quoted, lest the researches of some "*malignant cacodemon*" (some printer's devil, we presume) should ultimately bring it to light. Nor can we think meanly of the antagonist of Marnix de Ste. Aldegonde<sup>2</sup>. The book of Reginald Scott<sup>3</sup> was burnt by the hands of the common hangman. Even the pious and learned Meric Casaubon<sup>4</sup>, did not blush to use the following language.

"If a man consider what kind of men for the most part they have been who have taken upon themselves to oppose the belief of mankind concerning witches, some notorious atheists as Pomponatius, Vaninius, etc. others, confident illiterate wretches, as Reginald Scott, and the like, he will certainly think that if the cause be no better than the patrons it cannot be very good, nor see any reason at all to embrace it."

Beza<sup>5</sup>, the reformer, upbraided the parliament of Paris for its incredulity. It affords some consolation to humanity to remark that this illustrious tribunal, whose merits are not sufficiently appreciated, was almost untainted by the savage folly which disgraced every other seat of judicature. It refused to take

cognizance of witchcraft as a crime, or to allow it to be treated as such by the inferior courts within its jurisdiction.

The tragedy in New England in 1692 undeceived many in the mother country. Cotton Mather attributed the increase of witches amongst the colonists to the Paw-waws sending their spirits amongst them; but the Paw-waws retorted the accusation. Nineteen persons were hanged; one pressed to death for standing mute at his trial; eight more condemned, but reprieved when the prosecutions were stopped; at which juncture there were one hundred and fifty, or thereabouts, committed for trial, and above two hundred more accused. The childish follies which are interspersed enhance the horror of the scene; they show how human life was sported with. In the phraseology of the tabernacle, Mather took care to improve the devil. He got him to approve of popish books, and quakers' books, and the Common Prayer book, and the Oxford and Cambridge jests, all of which were consequently to be considered as naught by the elect. On the other hand, Satan showed the most edifying aversion to the Assembly's Catechism, and to "Milk for Babies" and the "Remarkable Providences," which were the works of Mather's father and grandfather. And lest the puff should not be sufficiently clear, he adds, "I hope I have not spoiled the credit of the books by telling how much the devil hated them."

The repentant jurymen afterwards signed a solemn declaration, that "for want of knowledge in themselves, and better information from others, they had been prevailed upon to take up such evidence against the accused, as on further consideration they feared was insufficient for touching the lives of any one." "Therefore," continued they, "we signify to all in general, and to the surviving sufferers in special, our deep sense of, and sorrow for our errors. And we hereby declare, that we were sadly deluded and mistaken, for which we are much disquieted and distressed in our minds, and do therefore humbly beg forgiveness, first of God, for Christ's sake, for this our error, and pray that God would not impute the guilt of it to ourselves, nor others. And we also pray that we may be considered candidly and aright by the living sufferers, as being then under the power of a strong and general delusion."

The statutes against witches however continued in force, and as late as 1716 Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, the latter aged nine years, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, tormenting and destroying their neighbours by making them vomit pins, and for raising a storm, so that a ship was almost



lost, by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. The repeal of the witch statutes is our best security against a repetition of these enormities. There are some latent sparks yet slumbering in the ashes.

Medical charms and popular notions respecting the qualities of bodies stand on the debatable ground between the kingdoms of truth and falsehood. Such is the inexhaustible store of properties which have been bestowed on the works of nature, that it is never safe to conclude *a priori*, that any effect ascribed to them is fictitious or impossible, until we have applied to the test of experiment. Generally speaking, however, the line of demarcation is not obscure, nor does the scepticism to which we have adverted, extenuate the credulity which is often found in those who ought to know better. Don Manuel de Espriella<sup>1</sup> has some pertinent observations on this head. The lesson read by this intelligent Spaniard ought to teach a little charity to our English travellers, in judging of the mental cultivation of other nations. We had as lieve that men should hang the "higa" round the infant's neck, as that mama should purchase the anodyne necklace. And Mr. Brand's grave assertion that "whatever may be the reason, it is a certain fact, "that setting up a poker before the fire has a wonderful effect in "making it burn," affords a whimsical instance of the prevalence of "vulgar errors."

The mysterious pharmacopœia was reluctantly abandoned. Sir Thomas Brown had forcibly declared that "not only is a resolved "prostration unto antiquity a powerful enemy unto knowledge, "but any confident adherence unto authority or resignation of our "judgments upon the testimony of any age or author whatsoever." But Cato had taught that a fractured limb might be healed by a green reed and a charm, and Galen found that certain remedies lost their virtues if they were pounded by a person who had any iron about him. The arguments, therefore, of Sir Thomas could have little weight with the submissive sages who considered themselves as "children in understanding, and who ought to be "directed by those fathers of knowledge." "Dwarfs and pigmies "to those giants of wisdom on whose shoulders we stand."<sup>a</sup> Objections against the sympathetic receipts of Digby and Van Helmont were evaded by bidding the querist hold his peace until he could explain "why faltrick draweth the choler, agarick flegm, "and epithymum melancholy—why selenites (as Fermilius

<sup>a</sup> We are not alluding to Bentley. These are the very words of honest Alexander Ross, from whom the Doctor pilfered his well-known apophthegm.

"observeth) being applied to the skin stayeth bleeding; and why "hemlock and henbane poysoneth men which norish birds." And this application of the "argumentum ad ignorantiam" passed for irrefragable logic.

The merits and demerits of the volumes which form the subject of this article, may, with some qualification, be told in the words of their author.

"I have gleaned passages that seemed to throw light upon the "subject, as my numberless citations will evince, from an immense "variety of volumes, both printed and manuscript; and those "written too in several languages; in the doing of which, if I shall "not be found to have deserved the praise of judgment, I must "at least make pretensions to the merit of industry. Elegance of "composition will hardly be expected in a work of this nature, "which seems to stand much less in need of Attic wit than of "Roman perseverance, or, if we glance at modern times, of Dutch "assiduity."

The same pages, however, which evince his extensive and recondite reading, show that he trusted too often to second-hand authority. The description of the fairies in the entertainment at Althorpe is loosely quoted from Poole's *English Parnassus* without any recognition of Jonson's property in the verses. The *Fatal Dowry*, too, is called "an old play," and the *Witch of Edmonton*<sup>1</sup>, "a most rare old play," but he does not betray any symptom of the knowledge of the names of their authors.

The interminable length and confusion of the notes, nine-tenths of which ought to have been incorporated in the text, and the immethodical manner in which Mr. Brand has treated his subject, are equally objectionable. In the original MS. "he had not kept even "to the chronological order of the feasts and fasts observed by his "predecessor Bourne"; and for the arrangement which enables us to pick our way through the wilderness, we are indebted to Mr. Ellis, who undertook the labour of editing the performance. Some indulgence, however, is due to the inevitable imperfections of a posthumous work. Considered as the common-place book of a staunch and laborious antiquary, who devoted years of leisure to its compilation, these blemishes do not materially diminish its real value, though the author, as he felt and acknowledged, was endowed with no great share of critical acumen. And Mr. Brand's simplicity, which sometimes puts us in mind of good parson Adams, has induced us to lend no unwilling ear to his apologies.

In the first volume the "days of more particular note in the



"calendar are taken in chronological order" beginning with "New Year's Eve," and an account of the good old custom of "Was-sail," which is yet retained in Gloucestershire, and some other remote parts of the kingdom, and ending with the "dismal day" "of Childemasse," or the Holy Innocents. Dismal indeed it was, for in the morning our ancestors had a custom which has fortunately become obsolete, of "whipping up the children" in order that "the memorie of Herod's murder of the innocents might strike the closer"; an ingenious application of Professor Feinagle's principles which was practised on other occasions.

Twelfth-day in Gloucestershire is also the name of another kind of Wassailing, as follows:

"At the approach of the evening on the vigil of the Twelfth Day, the farmers with their friends and servants meet together, and about six o'clock walk out to a field where wheat is growing. In the highest part of the ground, twelve small fires and one large one are lighted up. The attendants, headed by the master of the family, pledge the company in old cyder, which circulates freely on these occasions. A circle is formed round the large fire, when a general shout and hallooing takes place, which you hear answered from all the adjacent villages and fields. Sometimes fifty or sixty of these fires may be seen all at once. This being finished, the company return home, where the good housewife and her maids are preparing a good supper. A large cake is always provided with a hole in the middle. After supper, the company all attend the bailiff (or head of the oxen) to the wain-house, where the following particulars are observed. The master, at the head of his friends, fills the cup, generally of strong ale, and stands opposite the first or finest of the oxen. He then pledges him in a curious toast; the company follow his example with all the other oxen, addressing each by his name. This being finished, the large cake is produced, and with much ceremony put on the horn of the first ox, through the hole above-mentioned. The ox is then tickled to make him toss his head; if he throws the cake behind, then it is the perquisite of the mistress; if before, the bailiff himself claims the prize. The company then return to the house, the doors of which they find locked, nor will they be opened until some joyous songs are sung. On their gaining admittance a scene of mirth and jollity ensues, and which lasts the greatest part of the night."

The custom of drawing "king and queen" seems to have prevailed in one shape or another in most parts of Europe; but

the method by which the regal dignity is now confirmed is of late introduction. This important elevation was anciently conducted in a manner which obviated the suspicions of collusion on the part of the scrutineers, which now and then sets half the little conclave a pouting. "Cut the cake," says Melibæus in the speeches to Queen Elizabeth at Sudley; "Cut the cake, who hath the beane 'shal be King, and where the peaze is, shee shal be Queene.'" Thus also in Herrick's *Hesperides*, an inexhaustible repertory of popular customs and allusions, with extracts from which Mr. Brand has often enlivened his pages:

"Now, now the time comes,  
With the cake full of plumbs,  
Where the Beane's the King of the sport here;  
Besides we must know,  
The Pea also,  
Must revele, as Queen, in the court here."

"In Normandy they place a child under the table which is covered in such a manner with the cloth that he cannot see what is doing; and when the cake is divided, one of the company taking up the first piece, cries out 'Fabe Domini pour qui?' The child answers 'Pour le bon Dieu'; and in this manner the pieces are allotted to the company. If the bean be found in the piece for the 'bon Dieu,' the king is chosen by drawing long or short straws. Otherwise whoever gets the bean chuses the king or queen, according as the person happens to be a man or a woman."

Choosing the king of the bean also formed a gambol at both the universities.

A piece of money was often substituted for the bean, as described in the Alexandrines of Barnaby Googe,

"But who so chaunceth on the peece wherein the money lies,  
Is counted king amongst them all, and is with showtes and cries  
Exalted to the heavens up, who taking chalke in hande,  
Doth make a crosse on every beame and rafters as they stande."

These crosses had great virtue in scaring away "cursed spirits and devils" and in averting harm and ill-luck from the dwelling.

In Silesia the three kings and an angel parade the streets, chanting a traditionary carol. The first verses of it would furnish Miss Edgeworth with an additional instance of the universality of what are most unjustly termed Irish bulls.

Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, like many other saints, have had the fortune to be mysticized. On the vigil of the feast their names written with blood on the forehead of the trembling



enquirer, procured a vision of the time and manner of his death. And it was one of the three holy nights in which the magic pipe was prepared, whose music allured the worm employed in the ceremonies, which induced the pygmies of the wood to give up the wishing cap<sup>a</sup>.

The star, as the legend tells, fell into a well in the holy land after it had performed its office, where it could be occasionally seen. The optical effects produced by deep wells may have laid the foundation for this fable. Under favourable circumstances, a star of the first magnitude may be reflected in the day-time from the surface of the waters.

The pagan origin of the customs observed on May-day is distinctly marked; at the two extremities of this island they form a singular contrast. The stormy sky and inhospitable soil of the Celt so frequently refused him the means of subsistence, that when he contemplated the return of the yearning time and the harvest, it was to him a season of doubt and anxiety. On the Beltane-day, the highlander, faithful to the rites of his ancestors, still offers the consecrated cake to the fox, the hooded crow, and the eagle, the destroyers of his flocks and herds, and to the beings whom he reveres as their protectors. And the devoted person who draws the black lot is compelled to leap three times through the flames as a memorial of the ancient sacrifices. The youth of the year did not present the same apprehensions to the inhabitant of the genial shores of Italy. He did not supplicate the deities for blessings which he had no reason to fear they would withhold, and he rejoiced in the anticipation of them. However when the classical festivities of the Floralia were introduced into this climate,

<sup>a</sup> This wishing-cap, or cloud-cap, is of frequent occurrence in the ancient Teutonic romances. In the Book of Heroes the little King Laurin<sup>1</sup> wears it when he carries off the sister of Theodoric of Verona.

“Künig Laurin begunde  
Grifen zü den malen sin  
Darus nam er ein keppelin  
Darin verbannt er si ze hant  
Und sinen güten schiltes rant  
Do moht man in geschen niht.”

In the Niebelungen, where it contributes so materially to the development of the story, it is found under the name of Tarnchappe.

“Dú will was öch Sifrit der wœtliche man,  
E daz ez ieman wisse, zü dem schisse gegān  
Da er sin tarnchappen verborgen ligen vant  
Darin slœf er vil schiere; do was er nieman bechant.”

it would have been desirable either to advance their place in the calendar, or to expel the King of the Fogs who, according to the fairy tale of Madame d'Aunoy, has held his court in England ever since he was jilted by his mistress. Milton, with the "Ben venga" "Maggio" of the Tuscan poet yet ringing in his ear, may have been inspired to "Hail" the bounteous, flowery May;

"...who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose."

But we fear that even before the alteration of the style so beautifully lamented in "The Tears of Old May-Day" she was but a sickly, hollow-cheeked damsel. Stubbs, in his declamation against "Maie" tells us that "every parishe towne and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, olde and yong, even all indifferently, and, either going all together or deviding themselves into companies, they goe some to the woodes and groves, some to the hilles and mountaines, some to one place, and some to another, where they spende all the night in pastymes." Yet we must not allow his invective as unexceptionable evidence of the mildness of the weather, which could allow of such cool and airy revels. He has evidently overcharged his picture, notwithstanding his boast of the "credible reports" he had received from "men of greate gravitie, credite, and reputation." Another writer of the same age more considerately qualifies his account of the May games with "if the skie cleare up." An "if" of which we all feel the necessity.

The supposed cosmetic virtues of May dew, when gathered before sunrise, are pretty generally remembered in the country. It was probably an allegory by which some village Zadig attempted to induce the maidens to attend to the wholesome observances of early rising and exercise.

The Puritans fought a stubborn battle with the Maypoles, those "heathenish vanities of superstition and wickedness," whose fall is deplored by the author of *Pasquil's Palinodia*<sup>1</sup>, in verses of extraordinary harmony considering the time when they were composed.

"Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes,  
For then true love and amity were found,  
When every village did a May pole raise,  
And Whitsun ales and May games did abound;  
And all the lusty yonkers in a rout,  
With merry lasses daunced the rod about;  
Then friendship to the banquet bid the guests,  
And poor men fared the better for their feasts.



Alas, poor May poles! what should be the cause  
That you were almost banisht from the earth?  
Who never were rebellious to the lawes,  
Your greatest crime was honest, harmless mirth."

The Maypoles<sup>1</sup> never held up their heads again. The last upon record was that in Mayfair, which was "begged" by Sir Isaac Newton as a stand for his great telescope. The morrice dancers, and Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian rallied after the Restoration, although somewhat shorn of their former glories:

"For, oh! the hobby-horse was forgot."

The merry troop was wandering up and down the country about twenty years ago, but these are sad degenerate times, and it is to be greatly feared that now they are only to be seen in Mr. Tollett's parlour window. Mr. Ellis has added some extracts from Mr. Douce's elaborate dissertation upon the May games, in illustration of his text; but we must inform that gentleman, that, correct as Minsheu generally is, his authority for once is questionable. The Tarrasca was the dragon, and not the chevalet or hobby-horse.

On Whitsunday, Mr. Brand has quoted the following verses from Barnaby Googe, which require some explanation.

"On Whitsunday whyte pigeons tame in strings from heaven flie,  
And one that framed is of wood, still hangeth in the skie.  
Thou seest how they with idols plaie, and teach the people to;  
None otherwise than little gyrles with puppets use to do."

It was the custom during this festival to suspend a silver dove from the roof of the church, and to let it slowly down during part of the service, as an emblem of the descent of the Holy Ghost. In the churches in France, under the early races, the host was sometimes kept in a shrine made in the shape of a dove, and suspended over the altar.

At "Christmas" we find an article of rustic superstition which is new to us.

"A superstitious notion prevails in the western parts of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night, on Christmas eve, the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion; and that (which is still more singular) since the alteration of the stile they continue to do this only on the Eve of old Christmas Day. An honest countryman living on the edge of St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston, Cornwall, informed me, Oct. 28th, 1790, that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of the above, and watching several oxen in their stalls

"at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the "two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed "it in the idiom of the country, make 'a cruel moan like Christian "creatures."

Mr. Brand has got together a goodly number of the sports and customs which took place in

"...those golden days of yore,  
When Christmas was a high day."

And it gives us no small degree of satisfaction to note that the chaplains of St. James' Palace, "retain the custom" of having "a tureen full of rich plum-porridge" served up, and not only served up, but actually "eaten on that festival at that table." We hope we shall never see the time when this orthodox dish<sup>a</sup>, this venerable specimen of the talent of the ancient master-cook, shall be banished by turtle-soup or any heathenish dainty whatever.

The sons and daughters of Christmas, "Old Christmas of "London, and Captain Christmas,"<sup>b</sup> have seen strange vicissitudes since the family were last assembled at White Hall. Wassail, the neat sempstress, has abandoned the metropolis. Carrol has been divested of his tawny coat and red cap, and the flute has dropped from his girdle; he has been clothed anew, and taught "to sing through the nose," at the "Evangelical Tract Repository." Minced-pie and Babie-cake are yet in good repute; they were persecuted, it is true, as malignants in the time of the commonwealth, but they recovered their estates and their credit, with the king. Gambol, with his hoop and bells, is consigned to Bartholomew-fair. Post-and-Pair has long given up his place to a numerous train of illegitimate descendants. Misrule, if we are to believe John Bull when he is in a growling humour, is no longer content with his twelve days empire, but shows himself at every season of the year.

In the second volume, we have "the customs and ceremonies of common life." It opens with "the lady in the straw" which was far from being a figurative expression in former times. "So late "as Henry the Eighth's time, there were directions for certain "persons to examine every night the straw of the king's bed, that "no daggers might be concealed therein." The section on "child-

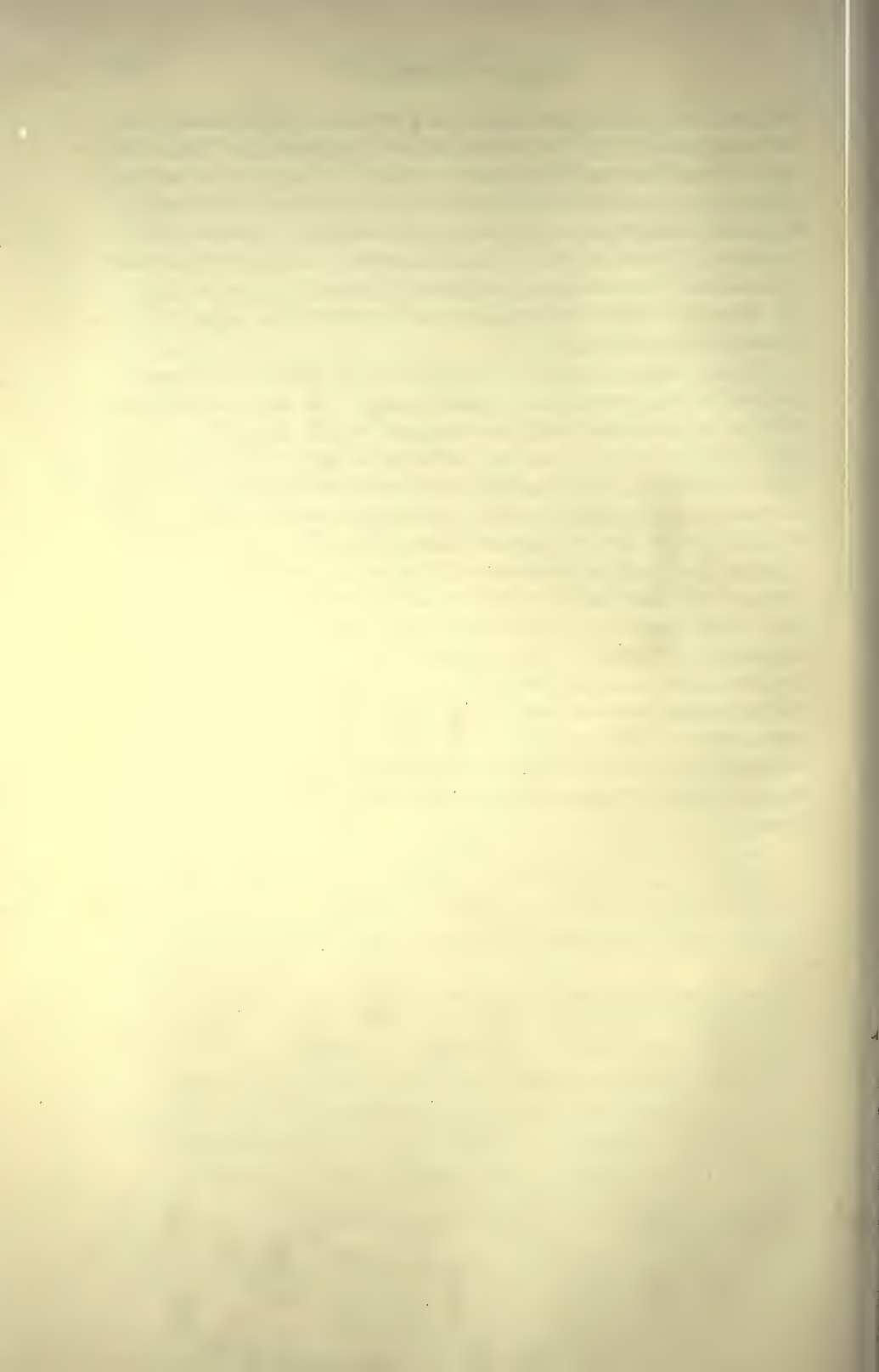
<sup>a</sup> "But what are the hopes of men!" even of reviewers! Since the above was written, we have learned that the "plum-porridge," the "tureen," and the "table," have vanished all together. So it is! "Star after star goes out, and—all is night."

<sup>b</sup> See Ben Jonson's *Masque of Christmas*.



"bearing, churching, and christening customs," is followed, not very categorically, by "betrothing and marriage customs." But this slight deviation from the decorous order of things by no means extends to the matrimonial chapter, which is arranged with great regularity and precision, as, a few pages beyond "divinations at "weddings," we meet with a dissertation on "the saying that the "husbands of false women wear horns." Like all his predecessors, Mr. Brand has failed in his endeavours to recover the origin of the "Cimier' di Cornovaglia."

"The numerous train of popular notions, sports and errors," furnish the contents of the remaining pages. On these we cannot enlarge, as we have already exceeded our limits. Upon the whole this voluminous work may be useful (with proper caution) as a book of reference. Its materials have been amassed without much attention to their relative worth, of which, indeed, we suspect the author to be no very competent judge. He takes no general view of his subject, and his desultory collections are made with so little care, and the notes and the text are so frequently at variance with each other, that the reader is left without any other help than his own sagacity may afford him, to arrive at any conclusion whatever. We have already noticed that vulgar symptom of the Bibliomania, quoting passages in every one's hand from rare books or manuscripts *penes autorem*. This is so common with Mr. Brand, that persons unacquainted with his character must inevitably surmise that he intended his two volumes to operate as the puff indirect upon his library<sup>1</sup>.





## ANCIENT GERMAN AND NORTHERN POETRY.

REPRINTED FROM THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" OF FEBRUARY, 1816.

1. ILLUSTRATIONS OF NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES, *from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances; being an Abstract of the Book of Heroes and Nibelungen Lay; with translations of Metrical Tales, from the Old German, Danish, Swedish and Icelandic Languages.* With Notes and Dissertations. By Mr. WEBER and Mr. JAMIESON. 4to. pp. 520. Edinburgh, 1814.
2. ALTDEUTSCHE WÄLDER, herausgegeben durch die Brüder GRIMM. Frankfort, 1815. Cassel, 1813.
3. LIEDER DER ALTEN EDDA. Aus der Handschrift herausgegeben und erklärt durch die Brüder GRIMM. Berlin, 1815.
4. NORDISCHE HELDENROMANE. Uebersetzt durch F. H. VON DER HAGEN. Breslau, 1814.
5. ALTNORDISCHE SAGEN UND LIEDER, &c.—Herausgegeben durch F. H. VON DER HAGEN. Berlin, 1812.
6. DIE BEIDEN AELTESTEN DEUTSCHEN GEDICHTE AUS DEM ACHTEN JAHRHUNDERT: DAS LIED VON HILDEBRAND UND HADUBRAND UND DAS WEISSENBRUNNER GEBET, zum erstenmal in ihrem Metrum dargestellt und herausgegeben durch die Brüder GRIMM. Cassel, 1812.
7. LITERARISCHER GRUNDRISS ZUR GESCHICHTE DER DEUTSCHEN POESIE, durch F. H. VON DER HAGEN und J. G. BÜSCHING. Berlin, 1812.
8. DAS HELDENBUCH, herausgegeben durch F. H. VON DER HAGEN. Berlin, 1811.
9. UEBER DEN ALTDEUTSCHEN MEISTERGESANG. Von JACOB GRIMM. Göttingen, 1811.
10. DAS LIED DER NIBELUNGEN *in der Ursprache, mit der Lesarten der verschiedenen Handschriften*, herausgegeben durch F. H. VON DER HAGEN. Berlin, 1810.
11. SAMMLUNG DEUTSCHER VOLKSLIEDER. Herausgegeben durch BÜSCHING und VON DER HAGEN. Berlin, 1807.

THE study of the ancient poetry of the North, has now become a favourite pursuit of Germany. Whilst the Germans were groaning under their foreign taskmasters, their laws, their customs, and

their very language were threatened with extinction. Their common sufferings, as well as their late unexampled successes have roused the dormant spirit of German patriotism. They have become conscious of the innate worth and might of their nation, and have begun to prize whatever is peculiar to it with enthusiastic fondness. This effervescent nationality is perhaps at present a little too impetuous; but it has had the good effect of restoring their long forgotten bards, as well as the romantic legends of the olden day, to their former popularity. And a kind of poetical accomplishment has thus been given to the old prophecy, that Ariovistus and Wittekind, and the invulnerable Siegfried would issue once more from the ruins of Geroldseck<sup>1</sup>, at the time when Germany was in its utmost need, and again bring triumph and glory to their countrymen.

All nations have had their mythological age, in which the destroyers of mankind have generally found no difficulty in soaring up to the thrones of the celestial regions. The last Odin, in this way, became the rightful monarch of Valhalla; and the statue of the King of the Cherusci<sup>2</sup>, was exalted on the pillar of the god of battles. We doubt not but that the bards of Arminius found the defeat of Varus and his legions announced with all due clearness and precision in the dread oracles of the Oak; and, making allowances for change of circumstances, we may safely boast, that the hierophantic race is not wholly extinct, even in the present day. Everybody knows how skilfully Mr. Granville Penn contrived to discover, within a very few months after the end of the last Russian campaign, that all Bonaparte's bulletins and bivouacks—Moscow, Smolensko and Kutusoff and Tchitchagoff, were all lying snugly enough wrapped up in the 38th and 39th chapters of Ezekiel; and if affairs had not fortunately taken another turn, there was a time when their Majesties of Austria, Wirtemberg, Prussia, etc., etc., and certain other of their cashiered compeers, would have had a fair chance of ranking amongst the seven heads and the ten horns, at least in the opinion of more than one acute and learned expounder of the book of Revelation.

There has been as rapid a transition from military fame to romantic fabling in less obscure periods. By ascribing to the successful warrior somewhat of supernatural prowess, the vanquished have been willing to extenuate their shame, and the victors to enhance their glory. When Alexander buried the armour fitted for limbs of more than mortal mould, he had a latent foreboding of the light in which he was to be considered by future



generations in Persia and India, who would picture him now mounted on his griffin, and darting through the clouds, and now sunk beneath the billows in his house of glass, and compelling the inhabitants of every element to own him as their sovereign. The pride of the Franks bestowed more crowns upon Charlemagne than that doughty and orthodox Emperor ever claimed. And the prowess of Roland must be gathered from the song of the minstrel, and not from the dry historical brevity of Eginhart<sup>1</sup>, where we shall seek in vain for the terrific imagery of the battle of Roncevalles in the ambush of the Gascons, and the death of the Prefect Rotlandus. The investigations of the historians of chivalrous fiction, have been hitherto confined to the romances of the French and their numerous imitators; and the subject, although by no means exhausted, has yet become tolerably familiar. The errant knights whom we have usually encountered, either aspire to a seat at the Round Table, or owe allegiance to the lily banner; and with these most of us are now very tolerably acquainted. Amadis of Gaul, and Palmerin of England<sup>2</sup>, are almost as well known to us as Wellington and Bonaparte; while their outlandish antagonists, the bearded Soldans and recreant Saracens, are about as familiar as the Imperial Mamelukes, or the Polish Lancers. The very giants of any note are of our own kith and kin; and, upon a nearer acquaintance, the fierce Morholt<sup>3</sup> dwindles into a tall Irishman, hardly half a foot above the regulation standard of a widow hunter.

It is far otherwise in the national romances of the Germans. We gaze there on strange countenances, and listen to stranger names; and it is with some difficulty that we are at length enabled to recognize the Gothic and Hunnish subverters of the Roman Empire, in the throng of frowning warriors, who gradually recede from our view, until they lose themselves amidst the remote and visionary forms of Scandinavian mythology. When Europe was overwhelmed by the Teutonic nations, the distinctions between these kindred tribes were not so sharply defined as at later periods. The Christianity of the Germans afterwards contributed still more to separate them from such of the same stock as adhered to their old religion. But whilst the early conquests were going on, they were constantly intermingling. And there is therefore less reason to be surprised, at the wide diffusion of the fables whose historical groundwork is to be found in the achievements of that eventful age, than at the various disguises which they assume.

The earliest vestiges of the Teutonic story are preserved in the

poems of the older Edda, collected by Sæmund Sigfusson, who lived between the years 1051 and 1121, which have been published at large, for the first time, both by Grimm and Hagen (Nos. 3 and 5). From these the Volsunga-Saga was compiled, in the same manner as the prose romances of chivalry were afterwards formed out of the metrical originals. The hero Sigurd slays the dragon Fofner, and wins the fatal treasure which he guards. He awakens Brynhild, the wise, the warlike, and the fair, from the magic slumber into which she has been cast by Odin, and plights his faith to her; but the charmed drink prepared by Grimhild causes him to lose all remembrance of his vows, and to become the husband of Gudrun, the daughter of the sorceress. The subsequent adventures of the Volsunga-Saga, as far as the assassination of Sigurd, and the voluntary death of Brynhild, may be seen in Mr. Herbert's translations, to which it must be added, that Swanhild, the daughter of Sigurd, becomes the wife of King Jormunrek, who, deceived by the traitor Bikke, causes her to be trampled to death by wild horses. Agreeing in substance, but with the usual variations of traditionary poetry, the story of the German Lay of the Nibelungen is found in the ancient Danish ballads—the Kæmpe and Elskoos viser, the most important of which have been admirably translated by Mr. Jamieson.

The latest of the Scandinavian works, relating to the German heroes of the first race, is the Wilkina and Niflunga Saga, which was compiled, in the thirteenth century, from the "songs of the Danes and Swedes, the poetry of the Northmen, and the ancient romances and traditions of the North of Germany." In the very curious ancient preface, the author apologizes for the poetical exaggerations of the Scalds, and magnifies the importance of his Saga, "which begins in Apulia, and travels northward to Lombardy and Venice, and Thuringia and Hungary and Sweden, and also into Valland (either Italy or France) and Spain. And of all these kingdoms does this Saga treat, and describes the deeds which were performed therein."

The Jormunrek of the Edda, the Ermenrich<sup>1</sup> of the German romances, is undoubtedly the Great Ermanaric, whom Jornandes compares to another Alexander; and as the same historian notices the fate of Swanhild, under the name of Saniel or Sunilda, an undeniable proof is thus afforded of the antiquity of the Scaldic rhapsodies. The Arthur of Teutonic romance, however, is the hero Dieterich of Bern<sup>2</sup>; and he and his companions appear more or less prominently in all the poems which compose the cycle. It is



thought that their deeds of high emprise were sung in the "ancient and barbarous verses," which, according to Eginhart, were collected by Charlemagne. His partiality for these national legends may have given rise to the traditionary fable contained in the annals of Snorro, according to which he carried his curiosity still farther; for, as he wished to see the very persons of these renowned champions, the Earl Widforull evoked their spectres, who arose obedient to the spell, mounted on their war steeds, and clothed in full armour. The ghostly squadron advanced in four divisions, and when Dieterich came before the Emperor, they sprang from their chargers, and seated themselves in his presence. Dieterich was known by his towering stature, and by his shield, upon which, as in his lifetime, was emblazoned a crowned lion. His right, however, to bear this ancient device of the Gothic kings becomes somewhat questionable, from the induction to the *Heldenbuch*, from which it may be inferred, that the "evil spirit" "Machmet," whom the mother of Dieterich found lying by her side, when King Dietmar, his reputed father, was on a journey, has some reason to take more than a usual interest in the fate of the unborn hero, who, as he prophesied, would breathe fire when he was enraged—a gift which afterwards proved of essential service to him. The spirit also assured her that her son would become "a right pious hero";—"and in three nights the Devil" "built a fair strong castle, which is now the castle of Bern." The city of Verona, to which the name of Bern was given in the Gothic dialects, was the capital of Dieterich's kingdom, from which he was expelled by his uncle Ermenrich, the Emperor of Rome, and compelled to take refuge in the royal camp of Etzel (Attila) the King of the Huns. It happens, unfortunately indeed, that Attila died in 453; while Ermanaric flourished nearly a century earlier; and the great Theodorick the Ostrogoth, was born some years after Attila's death; but, notwithstanding these anachronisms, and the contradictory statements in the romances, which we have not room to notice, there is good reason to suppose, that Theodorick is the historical prototype of Dieterich of Bern,—"he, who" "was the greatest captain known in the wide world, and whose" "name shall never be lost in the Southern kingdoms, so long as" "the world shall stand." These are the expressions of the romancers, who may well have been dazzled by the fame of the son of Theodomir (Dietmar), when the hostile Greek pronounces him to have been inferior to no one who had borne the imperial dignity. The frenzy which preceded the death of Theodorick,

when he beheld the countenance of the murdered Symmachus in the head of the fish which was served on his royal table, has furnished matter both for the fictions of superstition and romance. At the hour of his death, a Catholic hermit saw the Arian monarch conducted to the volcano of Lipari, bound and barefooted, between Pope John and Symmachus, who join forces to hurl him into the crater. The romantic legends have shown scarcely more mercy than Gregory the Great, who relates the foregoing story. In the *Heldenbuch*, he is summoned to depart by a dwarf, who warns him, that "his kingdom is no longer of this world"; and then disappears with him, "no man knows whither." And in the poem of Attila's Court, he is placed under the power of Satan, who bears him to the desert, where, as a punishment for his sins, he is condemned to defend himself against the attacks of three serpents,—a dreadful conflict, which is to continue till the day of judgment.

The flight of Theodorick to the Huns is attributed with less chronological inconsistency, although history is silent as to the fact, to the envy of Ottacher (Odoacer), in an exceedingly curious fragment, which, from the language and metre employed in it, must have been composed in the eighth century, and which stands at the head of the history both of German poetry and of German romance. In ancient manuscripts, particularly, of the Northern languages, it is very usual to find poetical compositions, written straight on like prose, without any breaks at the ends of the verses; the terminations of which are sometimes, though not uniformly, indicated by metrical points at the ends of the lines. And this circumstance having been overlooked by Eccard, who first published the Lay of Hildebrand and Hadubrand, he considered it as poetical prose, in which he has been followed by Mr. Weber. The late editors, Messrs. J. and W. Grimm, have successfully regulated the metre of this valuable relic (No. 6), and shown that it is exactly the same in principle with that employed in the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon; to which latter language the dialect of the poem bears a near affinity.

It is thought that the traditions respecting Dieterich are chiefly derived from the Lombards. But the favourite hero of the Northern parts of Germany was Siegfried or Sifrit, the Sigurd of the Volsunga-Saga. Romance has her relics as well as religion. The maces of Orlando and Oliver were long shown by the monks of Roncesvalles; and the spear of Siegfried, "a mighty pine beam," was kept with equal veneration at Worms, where Siegfried was



fabled to have reigned. There also, in the church of St. Cecilia, his grave is to be found, which the emperor, Frederick the Third, caused to be opened, in search of the giant's bones. The German romances do not represent him as overtopping his brother heroes; but they all agree that he became invulnerable by bathing in the blood, or, as some have it, in the fat, of the slaughtered dragon, by which he acquired the name of "Hörnen Siegfried," i.e. "Horny, "or Impenetrable Siegfried."

The vengeance which was wreaked on Siegfried's murderers by Chrimhild (who corresponds to Gudrun in the Saga), is the subject of the celebrated *Nibelungen Lied*, which in every respect may be considered as one of the most remarkable productions of the middle ages. Madame de Staël, who gives a very superficial notice of this poem, seems to have supposed that it had then lately been discovered, which is not altogether correct. Many fragments of it were published by old Wolfgang Lazius, who quotes it as historical authority, with the same intrepidity as he has given a full-length portrait of an antediluvian gentleman in pantaloons and galloches. The revival of good taste in Germany, is in great measure owing to the critical writings of Bodmer. He will be recollected as the warm admirer of English literature, which he defended against the objections of Gottsched; and he was also one of the first who attempted to draw the ancient German poets from their obscurity. Having found a MS. of the *Nibelungen Lied* in the old family library of the Counts of Hohenems, he published the latter half of the poem, under the title of *Chrimhilden Rache*; for, as to the former half, he suppressed it, "for the same reason "that Homer did not begin the Trojan War with the egg of Leda"; and a complete edition was not given to the public till the appearance of the first volume of Müller's collection of ancient German poetry in 1784. M. von der Hagen, the late editor, bears the name of one of the principal characters in the poem,—which Aubrey would have added to his chapter of Name fatalities. His second edition (No. 10), a work of great value and labour, is "on the plan "of those which have been given of the works of classical antiquity," the text being formed by a careful collation of such manuscripts as he could procure; and a very copious Appendix of various readings is added. The merit of M. von der Hagen's edition has been much canvassed, for it seems that he has actually acted with a certain degree of Brunckian boldness; but if a critical editor were deprived of the bliss of conjectural emendation, there would be little left to encourage him in his toil.

This national epic, as it is termed by M. von der Hagen, in an appropriate dedication to the celebrated Wolf<sup>1</sup>, has lately attracted a most unprecedented degree of attention in Germany. It now actually forms a part of the philological courses in many of their Universities; and it has been hailed with almost as much veneration as the Homeric songs. Great allowances must be made for German enthusiasm; but it cannot be denied, that the *Nibelungen Lied*, though a little too bloody and dolorous, possesses extraordinary merits. The story turns upon the adventures of the Princess Chrimhild of Burgundy, who is first won by the valiant Siegfried, and, after he is treacherously murdered, gives her hand to Etzel (or Attila) King of the Huns, chiefly in hopes that through his power and influence she may be revenged on the murderers of her former lord. The assassins accordingly, and all their kin, are induced to visit the royal Etzel at Vienna, where, by the instigation of the queen, a deadly feud arises; in the course of which, almost the whole army on both sides are cruelly slaughtered. By the powerful but reluctant aid of Dieterich of Bern, however, the murderer of Siegfried is at last vanquished, and brought bound to the feet of the queen, who relentlessly raises the sword of the departed hero, and, with her own hand, strikes off the head of his enemy. Hildebrand instantly avenges the atrocious and inhospitable act, by stabbing the queen,—who falls exulting on the body of her hated victim. The work is divided into thirty-eight books or adventures; and, besides a liberal allowance of sorcery and wonders, contains a great deal of clear and animated narrative, and innumerable curious and picturesque traits of the manners of the age. The characters are in general very powerfully and naturally drawn, especially that of Hagen, the murderer of Siegfried, in whom the virtues of an heroic and chivalrous leader are strangely united with the atrocity and impenitent hardihood of an assassin. There are also occasional traits of humour in this piece, that add to the effect of the picture; but its predominant character certainly is that of gloom and terror—by no means unadorned with epic dignity. The abstract of this singular work by Mr. Weber<sup>2</sup> is one of the most curious parts of the English Collection; and the specimens which are translated appear to us to be rendered with equal spirit and fidelity.

It would require a minute analysis of the Scandinavian and German poems and manners, to show how the history of Siegfried, as preserved in the traditions of different nations, corresponds in most of the leading points, though with great variations in the



detail. As to Attila, his reign made an indelible impression. To this day the Swabian hinds point out the ruins occasioned by his devastations; and the very child-eating ogres of Mother Goose prove how severely the inhabitants of Gaul smarted under the Ugri or Hungri, the savage armies of the Scourge of God. Whether the present Hungarians are or are not descended from the ancient Huns, they have prided themselves in reckoning Attila amongst their monarchs; and, in the time of the oldest historian of Hungary, the secretary of King Bela, he was already the subject of the "fables of the peasants, and the trivial songs of the minstrels." The catastrophe of the *Nibelungen* is thought by Grimm to be a poetical fiction, founded on the great battle of Châlons. Goths fought there against Goths; and the vassal kings of Attila, Walamir, Theodomir and Widemir, of the noble race of the Amali, like Dieterich the "King of the Amelungen," are forced to bear arms against the Ostrogoths and Burgundians under Aetius. An additional feature of resemblance is given by Jornandes, who relates, that a brook which flowed through the field of battle was swelled to the size of a torrent by human gore, so that the wounded were compelled to slake their feverish thirst by drinking the blood of the killed and wounded; an incident which occurs in the *Nibelungen*, as well as in the Danish ballad corresponding to that portion of the story.

The author of the Lay of the Nibelungen has not been ascertained. Taking the language as a criterion, it must have been written, according to Grimm, between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but he is of opinion, that this is only a *rifacimento* of a much earlier work. The remaining metrical romances, which form the German cycle, are of different dates. The adventure of the Emperor Otnit, and of Hug-Dieterich and Wolf-Dieterich, the ancestors of Dieterich of Bern, were composed by Wolfram of Eschenbach<sup>1</sup>, a poet who will be again mentioned. These poems, together with the Rose garden of Chrimhild, and the Rose garden of the magic dwarf, King Laurin of the Tyrol, form the ancient collection called the *Heldenbuch*, or Book of Heroes; and they have been ably analysed by Mr. Weber. Others relate to Siegfried, and to the adventures of Dieterich of Bern; such as his flight to the Huns, and his battles with Ecke, Fasold and Ebenrot, the giants of the "land of Agrippinan." The most modern of the series is Attila's Court, which was written, or at least patched together, from ancient traditional legends, by Caspar von der Roen, a singer at fairs and markets in the fifteenth century.

The works, of which we have now been speaking, relate to the oldest period of German history,—and form, by their subjects, a link between the ancient and the modern world. Some of these, however, we have seen, are not of themselves of very great antiquity; and though probably fabricated from materials of an older date, are not, in their present form, by any means, the oldest compositions in the language. For these, we must go back to the days of Charlemagne, who actually began to compile a grammar of his native dialect, in which, however, it is to be presumed, he had considerable assistance, as Eginhart confesses, that his royal master, although he kept his table-book constantly under his pillow to practise at every leisure moment, yet was never able to make any great progress in the art and mystery of writing; but the first important work in which it was employed, was due to his son, Louis the Pious. This monarch, being desirous that all his subjects speaking the “Theotisc language” should be enabled to read the Scriptures, “ordered a Saxon, who, amongst his own “people, was reputed to be no vulgar bard, to make a poetical “translation of the Old and New Testament into the German “tongue.” This we learn from a Latin fragment published by Duchesne. And it is added by Hincmar<sup>1</sup>, that the translator was a peasant, who fancied that he had been specially inspired by Heaven, and gifted with a supernatural vein of poetry to enable him to execute his undertaking. It is supposed by Eccard, and the other German philologists, that the Harmony of the four Evangelists, in the Cottonian library, forms a part of this translation. This ancient translation is written in an alliterative metre, which, according to Hickes, is the same which was employed by the Pseudo-Cædmon<sup>2</sup>; but Hickes soon abandoned his first opinion, that it had been composed by an Anglo-Saxon, and adjudged it to “a Frank of the age of Charlemagne.” Junius<sup>3</sup> imagined that it had been composed in a language invented by the translator himself, and compounded of the Anglo-Saxon, the Danish and the Gothic,—which would hardly have made it more intelligible to King Cnute, for whose use he conjectured it had been intended. Others consider it as a monument of the ancient Saxon, then spoken between the Rhine and the Weser. The fact seems to be, that in the ancient Teutonic, like the Greek in the days of Homer, the different dialects were nascent and faintly marked; and we may judge from the expressions of the Latin preface, that Louis intended that the translation should be intelligible throughout the whole extent of his German dominions.



Hickes was delighted with the "magnificence of the diction" of this "golden codex." It is less known that Klopstock, who chanced to peruse the printed extracts, thought so highly of its poetical merit, that he endeavoured to procure a transcript of the whole. A manuscript with some lamentable *lacunæ*, but agreeing very clearly with the Cottonian codex, was discovered some years ago by M. Gleg, a very modest and intelligent Frenchman, in the Cathedral library at Bamberg, where the librarian sagaciously described it as "an old bible, which nobody could understand"; and of this manuscript, the defects being supplied from that in the British Museum, an edition has been very long in preparation by the veteran Reinwald. In a notice now before us, he states, that the study of the text, and the composition of the commentaries and glossaries which are to elucidate it, have employed him during five and twenty years. If this important work ever does appear, it will form a valuable accompaniment to the Gospels of Ulfila.

The request of some of the brethren of Ottfried, a monk of the abbey of Weissenburg, added to the more powerful entreaties of the venerable matron Judith, induced this good Benedictine to compose his paraphrase of the four Gospels, about the year 870. Alliteration appears to have fallen quickly into disuse in Germany; and Ottfried gives us the earliest known specimen of German rhyme. His religious adherence to the biblical text necessarily precluded much display of imagination; but he occasionally ventures on a few embellishments and similes, the messenger of God, the angel of heaven, in bringing his "errand of love," flies "through the path of the sun," the "starry way," and "the sea of clouds."

"Tho quam boto fona Gote, Engil in himile,  
Braht er therera worolti, diuri, sin arunti  
Floug er sunnum pad, sterno straza,  
Wogo wolkono, zi ther witins frono."

And the infant Saviour is described as growing amongst men, like a lily amongst thorns.

"Thaz Kinda wuahs untar mannon, so lilia untar thornon."

The victory gained in the year 883<sup>1</sup>, by Louis the Third, at Sodale-nich, where he defeated the Normans, was recorded, as is stated in a contemporary chronicle, "not only in our annals, but also in "our national songs." The Franks had not yet adopted the language of their vassal Gauls. And one of their national songs, which has been fortunately preserved, is written in the pure

Franco-Theotisc dialect, and consequently belongs to the history of German poetry. There are animated passages in this ancient ballad. "Hludwaig takes shield and spear," and leads on his troops "singing the joyful lay Kijrie eleison." This pious strain inspires them with confidence, "and the blood rises in the cheeks "of the Franks as they justed." The "rhythm," or rather ode, in praise of the virtues of Anno, a holy Archbishop of Cologne, "who put on immortality" in the year 1070, and which was composed at no great interval after that event, has greater originality than would be readily anticipated from its title. The Archbishop, like Theron and Hiero, and the rest of the swift charioteers of Pindar, is almost lost in the vast exuberance of the poet's imagination. The history of the four great monarchies, introduced by the mystic vision of the prophet, is sketched by him with a masterly hand. He loses no opportunity of expatiating on the glory of the German name; and the mixture of history and fable adds greatly to the romantic spirit of the poem. Cæsar is described as approaching to the country of his "kinsmen the noble Franks: "—both their ancestors came from Troy, the ancient town." The settlement of the Franks "far on the Rhine," under the Trojan Francus, is next described; and the poet then resumes the history of Cæsar till the battle of Pharsalia;—inquiring "who can count "the numbers that hastened to oppose the hero? They came in "hosts and legions as the snow falls on the Alps, as the hail pours "forth from the cloud!" Battles then follow upon battles; and we hear nothing of Anno's virtues and miracles till the poet's learning is exhausted.

From these scanty remains we pass on to the period (from 1136 to 1254) during which the Imperial dignity was enjoyed by the House of Hohenstauffen. Upon the accession of Conrad the Third, the founder of the Swabian line, the banquet-hall suddenly unfolds its portals, and we behold the high-places filled with Kings and Dukes, mailed Knights and trusty Squires, each of whom

"...took the harp in glee and game,  
And made a lay and gave it name."

And the fathers of romantic poetry emerge out of the gloom of antiquity, arrayed in chivalrous splendour.

Under this new race of rulers, the dialects of the South and West of Germany obtained a decided preponderance. The Swabian, or Allemannic, became blended with the Franco-Theotisc, and thus formed the basis of the language of the present day, which,



as in the parallel instance of the "volgare illustre" of Italy, has superseded its sister idioms, and become the sole vehicle of information.

Whatever literary impulse may have been given by the first Crusade, it appears that the second produced a more decided effect, by generally diffusing the cultivation which had been maturing in the favoured regions of the South. The geographical position of the Empire caused it to become the high road for the warlike pilgrims who assembled under the banner of the cross. Its population was brought into closer connexion with the songsters of Provence and Catalonia; and their polished strains were soon re-echoed in the harsher tones of the "Minnesingers," or bards of love, as they chose to name themselves, of the Swabian era. There is a familiar observation, that although courtship is agreeable enough to the parties who are engaged in it, it affords but a sorry amusement to the spectators; and we cannot help thinking, that this is almost equally true of love verses. The "Minne Lieder," however, of the ancient German poets, possess as much merit as is consistent with the class to which they belong, and the school which they imitated. Their elaborate, and sometimes intricate, versification, was copied from the laborious stanzas of the masters of the "gay science." Their verse was less harmonious; but the decided accentuation of the German (a quality which it possesses in common with all other Teutonic dialects) enabled them to mark the rhythm of their lines with greater accuracy. The imagery of their lyrics is full of languid prettiness; although it presents too frequent a repetition of the same objects. The merle and the mavis are ever heard at the beginning of the song; the weather is always clear, the sun warm, and the fields enamelled with flowers; and many an important lesson is conveyed to the dreamer, whilst he is slumbering by the side of the glassy fountain, under the shade of the verdant plane-tree. King Thibault's<sup>1</sup> criticisms on the commonplaces of the Provençals, may be justly applied to their German imitators.

"Feuille ne flors ne vaut riens en chantant,  
Fors ne pas defaute sans plus de rimoier,  
Et pour faire soulas moienne gent  
Qui mauvais mos font sovent abayer."

The Minnesingers, however, frequently burst out into a flow of jovial feelings, and warm, bridegroom-like sincerity, unknown to the sentimental troubadours, by whom, as in the lay of Guillen D'Aismar, "un dolz pleurai" was preferred to an hundred smiles,

—and whose raptures, too, are often affected, overcharged and unnatural. A noble author is now considered as a rather rare occurrence. But in the age of the Minnesingers, hardly anyone dared to cultivate the art of poetry, unless he could prove his sixteen quarters. The sovereigns of Germany themselves, emulating perhaps the example of our captive Richard, shared in the general fervour. In the valuable volume of Rudiger Maniss, which we apprehend has passed by this time from Paris to Berlin, the collection, with due regard to royal precedency, is headed by the poems of the Emperor “Henry.”<sup>1</sup> There were three sovereigns of this name; but, from the antiquity of Henry’s diction, he is supposed to have been the son and successor of Frederick Barbarossa. The next place is held by Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, whose flowing versification would have recommended him to notice, even had he been of meaner rank. A ballad, distinguished for its tenderness, is given as the production of the Duke of Breslau. The rude simplicity of the times has annexed an ungraceful epithet to the person of Henry the Fat, Duke of Anhalt, but his poetry is by no means devoid of taste and elegance; and a single lay bears witness to the talents of the unfortunate Conradine<sup>2</sup>, the last member of that powerful family which had filled the chief throne in Christendom during so many generations, and who was deprived of his life by the hands of the executioner, in the midst of the capital which he had endeavoured to wrest from his enemies. An old tradition ascribes the insecurity of the throne of Naples to the baneful spells of the wizard Arbatel! It is full time that the sanctity of St. Januarius should exert itself to counteract them.

Although the poets of the Swabian era derived their name from their lyrical compositions, it must not be supposed that the other branches of poetry were overlooked by them. Henry of Veldeck<sup>3</sup>, one of the earliest of the Minnesingers, has left a spirited paraphrase of the *Aeneid*, taken however from the translation of Chrestien de Troyes, and not from the original. The name of “Wolfram of Eschenbach and Pleienfeld” has been transmitted to posterity, accompanied by the warmest praises of his contemporaries. “The learned Wolfram,” “the wise master of the art,” is never mentioned by them without some tribute of applause. This distinguished writer was the younger son of a nobleman, the Lord of Eschenbach in the Palatinate; and after receiving the order of knighthood from the Count of Henneberg, he appears to have wandered from castle to castle, like a true courteous knight,



dividing his time between feats of arms and minstrelsy. He is afterwards traced to the court of Hermann of Thuringia; and he is introduced as one of the personages in a singular poetical dialogue, in which he is represented as contending with other bards of note for the laurel crown. This trial of skill is said to have taken place at the castle of Würzburg, in the presence of the Landgrave and his wife Sophia, and is noticed as an historical fact in the German chronicles. Few other particulars of Wolfram's life have been preserved. It can only be gathered from his works, that he encountered the usual fate of genius—poverty and disappointment; and his tomb, in our Lady's church in the village of Eschenbach, leads to the conjecture, that, before his death, he had retired to the ancient patrimony of his family.

The *Geste* of King Rother connects itself both with the *Heldenbuch* and the Cycle of Charlemagne; as he is represented as the father of Pepin. This poem, and a fragment of the history of the expeditions of the French monarch against the Saracens, are the earliest specimens now extant of the German metrical romance. But King Arthur and his knights soon divided the empire of fiction with "Rolant and Oliver," and the national heroes of the Garden of Roses; and the fame which Eschenbach enjoyed is principally due to the romantic epics—for they deserved the name—which he composed on the subject of the Saint Greal. Those who are versed in Northern literature would do well to enquire whether the British fictions may not have had some influence on those of Scandinavia; particularly as the Normans retained their language, and kept up their connexions with the North, long after they had settled in Neustria. In the *Wilkin*a Saga we find a King "Artus of Bertingaland" (Britanny, or perhaps Britain), which is also frequently named in the *Kæmpe-viser*, whose daughter Hilda was so intent upon her prayers, that the adventurous Hubert was unable to get a sight of her countenance, until she looked off her book to wonder at two mice running up the church-wall, which her lover had decorated with gold and silver. After the death of Artus, his kingdom was usurped by King Ilsung; but his two sons escaped to the dominions of Attila, who bestowed "Brandinaberg" upon "Jarl Iron" the eldest, and the husband of the wary Isold; and "Tyra near the Rhine" upon Apollonius, who married the daughter of King Solomon of Frankarika, which generally signifies France; though M. von der Hagen supposes, that it is used in this instance for Franconia. We cannot pretend to clear up this whimsical confusion of well known names;

and shall content ourselves with remarking, that a King Solomon appears in the annals of Brittany nearly in the age of Attila; and that the name of Apollonius of Tyre may have been long naturalized in the North, since the Greek romance was translated into the Anglo-Saxon at a very early period.

The Germans appear to have become acquainted with the metrical romances of the Round Table, nearly as soon as they assumed their present form. But it is singular that Eschenbach accuses Chrestien de Troyes, the author of *Perceval*, of having "falsified the tale," which had been "truly told by Master Kyot "of Provence." The German commentators assume, that the poem thus alluded to was written in the Provençal dialect; but Le Grand has shown, that the existence of such romances amongst that people is exceedingly problematical; and we rather suspect that Eschenbach is praising a work, now probably lost, of Guiot de Provins, whose satirical "bible" shows that he was a writer of no ordinary talent. There are few subjects better calculated for romantic poetry than the Mystic Greal, when, as in the *Mort Arthur*, it enters, preceded by peals of thunder, borne by invisible hands, "filling the hall with sweet odours," and illumined by beams "seven times brighter than the light of day." Eschenbach has made the Saint Greal the central point, if the expression may be allowed, of an innumerable variety of adventures, which he has combined, like Ariosto, in artful perplexity, in the poems of *Perceval* and *Titurel*. The Greal is entrusted to Titurel, the son of Titurison and Elizabeth of Arragon;—angels lead him to Mont-Salvatz, in the midst of a dreary forest near Salvatierra in Galicia; and the model of the magnificent temple, which is to contain the holy vessel, is framed by celestial hands. The Greal is at length conveyed to India, where it rests in the dominions of Prester John, far out of the reach of the profane, and under the guardianship of a chosen band of Round-table chivalry. The heathen Flegetanis is quoted as the author of the tale, which Kyot, "well learned in "the heathen tongues," found written at Toledo. At first this appears like the veracious references to the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli; but the poems of Eschenbach certainly abound in orientalisms, which the original authors probably obtained from the Spanish Moors; and some of which, for we could easily add to the number, have been ably pointed out by Görres.

The German versions of Iwain and Gawain, and of his Tristram, are interesting, from their relations to the antiquities of this country. "Iwain and Gawain" was brought to Germany by a



Knight, Sir Hartmann of Aue, who had long resided in England, where he had read the story in "the French books."

"Der (Hartmann) bracht dise mere,  
Zu Tutsch als ich hân vernommen,  
Do er usz Engelandt was kommen,  
Da er vil zit was gewessen,  
Hat ers an den Welschen büchen gelesen."

The Tristan of Gottfried of Strassburg<sup>1</sup>, who lived in the early part of the thirteenth century, throws fresh obscurity on an inquiry which is already sufficiently perplexing. It will be recollected that, according to Mr. Scott's hypothesis, Thomas of Erceldoune must have composed his poem about the year 1250, and that he is identified with the "Thomas" whose authority is appealed to in the ancient French fragment. But Gottfried, who, according to the accounts which are given of him, must have written some years before the date assigned by Mr. Scott to the Rhymer's poem, gives a similar preference to the tale of "Thomas of Brittanie," who read the lives of the Kings (*lantherren*) in the British books.

"Si ne sprachen in der rihti niht  
Alse Thomas von Brittanie giht  
Der Aventure ein meister waz  
Undan Britaniochen buchen laz  
Aller der lantherren leben,  
Unde ez uns ze Kunde het gegeben."\*

The poem was concluded, Gottfried having left it unfinished, by Henry of Vriberg, who calls the original, a poem written by Thomas in the "Lombard tongue,"<sup>2</sup> *Lampartischer zunge*,—an expression to which it is not easy to affix a definite meaning. A second continuation was written by Ulrick of Thürheim, and a third by an unknown writer, according to whom, "the adventure" was first composed by Eylhard of Hobergin." This name is variously corrupted, and neither the age nor the country of the person whom it designates has been ascertained. All that is known, is, that he was a contemporary of "Thomas"; for in an ancient note, at the head of the MSS. of Gottfried's Tristan, in the royal library at Munich (which is repeated in substance in the printed prosaic romance), it is stated that "the history was first

\* The whole passage, which affords much room for speculation, is too long for insertion. Since writing the above, the *Wiener Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*, for June last, has reached us. It contains a review of Mr. Scott's edition of *Sir Tristram*; and the subject is there fully discussed.

“written by Tohmnas of Brittania, and that he lent the book to “one Dilhart of Oberet, who afterwards put it into rhyme.” From these discordant authorities, we can only collect the fact of the wide diffusion of the fame of “Thomas,” whoever he was. It may not be irrelevant to add, that Sir Thomas Malory follows his namesake of Erceldoune much closer than the printed French romance, as the *Mort Arthur* has the permutation<sup>a</sup> of Sir Tristram’s name, to which there is no allusion whatever in the latter.

The Swabian era produced upwards of two hundred poets, many of whom are deserving our attention. But, for the present, we shall imitate the prudent conduct of the Persian author of the *Shah Nameh*, who consoles his readers, in every page, by telling them that he has omitted many particulars, “lest they should get “the headache.” And we shall abridge their labour as well as our own, by merely observing, that in the dawning of literature, the Germans fully kept pace with the rest of Europe. Under Rudolph of Hapsburg (1273) and his successors, they began to lose ground; and the brilliancy which had distinguished the preceding era gradually died away. The Western and Southern states of Europe, from England round to Sicily, in which polite literature was rapidly advancing, were in a state of uninterrupted intercourse with each other, occasioned sometimes by the friendship of their rulers, and just as often by their dissensions. But the members of the empire became estranged from this portion of the European commonwealth; and attached themselves, in preference to their neighbours of Slavonian and Tartar race, to Hungary and Bohemia and Poland and their dependencies, which had now acquired stability and opulence. Alliances were multiplied with these countries; some of them became incorporated in the Empire, and others passed under the dominion of German Princes. But this intercourse with the semi-barbarous descendants of Lech, Czech, and Mayzor, could neither improve the taste of the Germans, nor excite their emulation.

In the Swabian age, gnostic poetry had not been disregarded; and those who are already blessed with patience, may no doubt acquire other graces from the perusal of Master Freidank, who has left us an awful string of moral aphorisms. The admonitions given by King Tyrol of Scotland, to his son King Fridebant, are also preserved in a poem of some merit. Schiller, the learned

<sup>a</sup> “Thenne, he answered, I am of the countree of Lyones, and my name is “Sir Tramtryst, that thus was wounded in a batayll as I fought for a ladye’s “ryght.”—*M. Arthur*, b. 7, c. 6.



editor, with great simplicity, expresses his surprise on finding that this worthy monarch is omitted by Boethius and Buchanan. The writer, who has given weight to his doctrine, by placing it in the mouth of King Tyrol, has been imitated by another poet, who ascribes his lessons of justice and modesty to Winsbeke and Winsbekin, an exemplary couple, who lived in the time of Barbarossa. When the Germans were cut off from the influence of foreign literature, this characteristic feature of their poetry, which had hitherto appeared in a subordinate light, now became more decidedly predominant. Romantic poetry, in general, assumed a didactic cast; and the place of fancy and invention was supplied by sober commonplace and morality.

It is difficult to establish a definite boundary for the different periods of literary history; they melt into each other like the colours of the rainbow. In Conrad of Würzburg<sup>1</sup>, who flourished towards the conclusion of the thirteenth century, we find the glow of better days, united to some of the peculiarities of the later "Master-singers" of Augsburg and Nuremberg. "The tale of "Troy Divine" forms the subject of Conrad's principal work. It is borrowed, though with some alterations as to entitle it to be considered as an original composition, from some of the Romanesque translations of the legend-like narrations of Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis. He compares the story to an "endless flood"—and with reason, according to his method of amplifying it; as the portion which has been printed, and which contains upwards of twenty-five thousand verses, just brings it down to the sacrifice of Iphigenia. The *Trojanisches Krieg* has the customary anachronisms of the middle ages; the half naked heroes of Greece are clad in plate armour; and the deities of Olympus descend like the gaudy pageants of a Flemish Kermesse; but passages of great beauty may be selected from it. The infant Paris, for instance, is described as being delighted with his image reflected in the broad shining glaive of the knight whom Priam has charged with his destruction, and as "smiling so sweetly" on the murderers, as to unman them for the completion of their errand. Conrad is ever complaining of the downfall of knightly virtue, and the apathy of the great, who had ceased to cultivate poetry themselves, and left it unpatronized in others; yet he indignantly exclaims, "he cares not for their gifts—his tongue shall not be silent, since "the art itself will reward him; he will continue his song like the "nightingale—she who sings for her own sake; hidden in the "woods, her notes assuage her cares, nor does she heed whether

"any stranger listens to the strain." In the same spirit, his allegorical poem, entitled *The Complaint of Art*, introduces the genius of poetry, pallid, poverty-struck, and scarcely covered by a tattered robe of grass-green "samito," preferring her complaints before the throne of justice. The versification of this little poem equals the best productions of modern Germany. Conrad's poem in praise of the Virgin, and which bears the apparently incongruous title of *Die Goldene Schmiede* has lately been published by M. Grimm; it is a fluent rhapsody, in which earth and heaven are ransacked to furnish praises for his patroness.

When Conrad of Würzburg vented his complaints, a few princes and high-born lords, amongst whom Otto the Marquis of Brandenburg, and the Count of Leiningen may be named as the most distinguished, still continued to imitate the style of the Swabian poets. But they had no successors. The art expired amongst the nobility; and the scene was suddenly changed. We must now quit the grey battlements and lofty towers of the mountain fortress, and direct our way to the opulent and industrious city, whose filagree steeples and painted roofs rise on each other in picturesque confusion. In her new dwelling, the Muse was compelled to abandon the themes in which she had hitherto delighted. The witchery of romantic adventure awakened no kindred sensation in the breast of the formal provost, or the drowsy burgher. The prowess of Dieterich, in evading the blows of the knotty club of the tremendous Siegenot, was lost, when detailed to those whose notions of a giant were modelled upon the wooden Rowland, which stared with immoveable ferocity in front of the Stadthouse, or the clumsy pasteboard "Reus" which had paraded through the streets on last Corpus Christi day; and Sir Tristram's skill in the noble science of the chase, would have been but lightly esteemed, we suspect, unless the "hart of ten," duly "broken and undone," was actually served up at table in the savoury form of a venison pasty. Even the most tender portions of romance became equally exceptionable. In the country, the "word of fear" is heard from every tree only in the merry spring tide; but in the warm atmosphere of the town, the note of the malicious songster resounds from January to December. There the courtly complaisance of an Yseult or a Geneura, might have excited many an awkward whisper; and many a furred cap would have sat uneasy on the civic brow, had the name of Horny Siegfried dropped from the lips of the heedless minstrel. Thus restricted, the chief recommendation of verse consisted in its being a fit



medium for "profitable ensamples" and discreet advice; and although lighter subjects were not wholly excluded, yet they were sure to be treated with becoming soberness and gravity.

Henry of Meissen, who, like our moral Gower, went

"...the myddell way

And wrote a boke by tweene the twey,

Somewhat of lust, somewhat of lore,"

was afterwards considered by the "Master-singers" as the foundation of their schools. This writer, a doctor of theology, and a canon of the cathedral of Mainz, obtained the surname of "Frauenlob" or "Praise-the-ladies," from the tenor of his poems. His admiration, however, of the fair was perfectly Platonic—his contemplative poetry is only warmed by mystical devotion; and, in addressing the Virgin Mary, he considers the whole sex as ennobled by the rays which dart from its deified representative. His praises, however, such as they were, seem to have been singularly agreeable to the women of Mainz. We know not what rewards their gratitude bestowed upon him in his lifetime; but they gave an extraordinary demonstration of it at his funeral. "On the eve of St. Andrew, in the year 1318," we read in the old Chronicle of Albert of Strassburg, "Henry, surnamed Frauenlob," was buried at Mainz, in the parvis "of the great church near unto the stairs, with marvellous solemnity. His corpse was carried by women from his dwellinghouse unto the place of burial; and loudly did they moan and bewail his death, on account of the infinite praises which he had bestowed on womankind in his poetry." And the Chronicle then adds, that "so much good wine was poured into the grave, that it overflowed with the libations";—a strange and almost heathen ceremony adopted by these disconsolate mourners! Frauenlob had an active competitor in the person of Master Bartholomew Regenbogen, by whom he was bitterly attacked. Regenbogen himself informs us, that he was once "a smith," and "earned his bread right pitifully on the hard anvil." He did not improve his worldly circumstances by taking to his new calling; yet he remained true to it, notwithstanding he inveighs loudly against the avarice of his patrons, and occasionally threatens that he will return again to his hammer.

New metrical romances were no longer composed, although some of the more ancient favourites, particularly those which now form the *Heldenbuch* were re-written about this time, and the diction altered so as to make them more generally intelligible. The love of fiction took another turn, and produced what may be

termed the mixed romance, in which the biography of distinguished persons of no remote age was strangely disguised by arbitrary inventions, in the manner of the metrical life of Richard Cœur de Lion. A fanciful poem of this description, *The Life of Duke Ernest of Bavaria*, has been attributed, but without adequate proof, to Henry of Veldeck. It has been noticed, that it has been imitated in the second part of the romance of *Huon de Bourdeaux*. Duke Ernest is of an ancient date; but the fashion did not spread until the times of which we are now speaking, in which many works of this nature originated. Conrad of Würzburg wrote a poetical history of the Duke of Austria's expedition against the Infidels in Prussia, where, by the way, they appear to have made a pretty durable settlement. The history of Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick, is still popular amongst the German peasantry. The devil carries this celebrated warrior on his back, like the bishop in Coleridge's ballads, and conveys him from the Holy Land to Brunswick, where he arrives when he is least expected, and reveals himself to his wife, a second Runnild, who is on the point of becoming a reluctant bride, by dropping the "gimmel ring" in the golden goblet. With these romances are connected a class of poems, holding a middle place between the longer romantic relations and the common ballad, most of which are grounded on some marvellous incident. The history of Anthijr, a valiant king of the Mecklenburg Vandals. The history of Sir Peter of Stauffenberg and the Mermaid, founded on a very ancient popular tradition, and which has been translated by Mr. Jamieson into the difficult dialect of Barbour. "The deeds of the noble hero Thedel Unverfeden of Walmoden, may be considered as concluding the series. "Those who are curious to learn how he defied the might of Satan, "may consult the novel told by 'Monseigneur'<sup>a</sup> of the gentle "knight of Almain 'moult grand voyageur en son temps,' where "they will find the edifying story upon which it is founded."

We have had the satisfaction of beholding a portion of the venerable body of Saint Barlaam enshrined in crystal—either his little finger or his great toe—we have unfortunately forgotten which; and therefore have read with great interest the legend in which this holy hermit acts so conspicuous a part. It was versified by Rudolf of Hohenems, who flourished between the years 1220 and 1254. The taste for these pious inventions increased; and the principal works in the Nether Saxon dialect, which began to be much cultivated in the fourteenth century, were rhyming legends

<sup>a</sup> *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, No. 70.



and religious allegories. An amusing specimen is found in the life of St. Brandan<sup>1</sup>, the Christian Odyssey, as it has been called by a German writer. The history of this holy Irishman is so extravagantly wild, that even Vincent de Beauvais, who was not easily startled, declares, that he considers it as apocryphal. St. Brandan's tedious voyage appears to have been undertaken for the purpose of expiating his unbelief in the Zoology of Pliny and Solinus. He reads in a "boke" of the wondrous beasts and misshapen races of men which this world contains;—he peruses chapter after chapter, till his patience is exhausted;—and, in a fit of spleen, throws the volume in the fire. This happened either in Jutland or in Ireland; and the very same night an angel appeared to him, and, as a fitting penance for the wanton destruction which he had occasioned, the celestial messenger enjoined him to perform a task, which, to the present generation, appears the easiest and most amusing of all others, namely, that "he should make the "book all over again." We give the mandate in the words of the original—

"Dar umme dat du dat bok vorbrant hest in dun oure  
Dat bok mostu wedder maken:  
Al kondestu nummer mer to frauden raken."

In order to collect materials for this *rifacimento*, the Saint provisions a vessel for a seven years' voyage, and sets sail without loss of time, accompanied by his fellow monks and his chaplain. In the process of "making the book," St. Brandan has shown that he was a thorough-paced proficient in that useful art, as he has very judiciously eked out his journal by borrowing some of the choicest adventures of Lucian's true history. All professions have their patron saints; and we think that Grub-street and Pater-noster-Row should join in a dinner on the 10th of May—this holy man's anniversary. Of the same age are the legends of the holy virgin, Saint Marina, who, disguised in male attire, was placed by her father in a convent of jolly friars; Theophilus, who makes over his body and soul to Satan, and is delivered by the virgin, who cites Satan out of hell, and compels him to surrender the fatal bond; and the long and entertaining story of Zeno. All these are in the same dialect.

The numerous "universal histories" in verse, however legendary and inaccurate, were the means of diffusing information amongst the "lewed," who had not Latin enough to enable them to attack the folios of Vincent de Beauvais<sup>2</sup> and Helinandus<sup>3</sup>. When literature became fixed in the towns, a greater degree of attention was given

to histories possessing a local interest. For these, sufficient materials were furnished by the interminable disputes and petty wars between the free cities and the neighbouring sovereigns and nobility.

From the time of Frauenlob and Regenbogen, the cultivation of German poetry devolved almost exclusively upon the "Master-singers" in the great towns, to whom we have already alluded. Poetry, certainly, never had so singular a fortune in any other country. It actually became one of the incorporated trades in all cities; and the burghers obtained the freedom of it as of any other corporation. Of many of these humble bards, we know very little more than their names, which in truth are not particularly prepossessing:—Zwinger and Würgendrüssel, Buchenlin, Amker, and Hell-fire, Old Stoll and Young Stoll, Strong Bopp, Dangbrotsheim, Batt Spiegel, Peter Pfort, and Martin Gumpel. The period when these guilds or schools of verse first received their statutes and regulations, is involved in great uncertainty. On this head the German antiquaries are divided in opinion. By M. Grimm, the Minnesingers and the Master-singers are supposed to have originally formed but one class of poets; and one of the works noticed at the head of this article maintains this theory against the objections of Docen, who has taken the opposite side of the question. At all events, these societies offer a most singular phenomenon. Composed entirely of the lower ranks of society, of hard-working tradesmen and artificers, they obtained a monopoly of verse-craft, and extended their tuneful fraternities over the greater part of the empire. Wherever the "hoch deutsch" was spoken, there the Master-singers founded a colony; and they were even found in Bohemia, where the German was more familiar to the mixed population of the towns, than the Sclavonian language.

The vulgar, all over the world, delight to indulge themselves with glitter, and parade, and external distinction; and it is amusing to observe how easily the lower orders can contrive to gratify the cravings which they feel, in common with greater folks. The law will have it, that the King is the sole fountain of honour; but those who are too diminutive and feeble to toil up to the pinnacle of the rock, and lave themselves in the streams of royal favour, find means to slake their thirst, quite as effectually, from humbler sources. A lodge of Oddfellows will marshal a funeral with as many staves and banners as could be furnished by the Lord Lion King at Arms, and all his heralds and pursuivants to boot, from Albany to Dingwall. The petty huckster of the country



town has no order dangling from his button-hole; and can never hope to figure in the installation; but his veins swell with quite as much dignity when he stalks in the procession with his pinch-beck badge and embroidered apron, the grand officer of his lodge of Freemasons, gazed on and admired by all the slipshod wenches and ragged urchins of the parish. The workings of this insatiate propensity may be distinctly traced in the pride and solemnity of the schools of verse of the Master-singers. The candidate was introduced with great form into the assembly. The four "merkers" or examiners, sat behind a silken curtain, to pass judgment on his qualifications. One of these had Martin Luther's translation of the Bible before him, it being considered as the standard of the language. His province was to decide whether the diction of the novice was pure, and his grammar accurate. The others attended to the rhyme and metre of the composition, and the melody to which it was sung. And if they united in declaring, that the candidate had complied with the statutes and regulations, he was decorated with a silver chain and badge,—the latter representing good King David playing on the harp; and he was honourably admitted into the society.

The metrical system of the Master-singers was peculiar to themselves. Their technical terms cannot be well translated; we shall therefore add the few which we shall notice in the original. Our mineralogical friends are so well content to crackle, and whizz, and thump, through many an Anglo-Wernerian page of quartz, gneiss, trapp, schorl, blue whack, and grey whack, that we humbly hope and trust that, for once, the nomenclature of this marketable poesy may also be allowed to pass muster. The poems of the Master-singers were always lyrical, and actually sung to music. The entire poem was called a "bar"; and it was divided generally into three, but sometimes into five or more stanzas, or "Gesetze." And each "Satz" also fell into three portions; the first of which was a "Stolle," the second an "Abgesang," and the third a "Stolle," like the first. The rhymes were classed into "Stumpfe-reime" and "Klingende-reime"; and "Stumpfe-schlage-reime" and "Klingende-schlage-reime" and other denominations were employed, which we shall spare ourselves the trouble of transcribing. "The poets, singers and merkers," counted the syllables on their fingers; and if there were the proper number of syllables in the line, it was of no consequence whether they were long or short. The length of the verse, the number of lines, and the order of the rhymes in each "Stolle" and "Abgesang," were variable, and

consequently their poems were susceptible of a great variety of forms, which were called tunes or "Weise." The invention of a new "Weise" was considered as the test of a Master-singer's abilities. There were some hundreds of these "Weise," all named after their inventors; as, Hans Tindeisen's rosemary "Weise"; Joseph Schmierer's flowery-paradise "Weise"; Hans Fogel's fresh "Weise"; and Henry Frauenlob's yellow "Weise"; and his blue "Weise," and his frog "Weise," and his looking glass "Weise." The code of criticism to which the Master-singers were subjected, was contained in the rules or "Tabulatur" of the societies; and it certainly was most unreasonably severe. They were actually prohibited from employing "sentences which nobody could "understand," or "words wherein no meaning could be discovered," which unfeeling interdictions are found in the 4th and 5th articles of the Nuremberg Tabulatur. The Master-singers amused themselves by ascribing an extravagant antiquity to their institutions, although their statutes and regulations do not appear to have been completely established till the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Master Cyril Sprangenburg, indeed, deduced their history from "the Celtic bards in the time of Abraham"; and this elaborate disquisition gave such satisfaction to the society, that it was transcribed in vellum, and "bound with gold bosses, clasps and "corners" and preserved amongst their archives with as much veneration as the Florentine copy of the Pandects. The charter of incorporation of the "Twelve Wise Masters," was said to have been granted by the Emperor Otto and Pope Leo the Eighth. To show the absurdity of the fable, it will be sufficient to observe, that Conrad of Würzburg, and Frauenlob, and others of yet later date, are said to have been cited by that emperor in the year 962, to appear before him at Pavia, where, as "Adam Puschman" gravely records, "they sang before the professors of the University, "and were declared to be the masters and founders of the art."

The city of Nuremberg was the Athens of these incorporated poets. To the credit of Hans Folz, the barber and Master-singer, who shaved there in the middle of the fifteenth century it must be told, that he took great interest in promoting the then newly discovered art of printing; and even set up a private press at his own house. None of his mastership songs have been published; but his *Mystery*, or *Fastnachtspiele*, founded on the old story of Solomon and Marcolfus, went through many editions, and became quite a stock piece. Hans Rosenblüt, who followed the trade of an illuminator or letter-painter, also excelled as a dramatic



writer; and his best piece, "The Grand Turk's Mystery," is yet a favourite of the German fairs; although the pope's ambassador, and the rest of the *corps diplomatique*, who figure at the general congress, assembled for the purpose of taking the Sultan's proposal into consideration, are now enacted by the wooden representatives, vulgarly yclep'd puppets. But none of the Master-singers can vie with the industrious Hans Sachs, the shoemaker. Hans was born at Nuremberg in the year 1494; and his father, an honest tailor, placed him, at an early age, in the free-school of the town, where, as he mentions in one of his poems, "he was indifferently taught, "according to the bad system which was followed in those days." However, he "picked up a few scraps of Greek and Latin." In his fifteenth year, he learnt shoe-making; and, about the same time, one Nunnenbeck, a weaver and Master-singer, instructed him in the rudiments of the "meister gesang." According to an old German custom, it was usual for young workmen to travel round the country, for some years before they settled in their trade. Hans confesses, that his conduct during his rambles was not altogether exemplary, but he lost no opportunity of improving himself in the "praiseworthy art"; and, in his twentieth year, he composed his first "bar," a godly song, to the tune of *Long Marner*, and was admitted to share in the honours to which he had so long aspired. Hans was partial to narrative poetry; but he gained most renown by his plays and farces, some of which extend to seven acts, and which afforded wonderful amusement to the patient Nurembergers. In the seventy-seventh year of his age, he took an inventory of his poetical stock-in-trade, and found, according to his narrative, that his works "filled thirty folio "volumes, all written with his own hand," and consisted of four thousand two hundred "mastership songs; two hundred and eight "comedies, tragedies and farces; one thousand seven hundred "fables, tales and miscellaneous poems, and seventy-three "devotional, military, and love songs; making a sum-total of "six thousand and forty-eight pieces, great and small." Out of these he culled as many as filled three massy folios, which were published in the years 1558-1561. And another edition being called for, Hans could not resist the temptation of increasing it from his manuscripts. During the whole of his life, he continued to work at his trade, although he found leisure enough to spin out a greater mass of rhyme than was ever produced by one man, if Lope de Vega be excepted. Hans had the satisfaction to find that his "collected works" were received as a welcome gift by the

public; and, in the year 1576, he died full of years and honour. We have given these details, because the fame of this indefatigable writer has lately revived in Germany; and a reprint of his works, or at least a part of them, is in contemplation. The humour of his *fabliaux*, or *Schwänke*, certainly is not contemptible. He laughs lustily, and makes his reader join him; his manner, as far as verse can be compared to prose, is not unlike that of Rabelais, but less grotesque. The Frenchman runs on like the witty and extravagant jester of former times; he rattles his "marotte" until you are stunned with the noise. Hans tells his tale like a convivial burgher fond of his can, and still fonder of drollery.

Some of the older German moralizing satires became very popular in foreign countries. This is not the place to speak of the satirical writings which arose out of the Reformation, and to which they proved such powerful auxiliaries. But the works of this description which were produced long before Luther was called into activity, are nevertheless all stamped with the same character. Their authors were generally deeply-learned, coarse, clear-headed ecclesiastics, primed with the Classics and the Fathers, and yet acquainted with the world; keen observers; dauntless enemies of folly and superstition; but whose wit is dashed with grossness, and whose caustic satire degenerates into abuse.

Caxton's prose translation of *Reynard the Fox*<sup>1</sup>, in which he says, "I have not added, ne mynished, but have followed, as "nyghe as I can, my cotype, which was in Dutche"—was printed ten years before any of the Dutch or German editions of this most favourite allegory made its appearance. According to Eccard, a Count Reginard or Reinhard, who lived in the ninth century, was disgraced and banished by King Zwentibold, the son of the Emperor Arnolph. This nobleman having fled to his castle of Durfos, where he contrived to defend himself by his stratagems, gained the name of "the Fox," whilst his own became that popular denomination of that wily animal. Eccard also finds a prototype for the wolf, who, in the allegories of the middle ages, often bears the name of Isengrim, in an Austrian count who rebelled against Zwentibold's father. The exploits of these troublesome vassals are asserted to have been sung in popular ballads, very anciently current in the Low Countries; and these are supposed by the historian to have suggested to Jacquemart Gielée of Lisle, the plan of his *Nouveau Renard*. Eccard's conjectures rest upon slender grounds; and the history of the French poems of Gielée, Richebeuf, etc. is foreign to our subject; but it is necessary to



premise thus much, as the Saxon, *Reynke de Voss*, is professedly borrowed from the French language. Henry of Alkmar, the author, describes himself "as schoolmaster and *teacher of morals*" "trecht leser" to the Duke of Lorraine"; and as it may be conjectured that he found some difficulty in exercising his vocation, he probably thought it advisable to be able to apologize, as Caxton did. "If any thyng be said or wreten herein that may greve or dysplease any man, *blame not me but the foxe, for they bee his wordes, and not myne.*" The existence of Henry of Alkmar has been called in question; nor has it been ascertained how far the *Reynke* corresponds with the French romances. It is written with uncommon spirit and freedom, and appears so completely naturalized, that we apprehend nothing but the mere outline of the story can have been imitated from the French. Gottsched has collected a chapter full of "testimonies" in favour of the *Reynke*, although he entertains some doubts whether James Gulielmus Laurembergius actually held it to be the next best book to the Bible. Whatever James Gulielmus Laurembergius may have thought, the English reader will best appreciate its value, when he is told that it nearly equals the humour of the Nonnes Preeste's Tale. The general attack on Bruin the bear (*Reynke de Voss*, B. 1, c. 9) when the priest and the priest's housekeeper, and Rustcoyl's household and neighbours, swarthy Sanders, and bandy-legged Slobbe, sally forth to assail the luckless beast, who escapes by overturning poor Mistress Jutta in the horse-pond, to the inexpressible dismay of her reverend master, can only be surpassed by the whim and bustle of Chaucer's hue and cry.

Caxton translated from the ancient Dutch or Flemish *Reynaert de Vos*. We have compared the first chapters, which agree pretty closely. It was afterwards re-composed and enlarged again and again, in French, and in German, and in Latin, and in English, so that the "most pleasant and delectable history of Reynard the Fox bears only a general resemblance to Alkmar's poem, which we consider as the original of all the prose works. The opinion which has been advanced, that he imitated either the Dutch or English prose, appears wholly untenable. Sebastian Brand's *Ship of Fools*, was translated into half the languages in Europe. The preacher, John Geiler of Kaisersberg composed one hundred and ten sermons upon the follies of the world, which he delivered at Strassburg, taking the illustrations of his text, "Stultorum infinitus est numerus" from Brand's ample cargo. Geiler gives many minute and whimsical pictures of the time, and is more

humorous than the Chancellor of Strassburg, who writes, however, with plain good sense, and honestly confesses that he deserves the cap and bells full as much as the crew which he has shipped to Narragonia.

Bouterwek remarks, that "the rude inferiority of the German poetry, during the sixteenth century, forms an unpleasing contrast to its state in Italy and Spain, where the Germans might easily have acquired a taste for elegant literature, if they had been gifted with any perception of its beauties. The military and political relations which Charles the Fifth had with Italy, led crowds of the German nobility into that country. The same monarch introduced numbers of distinguished Spaniards into Germany, where the Spanish language became well-known. And yet, in the age of Ariosto and Cervantes, Hans Sachs continued to rank as the first of German poets; and the only dignified epic which Germany possessed, was the stiff allegory of Melchior Pfingzing." However low the "adventures of the honourable, valourous, and far-famed knight, Sir Tewrdannekh,"<sup>1</sup> may rank as a romantic poem, it is nevertheless a valuable specimen of the typographical luxury of the Germans, a taste which was justly encouraged by Maximilian, by whom the graphic arts were employed to transmit to posterity the memorials of the unexampled magnificence of his court. Maximilian, like Francis the First, prided himself in being a "preux Chevalier." At the diet of Worms, he did not think it beneath his rank to descend into the lists, and break a lance with the boastful Frenchman, who had profered defiance to the Knights of Germany. This monarch showed his partiality for chivalry in the library as well as in the field. He formed a curious collection of ancient manuscripts, which were deposited in the Castle of Ambras in the Tyrol, and which were afterwards removed to the Imperial library at Vienna. When "Tewrdannekh" first appeared, the known taste of the Emperor gave rise to the supposition that he was the author of the work. This question has been long debated. The authority of Cuspinian, who ascribes it to him, has been considered of great weight; and in the Imperial Library, there is a rough draft of the first seventy-four chapters of it in Maximilian's handwriting; in the margin of which he has given careful instructions for the composition of the engravings, which ornament the printed copies. This manuscript, however, differs materially from the printed text; and the most probable opinion is, that the emperor sketched out the plan of the poem, but that it owes its present shape to Melchior



Pfinzing then Provost of St. Sebald's church at Nuremberg. In the course of time, the well-known bibliographer Panzer succeeded to the parsonage of St. Sebald's church, and became the inhabitant of the deanery which Pfinzing had "rebuilt at his own expense." The worthy historian of printing adds, that he often "looked up with pleasure to the inscription" on the little "stone tablet over his library door" which recorded Pfinzing's liberality. We can enter into his feelings; for the early editions are certainly amongst the finest specimens of printing which the art ever produced, although the wood cuts of Hans Schäufelin to which the emperor was so attentive, have been rather over-rated. The poem acquired great celebrity, although it is dreadfully tedious. It contains an allegorical biography of its reputed author. In the character of Tewrddannekh, which, when divested of Pfinzing's spelling, and written Theuerdank, appears a little less terrific, he is represented as wooing the Princess Ehrenreich, daughter of King Romreich, under which names we are to recognize Mary of Burgundy, and Charles the Bold her father. Theuerdank is led into manifold perils by the treacherous advice of the three Ministers of Romreich's kingdom, "Fürwittig," or Presumption; "Unfall," or Calamity; and "Neidlichkeit," or Envy. And it is a joyful event to arrive at the conclusion of the poem, when the whole of the Cabinet is thus disposed of. One is hanged—another beheaded—and the third has his neck broken by being thrown from the top of a high wall.

Poetry long continued thus degraded. The learned lived in Germany like Roman colonists, and looked down upon the barbarous language of the nation with as much contempt as the Prefect of Augusta Vindelicorum<sup>1</sup>, could have done. The nobility were not devoid of a thirst for knowledge. It was an age of polemics; and those who had embraced the reformation were anxious to be able to repel the objections of their opponents. Public affairs could not be managed without a knowledge of the civil law. But no flowers grew in the paths which they had chosen. There was no opportunity of cultivating composition or oratory. The provincial States held their meetings with closed doors: and, in the general diet of the Empire, their attention was mainly engrossed by deciding who should sit on a chair, and who in an arm-chair; or in devising such acute expedients for allaying the heart-burnings of offended dignity, as that which placed the Prince Bishop of Osnaburgh on the Querbank. An insuperable barrier was raised between the nobility and the roturiers,—(we must be allowed to use the French

word, and to exult in observing, that no corresponding term can be found in English),—but if it could have been passed, they would have profited little by being bound prentices to the Nuremberg Master-singers. And if any genius arose amongst these industrious professors, their regulations were sure to repress it into dull mediocrity. Amidst all these discouragements, a pleasing ray of poetical feeling may be discovered in these humble productions, the popular song and ballad, by which fame was neither earned nor sought for. The most valuable portion now extant of these compositions, was composed in the sixteenth century. But their history can be traced much higher. The style and manner of our own Border ballads may be reckoned as a portion of the inheritance which we derive from our ancestors, whether they wandered in the Hercynian forest, or the wilds of Scandinavia; and in the Lay of Hildebrand we can discover the phraseology of our latest minstrelsy.

“Her furlaet in lante luttilla sitten  
Prut in bure, barn unwahsan.”

The singular and striking analogy existing between the Danish and Scottish ballads, was first discovered by Mr. Jamieson; and in the present work he has resumed the inquiry on a more extended scale.

“The songs mentioned by Tacitus, in his account of the Germans, those collected by the order of Charlemagne, and those which the Goths brought with them out of the East, are now not to be found; yet it is more than probable, that much more of them is preserved, in however altered a form, than we are aware of; in the elder Northern and Teutonic Romances, the Danish and Swedish, Scottish and English popular ballads, and those which are sung by old women and nurses, and hawked about at fairs, in Germany. To show the intimate connexion which these have with each other, is the principal object in view in this publication; and the materials brought forward for this purpose have in general one merit at least, that of being altogether new, in any form whatever, to most, if not all, of our readers.

“As to the execution of the part of this work assigned to the present writer, he begs leave to observe, that he wishes himself to be considered rather as a commentator and editor, than a poetical translator; for his translations have been done, to the best of his ability, in such a manner as to supersede the necessity of illustration; and such pieces have been selected as might best illustrate each other, as well as the general subject of our



“ballad romances and traditional poetry. When there seemed to be occasion for throwing light upon, or preserving the memory of, peculiar usages, superstitions, etc. notes have been sub-joined.

“As to the dialect (the ancient Scottish) adopted in these versions, he is under considerable anxiety, being aware that it may be received with diffidence, and its propriety questioned. They were written in Livonia, after a residence of upwards of twelve years in England, and four on the continent; and it will with justice be concluded, that he must have lost much of the natural facility in the use of his native dialect, which is above all necessary for poetical narrative. Of this he is sufficiently sensible; and therefore would have never attempted to adapt it to original composition; at the same time that he is far from considering it as a valid objection to his undertaking his present task. Having cultivated an intimate acquaintance with the Scottish language in all its stages, so far back as any monuments of it remain, he might be supposed to have some confidence in his use of it. If in his translations he has blended the dialects of different ages, he has at least endeavoured to do judiciously what his subject seemed to require of him, in order to preserve as entire as possible, in every particular, the costume of his originals. This is one of the strongest features of resemblance between the Northern and Scottish Ballad, in which there is found a phraseology which has long been obsolete in both countries, and many terms not understood by those who recite them, and for the meaning of which we must refer to the Norse or Icelandic of the eighth and ninth centuries. On the other points of resemblance, it will not be necessary to say any thing, as they must strike every attentive observer; nor can the style which has been adopted be more satisfactorily justified, than by informing the reader, that the general cast of structure, diction, and idiom, has been so sedulously followed, that, for whole stanzas together, hardly any thing has been altered but the orthography.” p. 245, 246.

The Lay of Trazemund, which has been edited by Messrs. Grimm, and illustrated with their usual learning and acuteness, is a very ancient specimen of the German ballad. The song of this mysterious pilgrim, who had “wandered through seventy-two kingdoms,” and the dark enigmas which he unravels, display the mythological colouring of the Icelandic poetry. In the fourteenth century, the re-appearance of the Lay of Hildebrand, as a narrative ballad,

evinces the stubborn vitality of popular poetry. And the Noble Möringer<sup>1</sup>, together with other ballads in simple stanzas, and bearing a nearer resemblance to the English style, continue the history of these compositions in the following age.

The verse, by which leisure is assisted, and work is cheered,—which soothes the cares of the high-born damsel, and makes the spinning-wheel of the cottage maid whirl with redoubled velocity, although usually comprehended under the name of popular poetry,—should be considered as distinct from the narrative ballad. It seems that, in Germany, no specimens of this species of poetry have survived, anterior to the fragments which John Gansbein, the town-clerk of Limburg, has saved from the general wreck, by inserting them in the Chronicle. Amongst other particulars, he has carefully noted, that in the year 1360, a general change took place in the fashion of popular song, when the musicians also learned to “pipe” in a better style than had been hitherto used. The historian inserts a portion of the Complaint of the Wanton Nun, “as it was sung and piped by the people.” And also preserves the memory of a bare-footed monk, a poor lazar, who, according to the severe, but necessary laws of those times, was banished from society, “but who was the best song-writer in the Rheinland.”

The war songs of the Swiss are written in a fine strain of genuine ballad poetry. Halbsuter’s song on the battle of Sempach<sup>2</sup> (1386), in which Duke Leopold of Austria was defeated and slain, may be given as an instance. The ballad begins in admirable keeping with the omen which warns the husbandmen of the approach of the unbidden guests; the description of the Castle of Willisow in flames; and the boasts of the invaders.

“Die Biene kam geflogen, macht in der Lind ihr nest,  
Es redet der gemeine Mann ‘das dütet fremde Ges.’  
Da sah man wie die Veste bey Willisow hell brennt,  
Den herzog mit dem Neere ein jeder daran kennt.  
Sie redeten zusammen in ihrem Uebermuth,  
‘Die Schweitzer wollen wir töden, das jung und alte Blut!’”

The wars of Burgundy established the military fame of the Swiss. Their successes raised their patriotism to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; and the same warriors who had fought in the ranks, afterwards caused their cottages to resound with the strains of honest exultation. The ballads of Veit Weber, who was born out of the pale of the Helvetic confederacy, but who supported the cause with the loyalty of a native, are written with all the flush of



victory. He hurries over the field of battle, and points out the flying Burgundians "driven into the lake, and dying it with their blood, or climbing into the high trees, from which they are shot down by the Swiss cross bow men."

The fluctuating fortunes of the Protestants under Charles the Fifth, afforded matter for innumerable ditties. The doleful Lament of the Electress Dame Sybila of Saxony, and the Complaint of the Landgrave of Hesse, may be contrasted with others of a less desponding nature; such as were sung by the well-armed Lansquenet, playing cards on the drum-head all the while; or, as animated the sturdy citizens of Frankfort and Magdeburg, when they had cleared the churches of papal trumpery, and bade defiance to the emperor and his Spaniards.

A history of German music is yet wanting. In the few tunes of the "Master-singers" which are published, we cannot distinguish any national or characteristic melody. Some very ancient tunes of Danish ballads have been recovered and collected by Nyerup and Rahbek. They possess a full and plaintive harmony, although we do not find in them any vestiges of the "symphonius singing" which Giraldus imagined the Northumbrians had borrowed from the Danes and Norwegians. Vocal music became a favourite accomplishment in Germany in the sixteenth century, during which several collections of songs were published. Italian composers came to the assistance of the native amateurs, amongst whom are mentioned the names of Orlando di Lasso, Raynardi, and Mancini. Song writing, unfettered by the rules of the "Masters," thus found encouragement. It was necessary, of course, to suit every taste; and the good wine of the Rhein-land, which, by the way, appears to have been the most poetical tract in Germany, came in for its full share of praise. The old German songs, in general, have a pleasing simplicity, and often show a degree of delicacy of sentiment—we do not mean sentimentality—of which there are not the slightest traces in the more bulky productions of the later part of the sixteenth century. But the few good writers who appeared, perverted their vigorous talents, and employed themselves in coarse and clumsy satires and travesties. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, some attempts were made for the refinement of the German language, and the preservation of its purity. Academies, the old nostrum, were founded. These produced little benefit; but Martin Opitz (1620) in the north of Germany, and his little knot of poetical disciples—and Weckherlin (1618) in the south, rose far above mediocrity.

After the peace of Westphalia, solid learning and the sciences flourished in no ordinary degree; but the art of composition in the vernacular tongue, seemed wholly lost. The Germans held an honourable station in the republic of letters; but, until the modern school of poetry and literature was created by Haller and Hagedorn and Gellert,—their stern jurists covered with learned dust,—their philologists and theologians, each wrapped in an ambient atmosphere of tobacco smoke,—their chymists, worn down, and parched with the heat of the laboratory, and all speaking a barbarous form of a dead language—formed an uncouth group by the side of the polished and courtly wits of France, and the graceful dignity of their English rivals.

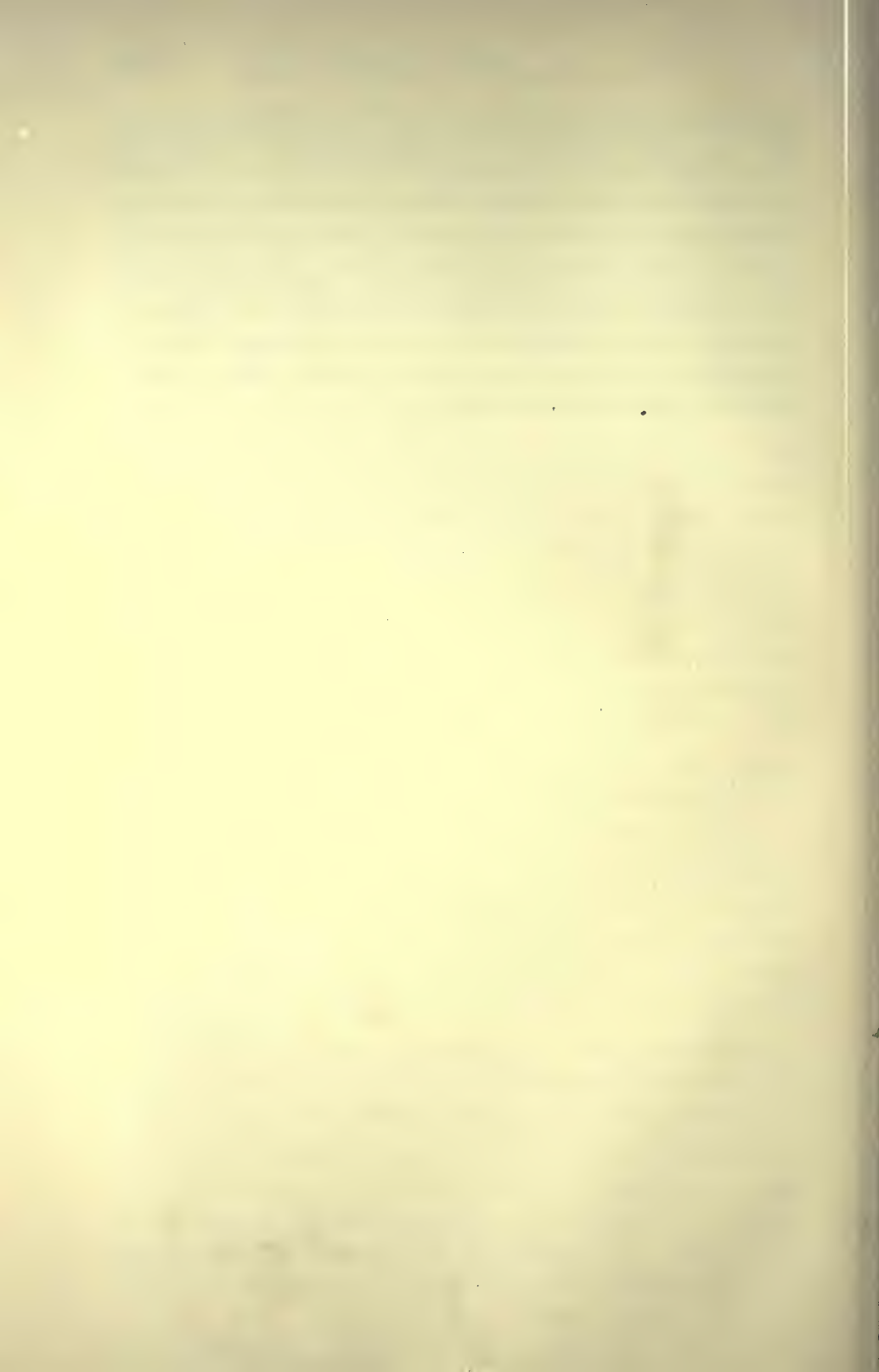
We have hardly left ourselves room to do justice to the authors of the works by which our desultory remarks have been suggested. Hagen and Büsching, who reopened the career of the ancient Teutonic literature, have done more for the promotion of these studies than any of their fellow-labourers. Without yielding to them in acquirements, the brothers, J. and W. Grimm, are sound and judicious archæologists, who have thoroughly investigated every part of the wide field of the antiquities of the middle ages. Görres is a forcible and eloquent writer—but his imagination is too glowing for an antiquarian; and he is every moment on the point of taking wing from Asgard to Bern.

M. Bouterwek's failings are of an opposite nature. His volume on the history of German poetry and eloquence forms part of his extensive history of the literature of modern Europe. It may be consulted with great advantages for the facts which it contains; but his observations savour strongly of hypercriticism and false refinement. The collection of ancient German songs by Arnim and Brentano, is of little value, as the originals are modernized and interpolated and, although we shall not echo Joseph Ritson's invectives, this mode of proceeding should never meet encouragement.

The authors of the *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, in introducing the reader to the poems and metrical romances of the Gothic dialects, have reason to assert, that "their materials are "new to British literature," and their names are sufficient pledges of the ability with which the task has been performed. Mr. Weber's former publication, his *Metrical Romances*, is a lasting monument of his editorial fidelity and learning. A fresh proof is given of the poetical talent, as well as of the industry of the "enthusiastic "Robert Jamieson," as he is termed by the celebrated Nyerup.



And, although the communications of "W.S. of Abbotsford"<sup>1</sup> are not very bulky, they form an interesting portion of the volume. We hope Mr. Jamieson, in particular, will soon be prevailed upon to perform the promise which the editors have given, of "extending" their researches to the Romances of Russia, and the original "songs of the Letts and Esthonian nations." His residence on the Continent has enabled him to collect information possessed by no other individual. He well understands the art of combining the useful with the agreeable. And we should not part with him in good humour, if we thought that he would refuse to gratify the curiosity which he has excited.





## ANTIQUITIES OF NURSERY LITERATURE.

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FAIRY TALES; OR A LILLIPUTIAN CABINET, *containing Twenty-four choice pieces of Fancy and Fiction.* Collected by BENJAMIN TABART. Tabart & Co., London. 1818.

SINCE our boyish days the literature of the nursery<sup>1</sup> has sustained a mighty alteration; the tone of the reading public has infected the taste of the spelling public. Mr. Benjamin Tabart's collection is, as we understand, considered an acceptable present to the rising generation; yet, though it is by no means devoid of merit, it recalls but faintly the pleasant homeliness of the narrations which used to delight us in those happy days when we were still pinned to our nurse's apron-strings, and which are now thought too childish to deserve a place even in the tiny library of the baby. Even Nurse herself has become strangely fastidious in her taste, and the books which please her are far different from those over which she used to pore, when she put on her spectacles, and took such desperate pains in leading us onwards from great A and little a, and bouncing B, even down to Empesand and Izzard. Scarcely any of the chap-books which were formerly sold to the country people at fairs and markets have been able to maintain their ancient popularity; and we have almost witnessed the extinction of this branch of our national literature. Spruce modern novels, and degenerate modern Gothic romances, romances only in name, have expelled the ancient "histories" even from their last retreats. The kitchen wench, who thumbs the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, or the *Rose of Raby*, won't grieve at all for the death of Fair Rosamund; and the tale of Troy, which, in the days of good Queen Bess,

"Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,  
And make Tom Butcher weep,"

has lost every jot of its pathos. Local traditions, indeed, cause the works which refer to them to retain their currency. Whilst the effigy of Sir Bevis<sup>2</sup> guards the Bar-Gate at Southampton, his achievements may be recollected there. And Guy, Earl of Warwick<sup>3</sup>, may thank his punch-bowl for keeping him alive in the memory of

his townsmen. But most of the other ancient heroes of chivalry, who defended their posts so long and so sturdily, have been fairly fibbed out of the ring by modern upstarts and pretenders. Gulley, the Champion of England, has supplanted St. George; and since Molineux and Dutch Sam and Scroggins have shown fight, there is not a shepherd's boy who cares a straw for the prowess of the Nine Grim Worthies of the World, whether Gentile, Jew or Christian. Politics and sectarianism complete the change which has taken place in the contents of the budget of the flying stationer. The old broadside-ballads have given way to the red stamp of the newspaper; and pedlars burn their ungodly story-books like sorcerers of old, and fill their baskets with the productions sanctified by the Imprimatur of the Tabernacle. As for the much-lamented Mr. Marshall, now no longer of Aldermary Churchyard, whose cheap and splendid publications at once excited and rewarded our youthful industry, he hath been compelled to shut up his shop long ago. Not a soul in the trade would bid for the copyright and back stock of *Tommy Two Shoes*. His penny books are out of print, one and all, and therefore, if things continue to go on as they have done of late years, there is really no telling what sums of money a good copy of the genuine edition of the *Life and Death of Cock Robin* may not soon fetch under the hammer of Mr. Evans, especially if it should chance to be a "tall copy," with "uncut "margins," graced with "clear impressions" of the "numerous "woodcuts" and retaining its "original" gilt paper binding.

Physiologists investigate the laws of animated life in the animalcules swimming in the rain-drop. The botanist ascends from mosses and lichens to the oak tree and palm. The man of letters should not disdain the chap-book, or the nursery story. Humble as these efforts of the human intellect may appear, they show its secret workings, its mode and progress, and human nature must be studied in all its productions; and we shall observe, in the words of Walter Scott, "that a work of great interest might be compiled "upon the origin of popular fiction and the transmission of similar "tales from age to age and from country to country. The mythology "of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the "next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent age."

Fiction thus resolves itself into its primitive elements, as by the slow and unceasing action of the rain and wind the solid granite is crumbled into sand. The creations embodied by the vivid imagination of man in the childhood of his race, incorporate themselves in his fond and mistaken faith. Sanctity is given to



his day-dreams by the altar of the idol. Then, perhaps, they acquire a deceitful truth from the genius of the bard. Blended with the mortal hero, the aspect of the god gleams through the vizor of the helmet, or adds a holy dignity to the regal crown. Poetry borrows its ornaments from the lessons of the priest. The ancient God of strength of the Teutons, throned in his chariot of the stars, the northern wain<sup>a</sup>, invested the Emperor of the Franks and the Paladins who surrounded him with superhuman might. And the same constellation darting down its rays upon the head of the long-lost<sup>b</sup> Arthur has given to the monarch of the Britons the veneration which once belonged to the son of "Uther Pendragon," "Thunder the Supreme leader" and "Egyr the generating power." But time rolls on; faith lessens, the flocks are led to graze within the rocky circle of the giants. Even the bones of the warriors moulder into dust; the lay is no longer heard; and the fable, reduced again to its original simplicity and nudity, becomes the fitting source of pastime to the untutored peasant and the listening child.

Hence we may yet trace no small proportion of mystic and romantic lore in the tales which gladden the cottage fireside, or, century after century, soothe the infant to its slumbers. When the nursery-maid looks for her sweetheart in the bottom of the tea-cup she is little aware that she is practising the scyphomancy of the Egyptians. We must not now, however, allow ourselves to wander from the realms of popular fiction to the land of popular superstition, although there is so much difficulty in ascertaining their proper boundaries that forgiveness might be readily obtained for the digression. The elves which dance on the wold must be considered as subject to the same laws as the fairies who bless the young prince's christening cap; and the giant who fills up the portal of the castle, or who wields his club upon the roof of the

<sup>a</sup> The Great Bear appears to have been known by the name of Charles's Wain<sup>1</sup> among the Teutons and Scandinavians, in the earliest ages. At Upsala, according to an ancient Swedish metrical chronicle, it was placed in the hands of the God Thor.

"Thor Gud . . .

. . . Satt nacken som ett barn

Siw Stjernori Handen och Karlewagn."

<sup>b</sup> Arthur, according to Mr. Owen, is a mythological personage. "Arthur," he says, "is the Great Bear, as the name actually implies" (it is odd he did not think of Arctos and Arcturus to strengthen his hypothesis). "And perhaps this constellation, being so near the pole, and sensibly describing a circle in so small a space, is the origin of the round table." Southey's Preface to the *History of Arthur*, p. 3.

tower, does not differ essentially from the tall black man who carries away the naughty boy, and terrifies the little ruddy-cheeked maiden on the maternal bosom. These man-eaters were generally the great captains of the times. "Beware of Melendo!" was the threat of the Moorish mother to her babe<sup>a</sup>. The Moors were driven from Andalusia before fear and hatred had distorted the Castilian knight into a monster. But Attila the Hun, the mighty monarch of the book of heroes, degenerated into a blood-thirsty ogre amongst the inhabitants of Gaul who had smarted under his exterminating sword.

The Welsh have their *Mabinogion*<sup>1</sup>, or Juvenile Amusements of undoubted authenticity and antiquity. Some of them are extant in manuscript, others live only in the traditions of the common people. A translation of the former was prepared for the press by Mr. William Owen, to whom Cymric literature is so greatly indebted, but the manuscript was unfortunately lost before publication. These tales possess extraordinary singularity and interest, and a complete collection of them in the original language is, as Mr. Southey remarks, a desideratum in British literature. The Cymry however seem to have little feeling for the productions of their ancestors, and the praiseworthy and patriotic exertions of individuals may cause the Welsh nation at large to blush. When a foreigner asks us the names of the nobility and gentry of the principality who published the *Myvyrian Archæology* at their own expense, we must answer that it was none of them, but Owen Jones, the Thames Street furrier.

The popular fiction of the Celts is lively in its poetic imagery. Amongst the nations where the blood of the Teutons yet predominates, popular fiction is equally poetical in its cast. Not so in the happier climes of the south of Europe, where the Italian gives a zest to his popular narratives by buffoonery or ribaldry. A considerable portion of the fairy tales contained in the *Pentamerone, overo lo Trattenemiento de li Peccerille*," or Entertainment for the Little Ones together with those from the Nights of Signor Straparola, exhibit the inhabitants of Peristan as their chief characters, though not always retaining their eastern grace and beauty. Giovan' Battista Basile, who published his work under the fictitious name of Gian Alesio Abbatutis, compiled the

<sup>a</sup> He is mentioned in the account of the siege of Huesca in the *Cronica General*. "Avia un infanzon que era sobrino de Don Lorenzo Xuarez quel llamaron Melen Rodriguez Gallinato. Tomaron del tan gran miedo los Moros que quando algun "niño llorava, decienle, Cata Melendo."



*Pentamerone*<sup>a</sup> from the old stories current amongst the Neapolitans, and the work is written wholly in his native Neapolitan dialect, a language, not a jargon as it is absurdly called by the Tuscans, which was cultivated at a much earlier period than the *volgar' illustre* of Tuscany. The narrative which connects the stories is invented by the Cavaliere Basile himself; the tales are told with characteristic oddity by the ten old women of the city, whose tongues run most glibly, to wit—Zozza Scioffata, Cecca Storta, Meneca Vozzolosà, Tolla Nasuta, Popa Scartellata, Antonella Vavosa, Ciulla Mossuta, Paola Sgargiata, Ciommetella Zellosa, and Iacova Squacquarata, denominations and epithets as expressive to the Neapolitan ear, as the more harmonious names of the Naiads of Homer were to the Grecians. The *Pentamerone* is one of those racy national works which defy translation. Basile seems to gesticulate and laugh aloud. His writing is as the discourse of the story-teller of the Piazza addressing an audience of gaping urchins and full-grown Lazzaroni, basking in the sunshine.

Of the traditionary tales of Spain little can be said, except that we know that all the beasts used to speak in the days of Maricastana. Maricastana flourished in the reign of King Bamba when the slashed petticoat of black velvet which the curate borrowed of the innkeeper's wife was yet a new one. The good dog Scipio<sup>b</sup> who spoke in times nearer to our own, has noticed the stories of the horse without a head and the rod of virtue with which the old women "were wont to entertain themselves "when sitting by the fire-side in the long nights of winter." In order that the horse without a head may travel to posterity, we think it right to add, that this marvellous monster haunts the Moorish ramparts of the Alhambra, in company with another nondescript beast ycleped the Belludo, on account of his woolly hide; both have a local habitation and a name in the guard-room by the side of the principal portal of the palace, from whence they occasionally sally forth, and terrify the sentries.

<sup>a</sup> Il Pentamerone...overo lo Trattenemiento de li Peccerille. De Gian Alesio Abbattutis. Novamente restampata, e co tutte le Zeremonie corrietto 'n Napole. 1714.

<sup>b</sup> In the dialogue between Scipio and Berganza, the former speaks of the "cuentos de viejas, como aquellos del cavallo sin cabeza, y de la Varilla de Virtudes "con que se entretenien al fuego las dilatadas noches del invierno." But the horse without a head sometimes migrates into this country, and we have frequently fled before his imaginary approach in the days of our naughtiness. A friend has pointed out to us a passage in Plato (*De Legibus*, l. vi.) in which the sage alludes to a similar superstition amongst the Greeks.

The most important addition to nursery literature has been effected in Germany, by the diligence of Jacob and William Grimm<sup>1</sup>, two antiquarian brethren of the highest reputation. Under the title of *Kinder und Hausmärchen* they have published a collection of German popular stories, singular in its kind, both for extent and variety, and from which we have acquired much information. In this collection we recognize a host of English and French and Italian stories of the same genus and species, and extant in printed books; but the greater part of the German popular or nursery stories are stated by the editors to be traditional, some local, others more widely known; and MM. Grimm say that they are confident "that all those which they have so gathered from oral tradition, with the exception indeed of Puss in Boots, are pure German, and not borrowed from the stranger." In their annotations, Messrs. Grimm have taken considerable pains, and often with considerable success, to show the relationship between these *Kindermärchen* or Children's Tales, and the venerable Sagas of the North, which, in good sooth, were only intended for children of larger growth. "The real worth of these tales," continue Messrs. Grimm, "is indeed to be highly estimated, as they give a new and more complete elucidation of our ancient German heroic fictions than could be obtained from any other source. Thornrosa, who is set a sleeping in consequence of the wounds inflicted by her spindle, is Brynhilda cast into slumber by the sleep-thorn of Odin. The manner in which Loke hangs to the giant-eagle is better understood after a perusal of the story of the Golden Goose, to which the lads and lasses who touch it, adhere inseparably. In the stories of the Wicked Goldsmith, the Speaking Bird, and the Eating of the Bird's Heart, who does not recognize the fable of Sigurd<sup>a</sup>? In these popular stories is concealed the pure and primitive mythology of the Teutons which

<sup>a</sup> These fables, familiar to Messrs. Grimm, are not equally so to our readers. Sigurd passes through the flames which surround the castle, where he finds Brynhilda cast into a magic slumber, he releases her; and she speaks. "Two kings warred upon each other, the one was named Hialmgunnar, and he was old and a mighty warrior, and to him Odin had promised victory. The name of the other was Agnar, the brother of Aud. I killed Hialmgunnar in battle, and Odin wounded me in the head, with the thorn of sleep." The corresponding traditional story is nearly the same as Perrault's Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, which, as we have observed, is also said to be founded in tradition.

The Golden Goose and the other adventures are too long to be epitomized in this place; those who choose may consult the Volsunga-Saga, and the second part of the edition of Resenius, c. 12.



“has been considered as lost for ever; and we are convinced that  
“if such researches are continued in the different districts of  
“Germany, the traditions of this nature, which are now neglected,  
“will change into treasuries of incredible worth, and assist in  
“affording a new basis for the study of the origin of our ancient  
“poetical fictions.” *Kindermärchen*, vol. II, p. 7.

Messrs. Grimm are ardent and enthusiastic. Our lamented Leyden, who took an analogous view of popular narrative, was rather inclined to connect its history with ancient romance, as he overlooked the mythological basis of the system. “In the  
“repetition of an unskilful reciter the metrical romance or fabliau  
“seems often to have degenerated into a popular story; and it is  
“a curious fact that the subjects of some of the popular stories  
“which I have heard repeated in Scotland, do not differ essentially  
“from those of some of the ancient Norman fabliaux, presented  
“to the public in an elegant form by Le Grand. Thus when I first  
“perused the fabliaux of the Poor Scholar, the Three Thieves,  
“and the Sexton of Cluni, I was surprised to recognize the popular  
“stories which I had often heard repeated in infancy, and which  
“I had often repeated myself when the song or the tale repeated  
“by turns, amused the tedious evenings of winter. From this  
“circumstance I am inclined to think that many of the Scottish  
“popular stories may have been common to the Norman French.  
“Whether these tales be derived immediately from the French  
“during their long and intimate intercourse with the Scotch  
“nation, or whether both nations borrowed them from the Celtic,  
“may admit of some doubt.”

In ascribing a common origin to the popular fictions of our island and the continent we cannot be far from the truth; but since the people of England and the Scottish Lowlands are undoubtedly offsets and grafts from the Teutonic stock, it is probable that our popular fables also are chiefly of Teutonic origin. These idle stories boast a higher antiquity than romances and poems of much greater pretensions. Our proud baronial families can trace their line only up to Battle Abbey Roll, whilst the yeomen and franklins of Essex and Sussex, and Kent, the Spongs, and the Pungs, and the Wapshotts and the Eppses, bear in their names the evidence of their descent from the Saxon and Danish conquerors of Britain; and even the knights of the romances of the Round Table in their present form are mere striplings when compared to the acquaintance of our early childhood, who troop along by the side of the go-cart and help to rock the cradle.

Jack, commonly called the Giant Killer, and Thomas Thumb landed in England from the very same keels and warships which conveyed Hengist and Horsa, and Ella the Saxon.

To begin with the rudest species of these inventions, we may notice the nursery tale heard by Dr. Leyden, and reported by him to be "very similar, in many respects," to the "Grim white woman" of Mr. Lewis, in which the spirit of a child in the form of a bird is supposed to whistle the following verse to its father:

"Pew-wew—pew-wew,  
My minny me slew."

It would occupy too much space to abstract the tale of the *Machandel Boom* or the Holly Tree, which was substantially the same; but the Nether-Saxon stanza, corresponding with the Scottish verse, may be given for the sake of comparison.

"Min Moder de mi slacht't  
Min Vader de mi att,  
Min Swester de Marleeniken,  
Söcht alle mine Beeniken  
Un bind't se in een siden Dook  
Legt's unner den Machandel boom  
Kyvitt! Kyvitt! ach wat een schön vogel bin ick."

Our Scottish friends will not be displeased at our offering them another proof of the antiquity of their popular fictions. Dr. Leyden "recollected to have heard a story, wherein a spirit gives the "following injunction to a terrified ghost seer," which, by the way, has settled the important doubts respecting the gender of a gib cat.

"Mader Watt! Mader Watt!  
Tell your gib cat  
Auld Girnigae o' Cragend's dead."

The same story is told in Denmark as having occurred at a town called Lyng, near Soroe. Not far distant from this village is a hill—called "Brondhoë," which is inhabited by the Trolld-folk—a set of beings somewhat between men and devils, though more akin to the latter. Amongst these Trolds, was an old sickly devil, peevish and ill-tempered, because he was married to a young wife; this unhappy Trolld often set the rest by the ears, whence they nick-named him "Knurre-Murre," or "Rumble Grumble." Now, it came to pass that Knurre-Murre discovered that his young wife was inclined to honour him with a supplemental pair of horns; and to avoid Knurre-Murre's vengeance, the amorous Trolld who excited his jealousy was forced to fly for his life from the cairn, and take refuge in the shape of a tortoise-shell cat, in the house of



Goodman Platt, who harboured him with much hospitality, let him lie on the great wicker chair, and fed him twice a day with bread and milk out of a red earthenware pipkin. One evening the goodman came home at a late hour, full of wonderment, "Goody," he exclaimed to his wife, "as I was passing by Brondhoë, there " came out a Troid, who spake to me saying

'Hör du Platt,  
Siig til din kat  
At Knurre-Murre er död.'"  
Hear thou Platt,  
Say to thy cat  
That Knurre-Murre is dead.

The tortoise-shell cat was lying on the great wicker chair and eating his supper of bread and milk out of the red earthenware pipkin when the Goodman came in; but as soon as the message was delivered he jumped bolt upright upon his two hind legs, for all the world like a Christian, and kicking the red earthenware pipkin and the rest of the bread and milk before him, he whisked through the cottage door, mewing "What, is Knurre-Murre dead! " then I may go home again!"

The tale of the frog-lover, given by Dr. Leyden, and popular in Scotland, is known in every part of Germany under the name of "the King of the Frogs," and is alluded to in several ancient German writers. The rhythmical address of the aquatic lover who is, of course, an enchanted prince, corresponds in the two languages.

"Open the door, my hinny, my heart,  
Open the door mine ane wee thing,  
And mind the words that you and I spak  
Down in the meadow at the well spring."

"Königstochter jungste,  
Mach mir auf,  
Weiss du nicht was gestern  
Du zu mir gesagt  
Bei dem kühlen Brunnenwasser?  
Königstochter jungste,  
Mach mir auf."

These enchanted frogs have migrated from afar, and we suspect that they were originally crocodiles; we trace them in a tale forming part of a series of stories entitled "The Relations of Ssidi Kur" extant amongst the Calmuck Tartars. It appears that the "adventures which befell the wandering Chan" were originally written in Thibet, and the author commences with an invocation to one of the lesser gods of Lamaism. "Glorified Naugasuna Garbi! thou

"art radiant within and without!—the holy vessel of existence, "the second of our instructors, I bow before thee." The tales of witchery learnt from the wonderful bird of Ssidi are singularly wild and strange, and the scene of the romance is placed in the middle kingdom of India. All the magical machinery of the popular tales of Europe is to be found in these tales, which have a genuine Tartar character; there are wishing-caps and flying swords, and hobgoblins and fairies in abundance. Ssidi also tells a story of a benevolent Bramin, who receives the grateful assistance of a mouse, a bear, and a monkey, whom he had severally rescued from the hands of their tormentors. A fable founded on nearly the same plot is given in the *Gesta Romanorum*<sup>1</sup>, though the details differ widely; Calila and Dimnah furnish others of the same class; but we consider it as an extraordinary fact, that a fable precisely of the same import is yet a favourite amongst the peasantry in the Schwelmgegend (somewhere in Hesse), where, as Messrs. Grimm inform us, it has been preserved by tradition; they do not seem to be aware of its Tartar origin. It will be shown below that even Jack the Giant Killer is under some obligation to the fictions of the Calmucks. We learn from Mr. Morier's entertaining narrative that Whittington's cat realized his price in India; the story rested in Italy by the way, and the merry priest, Arlotto, told it before the Lord Mayor was born or thought of<sup>a</sup>. These circumstances, trifling as the subject may appear, will lend their aid in tracing the fictions of the inhabitants of Europe from the first seat of the Caucasian tribes.

Whittington, however, will claim less attention than Tom Thumb and Tom Hickathrift<sup>2</sup>. The learned Doctor William Wagstaffe, Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Fellow of the College of Physicians and of the Royal Society, and whose name was so analogous to his humour, hath given a very strong "testimony" respecting the merits of these histories, which, according to the good old custom of classical editors, we intend to prefix to our proposed critical edition of these works "cum notis variorum." The Doctor says "that the lives in question are more proper to "adorn the shelves of Bodley or the Vatican, than to be confined "in the retirement and obscurity of a private library. I have "perused the former of them (he adds) with more than ordinary

<sup>a</sup> *Facezie del Piovano Arlotto*, p. 23.—Arlotto relates how the adventure befell a Geneway merchant, upon which another, hearing of the profitable adventure, makes a voyage to Rat Island with a precious cargo, for which the king repays him with one of his cats.



“application, and have made some observations on it which will not, I hope, prove unacceptable to the public.” He has confined himself, however, to the poetical beauties of the work; we hope therefore it will be equally “acceptable to the public” if we attempt to contribute our mite towards its literary history.

Tom Hearne<sup>a</sup> would almost have sworn that Tom Thumb the fairy knight was “King Edgar’s dwarf.” On ballad authority we learn that “Tom a lyn was a Scotsman born.” Now Tom Hearne and the ballad are both in the wrong; for Tom a lyn, otherwise Tamlane<sup>1</sup>, is no other than Tom Thumb himself, who was originally a dwarf, or dwergar, of Scandinavian descent, being the Thaumlin, i.e. Little Thumb of the Northmen. Drayton, who introduces both these heroes in his *Nymphidia*, seems to have suspected their identity.

The German “Daumerling,” i.e. little Thumb, is degraded to the son of a tailor—he has not much in common with Tom Thumb the Great, except the misfortune of being swallowed by the dun cow, which took place in Germany just as it did in England<sup>b</sup>. This is a traditionary story of the Germans; but there is a little book in the Danish language, analysed by Professor Nyerup, of the University of Copenhagen, who censures it, and perhaps with some degree of justice, as a “very childish history.” It treats of “Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married

<sup>a</sup> See Hearne’s *Benedictus Abbas*, p. lv.

<sup>b</sup> “Many years ago,” a literary friend writes to us, “I had persuaded myself that several of our common nursery tales were the remnants of ancient *μῦθοι*, and that Tom Thumb, for instance, if the truth should be discovered, would be found to be a mythological personage. Though fully convinced at the time that so strange a fiction could not have arisen from any other source, I had not the least expectation that any thing would ever occur to me in confirmation of such an apparent paradox. Tom Thumb’s adventure bears a near analogy to the rite of adoption into the Braminical order, a ceremony which still exists in India, and to which the Rajah of Tanjore submitted not many years ago. In Dubois’ work there is an account of a diminutive deity, whose person and character are analogous to that of Tom Thumb. He too, if I recollect, was not originally a Bramin, but became one by adoption, like some of the worthies of the Ramayana. Compare the multiplicity of Tom Thumb’s metamorphoses with those of Taliessin as quoted by Davies; we shall then see that this diminutive personage is a slender but distinct thread of communication between the Braminical and Druidical superstitions. Even independent of the analogy between his transformations and those of Taliessin—his station in the court of King Arthur (evidently the mythological Arthur) marks him as a person of the highest fabulous antiquity in this island; while the adventure of the cow, to which there is nothing analogous in Celtic mythology, appears to connect him with India.”

"to a woman three ells and three quarters long." The Danish title-page, which we transcribe below<sup>a</sup> enumerates other of Tomling's adventures which are not found in the "History of his "Marvellous Acts of Manhood" as preserved in England; the manhood, however, which emboldened the Swain to venture on a wife of "three ells and three quarters" in length is yet commemorated in the ancient rhyme which begins "I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb."

According to popular tradition Tom Thumb died at Lincoln, which it may be recollected was one of the five Danish towns of England; we do not, however, therefore intend to insist that the story was handed down from the northern invaders. There was a little blue flag-stone in the pavement of the Minster "which was shewn as Tom Thumb's monument," and the country folks never failed to marvel at it, when they came to church on the Assize Sunday; but during some of the modern repairs which have been inflicted on that venerable building, the flagstone was displaced and lost, to the great discomfiture of the holiday visitants.

The prose history of Tom Thumb is manufactured from the ballad; and by the introduction of the fairy queen at his birth, and certain poetical touches which it yet exhibits, we are led to suppose that it is a *rifacimento* of an earlier and better original. One of Tom's sports deserves note; it is when, in order to be revenged on his playmates, he,

"took in pleasant game  
Black pots and glasses which he hung  
Upon a bright sun-beam.  
The other boys, to do the same,  
In pieces broke them quite,  
For which they were most soundly whipt,  
At which he laughed outright."

This "pleasant game" is borrowed from the pseudo-hagiography of the middle ages. It is found not only in one of the spurious Gospels, but also in the legend of St. Columbanus, who, as we are told, performed a similar miracle by hanging his garment on a sunbeam.

Mr. Thomas Hickathrift, afterwards Sir Thomas Hickathrift, Knight, is praised by Mr. Thomas Hearne as a "famous champion."

<sup>a</sup> *Svend Tomling, et Menneske ikke større en Tommelfinger, som vil giftes med ein Kone, tre Alen og tre Quarter lang, Kommer til Verden med hat paa og Karde ved siden, driver Plov, sælges til en herremand som forvare ham i sin Snuusdaase, &c.*



The honest antiquary has identified this well-known knight with the far less celebrated Sir Frederick de Tylney, Baron of Tylney in Norfolk, the ancestor of the Tylney family, who was killed at Acon, in Syria, in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion; "Hycophric, " or Hycothrift" as the mister-wight observes, "being probably " a corruption of Frederick." This happy exertion of etymological acumen is not wholly due to Hearne, who only adopted a hint given by Mr. Philip Le Neve whilom of the College of Arms. Their conjectures, however, accord but slightly with the traditions given by the accurate Spelman, in his *Icenia*. From the most remote antiquity, the fables and achievements of Hickifric have been obstinately credited by the inhabitants of the township of Tylney. "Hickifric" is venerated by them as the assertor of the rights and liberties of their ancestors. The "Monstrous giant" who guarded the Marsh, was, in truth, no other than the tyrannical lord of the manor, who attempted to keep his copyholders out of the common field, called Tilney Smeeth, but who was driven away, with his retainers, by the prowess of Tom, armed with only his axle-tree and cart-wheel. Spelman has told the story in good Latin, and we subjoin it to the text<sup>a</sup>.

We have not room to detail the pranks which Tom performed when his "natural strength which exceeded twenty common men," became manifest, but they must be noticed as being correctly Scandinavian. Similar were the achievements of the great northern champion Gretter, when he kept geese upon the common, as told in his Saga. We are not very deeply read in northern lore, but we hope that Messrs. Grimm will agree with us that Tom's youth retraces the tales of the prowess of the youthful Siegfried, detailed in the Niflunga Saga, and in the Book of Heroes. It appears from

<sup>a</sup> "In Marslandia...sitæ sunt Walsoka,...Waltona,...et Walpola....In "viciniis jacent Terrington et St. Maries....Adjacet Tylney veteris utique Tylnei- "orum familiæ radix....Hic se expandit insignis area quæ a planitie nuncupatur "Tylney Smeeth, pinguis adeo et luxurians ut Paduana pascua videatur superasse. "....Tuentur eam indigenæ velut aras et focos, fabellamque recitant longa petitam "vetustate de Hikifrico (nescio quo) Haii illius instar in Scotorum Chronicis, qui "civium suorum dedignatus fugam, aratrum quod agebat solvit; arreptoque "temone furibundus insiliit in hostes, victoriamque ademit exultantibus. Sic "cum de agri istius finibus acriter olim dimicatum esset inter fundi Dominum et "villarum incolas, nec valerent hi adversus eum consistere; cedentibus occurrit "Hikifricus, axemque excutiens a curru quem agebat, eo vice gladii usus; rota, "clypei; invasores repulit ad ipsos quibus nunc funguntur terminos. Ostendunt "in cœmeterio Tilniensi, sepulchrum sui pugilis, axem cum rota insculptum "exhibens." Spelman's *Posthumous Works*, p. 138.

Hearne, that the supposed axle-tree with the superincumbent wheel was represented on "Hycothrift's grave stone, in Tylney "churchyard in the shape of a cross."<sup>a</sup> This is the form in which all the Runic monuments represent the celebrated hammer or thunderbolt of the son of Odin, which shattered the skulls and scattered the brains of so many luckless giants. How far this surmise may be supported by Tom's skill and strength in throwing the hammer (Part I. Chap. 48) we will not pretend to decide. If, on the other hand, any of our antiquarian readers should think it right to withhold their assent to the proposition that Thor can be identified with Tom Hickathrift, they may have the full benefit of our doubts. The common people have a happy faculty of seeing whatever they choose to believe, and of refusing to see the things in which they disbelieve. It may therefore be supposed that the rude sculpture which the Tylneyites used to call the offensive and defensive arms of their champion was truly nothing more than a cross, of which the upper part is inscribed in a circle, a figure often found on ancient sepulchres.

From Tom Hickathrift and Thor we must proceed to their immortal compeer Jack the Giant Killer<sup>1</sup>. In Jack's memoirs, a Wormius, a Rudbeck, a Bartholinus, a Schimmlemann, a Stephanus, or a Peringskiöld might discover indubitable resemblances to the fictions of the Edda. Jack, as we are told, "having got a "little money, travelled into Flintshire, and came to a large house "in a lonesome place, and by reason of his present necessity, he "took courage to knock at the gate, when, to his amazement, "there came forth a monstrous Giant with two heads, yet he did "not seem so fiery as the former Giants, for he was a Welsh Giant<sup>b</sup>." This Welsh Giant was rendered less "fiery" than he would naturally have been, in consequence of "breakfasting," as the story

<sup>a</sup> A Norfolk antiquary has had the goodness to procure for us an authentic report of the present state of Tom's sepulchre. It is a stone soros, of the usual shape and dimensions. The sculptured lid or cover no longer exists. It must have been entire about fifty years ago, for when we were good, Gaffer Crane would rehearse Tom's achievements, and tell us that he had cut out the moss which filled up the inscription with his penknife, but he could not read the letters.

<sup>b</sup> See *History of Jack and the Giants*, Part I. Chap. v. p. 14.—The edition which we use has no date, but was "Printed and sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials." It is far less correct than the older edition printed at York by "J. Kendrew, near the Collier-gate." Yet, on the whole, as Dr. Harwood justly observes on a similar occasion (*View of the various Editions of the Classics with remarks by Edward Harwood, D.D.* London, 1775, p. 214) "it "has fewer inaccuracies than a scholar might justly expect from a London edition."



says, "on a great bowl of hasty pudding" instead of keeping to the warm invigorating national diet, toasted cheese. To this low feeding we also attribute the want of sagacity which enabled Jack "to outwit him" notwithstanding his two heads. The history states that Jack undressed himself, and as the Giant was walking towards another apartment, Jack heard him say to himself

"Though here you lodge with me this night,  
You shall not see the morning light,  
My club shall dash your brains out—quite."

"Say you so," says Jack, "is that one of your Welsh tricks? I hope "to be as cunning as you." Then getting out of bed he found a thick billet, and laid it in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead time of the night came the Giant with his club, and struck several blows on the bed where Jack had artfully laid the billet, and then returned to his own room, supposing, as the romance writer observes with emphatical simplicity, "that he had broken all Jack's bones." In the morning early Jack came to thank him for his lodging. "Oh!" said the Giant, "how have you rested, did you see anything last night?" "No," said Jack, "but a rat gave me three or four slaps with his "tail."

To this adventure, though the *locus in quo* is placed in Flintshire by the English writer, we find a parallel in the device practised by the Giant Skrimner when he and Thor journeyed to Skrimner's Castle of Utgaard, and related at large in the twelfth chapter of the Edda of Snorro. At midnight the mighty son of earth laid himself to sleep beneath an oak, and snored aloud. Thor, the giant killer, resolved to rid himself of his unsuspecting companion, and struck him with his tremendous hammer. "Hath a "leaf fallen upon me from the tree?" exclaimed the awakened Giant. The Giant soon slept again, and "snored" as the Edda says, "as loudly as if it had thundered in the forest." Thor struck the Giant again, and, as he thought, the hammer made a mortal indentation in his forehead. "What is the matter?" quoth Skrimner, "hath an acorn fallen on my head?" A third time the potent Giant snored, and a third time did the hammer descend, "with huge two-handed sway" and with such force that Thor weened the iron had buried itself in Skrimner's temples. "Me- "thinks," quoth Skrimner, rubbing his cheek, "some moss hath "fallen on my face." Thor might be well amazed at the escape of the Giant; but Skrimner, acting exactly like Jack, had outwitted his enemy, by placing an immense rock on the leafy couch

where Thor supposed he was sleeping, and which received the blows of the hammer in his stead.

The fictions of the north, and indeed of the east, are no less distinguishable in the robbery which Jack, who, after all, was an unprincipled young dog, committed on a simple cousin of his<sup>a</sup>, "a huge and monstrous Giant having three heads, and who would beat five hundred men in armour." Jack terrified his three-headed cousin out of his wits, by telling him that the king's son was coming. "This is heavy news indeed," quoth the giant, "but I have a large vault under ground, where I will run and hide myself." In the morning, when Jack let his cousin out of the hole, he asked what he should give him for his care, seeing that his castle was not demolished. "Why," answered Jack, "I desire nothing, but your old rusty sword, the coat in the closet, and the cap and shoes which you keep at the bed's head." "Thou shalt have them with all my heart," said the Giant, "as a just reward for thy kindness in protecting me from the king's son, and be sure that thou carefully keepst them for my sake; for they are things of excellent use: the coat will keep you invisible, the cap will furnish you with knowledge, the sword cuts asunder whatever you strike, and the shoes are of extraordinary swiftness." Every one of these wonderful articles has been stolen out of the great Northern treasury, though we cannot pretend to explain in what manner Jack's cousin, the Giant with three heads, became possessed of them. The coat is, in fact, the magic garment known in ancient German by the equivalent denomination of the *Nebel Kappe* or Cloud Cloak, fabled to belong to King Alberich, and the other dwarfs of the Teutonic cycle of Romance, who, clad therein, could walk invisible. To them also belongs the "Tarn-hut," or hat of darkness<sup>b</sup> possessing the same virtue. Velent<sup>1</sup> the cunning smith

<sup>a</sup> *History of Jack*, etc. Part I. Chap. vi. pp. 18-21.

<sup>b</sup> Wolf Dietrich saves his life by the loan of this hat of darkness,  
 . . . mournfully he sighed—for Dame Grel his sword had ta'en:  
 A dwarf 'gan hear and pity the hero's woeful strain:  
 He saw where she had hid in the rock the noble blade;  
 Straight he ran where on the sod Wolf Dietrich was laid.  
 O'er the champion did he cast a tarn-cap speedily,  
 And has led him to the cave, where his falchion he did see.  
 Now, with leathern thongs, the savage giantess  
 Ran where the hero she had left, bound upon the grass.  
 But when there no more she saw him, back to her cave she came:  
 Scornfully Wolf Dietrich laughed, when he saw the uncouth dame:  
 Off he throws the tarn-cap, and in her sight appears: . . .

*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, pp. 90-91.



of the Edda of Sæmund<sup>1</sup> wrought Jack's sword of sharpness which in the Wilkina-Saga bears the name of Balmung. So keen was its edge that when Velent cleft his rival Æmilius through the middle with the wondrous weapon, it merely seemed to Æmilius as though cold water had glided down him. "Shake thyself," said Velent. Æmilius shook himself, and fell dead into two halves, one on each side of his chair. That the stories of Velent's skill were well known in this country is evinced by the Auchinleck text of the Geste of King Horn, where he is called Weland.

Jack's shoes of swiftmess were once worn by Loke when he escaped from Valhalla. In the Calmuck romance of Ssidi Kur, the Chan steals a similar pair of seven league boots from the Tehadkurrs, or evil spirits, by means of the cap which made him invisible which he won from certain quarrelling children, or dwarfs, whom he encounters in the middle of a forest<sup>a</sup>. Are these mere incidental coincidences between the superstitions and fictions of the followers of Buddha and of those of Odin?

In the history of "Jack and the Beanstalk," the consistency of the characters is still finely preserved. The awful distich put

\* "Now the son of the Chan and his trusty servant travelled along a river and arrived in a wood, where they met many children who were quarrelling with each other. 'Why do you thus dispute?' said they.

" 'We have found a cap in this wood, and each of us wishes to keep it.'

" 'What is the use of the cap?'

" 'The cap hath this virtue, he who wears it is seen neither by the gods, nor men, nor the Tehadkurrs.'

" 'Now go all of ye to the end of the forest, and run hither. And I will keep the cap and I will give it to him who first reaches this spot and wins the race.'

" 'So spake the son of the Chan, and the children ran, but when they came back they could not find the cap, for he had placed it on the head of his companion, and they sought for it in vain.

" 'And the son of the Chan and his companion travelled onwards, and they came to a forest wherein they met many Tehadkurrs who were quarrelling with each other. 'Why do you thus dispute?' said they.

" 'It is I,' exclaimed each Tehadkurr, 'to whom these boots belong.'

" 'What is the use of the boots?'

" 'He who wears these boots,' answered the Tehadkurrs, 'is conveyed to any country wherein he wishes himself.'

" 'Now,' answered the son of the Chan, 'go all of you that way, and he who first runs hither shall obtain the boots.'

" 'And the Tehadkurrs ran their race accordingly. But the Chan's son had concealed the boots in the bosom of his companion, who at the same time had the cap upon his head. And the Tehadkurrs sought for the boots, but they found them not, and they went away.'" *Second Relation of Ssidi Kur.*

into the mouth of the Jette or Ettin, the principal agent in this romance,

"Snouk but, snouk ben,  
I find the smell of earthly men,"

is scarcely inferior to the "fee faw fum" of the keen-scented anthropophaginian of the other. The bean-stalk, "the top whereof "when Jack looked upwards he could not discern as it appeared "lost in the clouds," has grown in fanciful imitation of the ash Ygdrasil reaching, according to the Edda, from hell to heaven. As to the beautiful harp which "played of its own accord," and which Jack stole from the giant, we must find a parallel for it in the wonderful harp made of the breastbone of the king's daughter, and which sang so sweetly to the miller, "Binnorie, Oh Binnorie," and in old Dunstan's harp which sounded without hands when hanging in the vale.

Before we dismiss the Giganticide, we must remark that most of his giants rest upon good romance authority; or, to speak more correctly, Jack's history is a popular and degraded version of the traditions upon which our earliest romances are founded. "The "Mount of Cornwall," which was kept by a large and monstrous Giant, is St. Michael's Mount, and the Giant Corinoran, whom Jack dispatched there, and who "was eighteen feet high and about "three yards round," is the same who figures in the romance of Tristan. It was by killing this Corinoran (the Corinæus probably of Geoffrey of Monmouth and the *Brut*), that Jack acquired his triumphal epithet of the Giant Killer<sup>a</sup>.

In order that students of British gigantology may not be misled in their researches we think it proper to inform them that they must take great care not to confound "the History of Jack "and the Giants," with "the History of the Giants." These works

<sup>a</sup> "Now when the magistrates who employed John heard that the job was "over, they sent for him, declaring he should henceforth be called 'Jack the Giant "Killer,' and in honour thereof presented him with a sword and embroidered belt, "upon which these words were written in letters of gold:

'Here's the valiant Cornish man,  
Who slew the giant Corinoran.'

In the last London edition of *Jack the Giant Killer*, the printer's devil who corrected the sheets has arbitrarily chosen to read Cormoran. We have not scrupled to restore the true reading, although the spurious reading gives a smoother verse. According to the *Brut* it is Corineus who kills the giant, but as he was a giant himself, tradition has only changed sides,

"Corineus estoit moult grant,  
Hardis et grant come yaiaint."



differ essentially in merit, and, although the latter begins with the history of Goliath the champion of the Philistines, yet the adventures contained in the remainder of the work, and particularly all those which relate to the Giants Trapsaca and Trandello, are, as the Irish bishop observed of Gulliver's travels, exceedingly incredible.

Of rarer occurrence than the heroic narratives to which our attention has hitherto been directed, is the "history of Friar Rush the devil's brother." The friar was known to Reginald Scott before the history of his pranks was published. Scott ranks him in the same category with Robin Goodfellow, so that Robin and the Friar were alike the heroes of popular and traditionary tales. There is an ancient Danish poem, which treats "of brother Rus, how he did service as cook and monk in the monastery of "Esserom." There is reason to suppose that the English story-book and the Danish history are derived from one common original, well-known on the continent in times previous to the reformation, for, as Bruno Seidelius sings<sup>1</sup>,

"Quis non legit, quæ Frater Rauschius egit?"

It is worthy of remark that the Danish Rus is made to travel through the air to England, where he possesses the king's daughter. There has been a fair exchange of nursery tales between the two countries, for in return for Brother Rus, we gave them the "history of the lucky Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," whose life has been translated into Danish, and whose good fortune is now as well-known in Bergen and Drontheim as in his own native land of Cockney. Puss has thus sailed half round the world, from the Gulf of Persia to the Northern Sea.

Howleglass stands as the leader of a merry troop. Tom Tram, the son-in-law of Mother Winter, Tom Stitch, the tailor, and Tom Long, the carrier of the Men of Gotham, follow in his train, whose penny "histories" all imitated from his "merrye jeste" are now *introuvables*. They all belong to the ancient and noble and widely dispersed family of Tom Fool, which has obtained such pre-eminence and dignity in church and state throughout all Christendom. "Yn the land of Sassen," says old Copland<sup>2</sup>, "in the village of "Keeling, there dwelled a man that was named Nicholas Howle-glass, that had a wife named Wyneke, that laye a child bed in the "same village, and that childe was borne to Christening and named "Tyell Howleglass." It were long to detail his fearful jokes which sometimes brought him to the gallows, yet saved him from the halter. He was buried with his coffin standing on one end, as the

visitants at the Abbey believe of Ben Jonson, at Mollen, near Lübeck, and you may see his grave-stone under the great lime tree in the church-yard; and his rebus, to wit an owl and a looking glass, cut upon the stone. Ulenspiegel, as he is called in German, has almost made the tour of Europe; his life was first published in the Nether-Saxon dialect in 1483. Our English translation of the "merrye jeste of a man that was called Howleglass, and of many "marveyulous thinges and jestes that he did in his lyfe in Eastland" was "Imprinted at London in Tamestreete, at the Vintre, in "Three Craned Warfe, by Wyllam Copland." According to the technical phrase, it was done into English from the High Dutch. There is also a Flemish translation, which, well purified from all aspersions on holy church, is now a chap-book in Flanders. The Flemish faithful are earnestly warned not to purchase the "shameful edition printed at Amsterdam, by Brother Jansz in the "Burgwal, at the sign of the 'Silver Can,' the same being culled to vex and scandalize all good Catholics."

"Simple Simon's misfortunes" are such as are incident to all the human race, since they arose "from his wife Margery's cruelty, "which began the very morning after their marriage," and we therefore do not know whether it is necessary to seek out for a Teutonic or Northern original of this once popular book. "The "Fifteen Joys of Matrimony<sup>a</sup>" being also diffused pretty equally over the wide world, we cannot presume to confine the origin of the tractate concerning them to our island.

Now that we have fairly entered into the matrimonial chapters we must needs speak of Mother Bunch, not the Mother Bunch<sup>1</sup> whose fairy tales are repeated to the little ones, but she whose "cabinet" when broken open, reveals so many powerful love-spells. It is Mother Bunch, who teaches the blooming damsel to recall the fickle lover, or to fix the wandering gaze of the cautious swain, attracted by her charms, yet scorning the fetters of the parson, and dreading the still more fearful vision of the churchwarden, the constable, the justice, the warrant, and the jail. We dare not venture to unfold the incantations of the sapient beldam, but perhaps there may be equal efficacy in the "Academy of "Compliments, or Whole Art of Courtship, being the rarest and "most exact way of wooing a maid or widow by the way of dialogue "and complimental expressions," and which used to be sold by Mr. Hollis in Shoemaker-row near Doctors' Commons; and in the

<sup>a</sup> It is not translated from the "Quinze Joyes du Mariage," the titles only agreeing.



metrical magic of the "Posies for rings and other things" given in this same "Academy" posies in no small request on the feast of good St. Valentine, however ill the saint may view the celebration of his festival.

"...Bishop Valentine

Left us examples to do deeds of charity,  
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit  
The weak and sick, to entertain the poor,  
And give the dead a Christian burial.  
These were the works of piety he did practise,  
And bade us imitate, not seek for lovers."

The "Academy of Compliments" is abridged from the "Jardin d'Amour," the last edition of which is augmented by "plusieurs lettres familières pour l'utilité de la jeunesse"; and, as our good friend Madame Garnier<sup>1</sup> informs us, there is not a peasant in Champagne who will attempt to woo, in an honourable way, except according to the established forms and precedents contained in this useful manual. And even the boors in the Low Countries are equally obedient to the lessons of its Flemish translation, the "Konst der Minnen" when they sidle into the spinning-room, or try to drop upon one knee before the Juffrow, as their fathers did before them. Like its ambitious prototype, the "Roman de la Rose" the "Garden of Love" has borrowed the principles of the great master Ovid. Its author had more morality than the heathen poet, and less learning than Jean de Meung and Guillaume de Loris<sup>2</sup>, his elaborate followers, who thought it necessary to invoke "Reason" and the seven sciences her handmaids, merely to aid the lover in winning a woman's heart! Alas! many a year has flown since Mother Bunch taught us to doubt the expediency of calling in such auxiliaries.

We have not the slightest idea that Jack the Giant Killer or any of the volumes of the penny library, will be held cheap by our readers, but we anticipate that less respect will be paid to Hearne and Le Neve, and Spelman, and the other learned archæologists of whose researches we have availed ourselves. Yet with all due submission to the judges in this behalf, we cannot help thinking that no literary productions are treated so unfairly as the works of the antiquary,

"...in closet close ypent

Of sober face, with learned dust besprent."

whose very name is become a byeword and a reproach even amongst his literary brethren. They hunt and drive him out of the commonwealth of letters, and immolate him as a scape-goat to the devouring

appetite of the scorner. Honest zeal, even in a bad cause, demands our praise; and men of sense and genius should therefore bear with the enthusiasm of men of sense and learning, although they cannot participate in their glowing feelings. It was this enthusiasm which invigorated the erudite who flourished in the era that immediately followed the restoration of letters, and which, in times nearer our own, sustained the unwearied hands of Grævius<sup>1</sup> and Gronovius, and Rymer and Prynne, and Montfaucon and Muratori, whilst they accomplished their Herculean tasks. But the age of folios has gone by, like the age of chivalry, and both may be regretted by posterity. A great book has been called a great evil, and this pithy axiom has been received without much inquiry into its truth or application. It was said of Albertus Magnus<sup>2</sup>, that he could have been burned in a pile composed of one set of his own voluminous works. Such an author may not deserve an apotheosis merely on account of his industry, yet it does not follow that because his pen was prolific, his productions are only worthy of the flames. In the opinion of the urchin, the Christcross-row is a mile too long. Larger in their growth, yet equally lazy, are those who pride themselves in dealing out the small talk of literary censure, and who mock at the author of a ponderous tome, concealing their own inaptitude for the acquisition of knowledge by affecting to despise the volume which imparts it. These idlers are followed by the closer reasoners who have read the work which they criticize, and who think it beseeeming to censure the author for his deficiency in taste and judgment. This accusation, grounded upon well-sounding words, and specious phrases, generally rebounds from side to side, it is repeated in the bookseller's shop, echoed in the library, and buzzed in the drawing-room, and the multitude confirm the sentence by acclamation. Taste, however, is governed by an uncertain standard; and the critic would do well to recollect that the literary character may fail on the right side, when betraying what is so often termed want of judgment. It is ungraceful to be encumbered with learning, to swelter beneath the ample folds and furred trimmings of the academical robe, but yet this display of opulence is more creditable to the wearer than the pitiful nakedness of the literary vagrant. Mere learning may tire, yet instruct; the conceit of ignorance will always disgust without affording instruction.

An author who directs his energies to austere studies is apt to be voluminous. Desiring to become fully intelligible to the uninstructed, and eager, at the same time, to gratify the erudite



with information hitherto unknown to them, he exhausts his subject. Hence the learned are often induced to censure him as trivial, the unlearned as obscure; and by each his comprehensive intent is unworthily contemned. Still more unreasonable are those who slight the intensity of labour, which is called for by the very nature of his subject. The mould of the garden-bed may be turned up by the spade, and watered by a lady's hand, but he who wishes to found a settlement in the forest must toil in hewing the massy trunks, and in bestowing a sevenfold ploughing on the stubborn soil.

Wit, in unthinking levity, has sometimes scourged the studious tribes with undeserved harshness. Yet still more unkind and uncharitable are the dull, the sad, the solemn, and the grave, towards the antiquary, who, if endowed with genius, yields to the seductions to which he is then peculiarly exposed. Imagination endangers the reputation of the learned. They follow the *ignis fatuus* over marshes and quagmires, and the trembling surface sinks beneath the steps of the giants of literature, whilst the lighter limbs of the poet, who is equally deluded by the wandering fire, enable him to spring along with ease. Ritson<sup>1</sup>, attacking Warton, affords a striking example of the spiteful pleasure enjoyed by a sour, clear-headed precisian, when he detects the errors of a superior intellect. But we are not always satisfied even with the tests of sober reason as propounded by those who judge with more fairness, and who, proceeding upon decent and respectable principles of criticism, damn the ingenious theories of the historian, the mythologist, or the philologer, because they seem wild and speculative. A writer who pursues obscure and difficult inquiries, is compelled to accept the proofs afforded by circumstantial evidence. There are certain optical glasses which, when applied to the eye, collect the spots and lines dispersed on a coloured tablet into a symmetrical form; like these, his mind associates and assembles the ideas dispersed through time and space. When he appears most arbitrary in his assumptions, most fanciful in his conjectures, he is fortified by the internal consciousness, that his hypothesis is true; he feels a conviction of the truth which he cannot impart to others. In his devious course he guides himself by indications which the unpractised cannot discern. He tracks himself across the ocean by the floating weeds and the flight of the sea-fowl, and he convinces himself of the existence of the continent though his bark may never reach its shores.

The pleasures of laborious writers arise from their labours;

they are joyful and triumphant when they verify a date, or adjust a verse, or explain the legend of a medal, tasks of which the world is reckless; and the attention with which they regard these supposed trifles is held to indicate a puny, feeble mind, yet they only yield to a universal instinct. Whatever we discover, we make our own; whatever is our own, we love. The traveller prizes a sparry fragment which he has broken from its native cavern, above the choicest specimens which he finds in the cabinet of another. The game can only be run down by the sportsman who takes delight in the chase, and this gratification is not to be forgotten by him when he contemplates the objects which occasioned it. Hence he may sometimes be induced to set a value on the skin of the brock, and even on the antlers of the deer, which surprises the sober citizen, who sees nothing in these enlivening trophies save hide and horn. Vanity is the original sin of literature; but the vanity of the antiquary does not savour of egotism; he contents himself with being proud of his researches. Unveiling the deity to the worshipper, he, the hierophant, claims not the incense, and tastes no portion of the sacrifice. Ministering to no faction, he takes refuge in the studious cloister. His spirit walks in communion with the mighty dead. Shadows are his consorts, whom he attempts to grasp as bodies, because to him the vision is reality. Occasionally his tongue falters, and his words are confused, but the accuracy of his judgment or the vigour of his intellect are not therefore impaired—his transient giddiness is caused by the height wherein he soars—he looks down upon middle earth from the summit of Olympus, or the battlements of Valhalla.



## POPULAR MYTHOLOGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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1. DICTIONNAIRE INFERNAL, ou *Recherches et Anecdotes, sur les Démon, les Esprits, les Fantômes, les Spectres...les Visions, les Songes, les Prodiges, les Charmes...les Talismans, etc.* Par J. A. S. COLLIN DE PLANCY. 2 vols. Paris, 1818.
2. HISTOIRE DE LA MAGIE EN FRANCE, depuis le commencement de la Monarchie jusqu'à nos Jours. Par M. JULES GARINET. Paris. 1819.
3. DANSKE FOLKESAGN. Samlede af J. M. THIELE. Copenhagen. 1818.
4. DEUTSCHE SAGEN. Herausgegeben von den Brüdern GRIMM. 2 vols. Berlin. 1816-18.
5. DES DEUTSCHEN MITTELALTERS VOLKSGLAUBEN UND HEROEN-SAGEN. VON F. L. F. VON DOBENECK. Berlin. 1815.
6. TALES OF THE DEAD. Principally translated from the French.

TALES of supernatural agency are not read to full advantage except in the authors by whom they are first recorded. When treated by moderns, much of their original character must necessarily evaporate; like tombs, which lose their venerable sanctity when removed from the aisles of a cathedral, and exposed in a museum. We reason where the writers of former days believed, and the attention of the reader is riveted by the earnestness of their credulity. Besides which, the very outward appearance of their volumes diffuses a quiet charm. Before us is now lying the "Malleus Maleficarum,"<sup>1</sup> as printed on the eve of Saint Katharine, Queen, Virgin and Martyr, in the last decennary of the fifteenth century; the mellow tint of its pages, the full glossy black letter, the miniated capitals, the musky odour of the binding, all contribute to banish the present busy world, and to revive the recollection of the monastic library from whence it has wandered. And once within the cloistered precinct, we are reluctant to doubt the veracity of that grave friar, the venerable Henry Institor, seated at his desk in the sunny oriel, and devoutly employed in describing the terrific Sabbath of Satan and the nocturnal flights and orgies of his worshippers.

Monsieur Collin de Plancy, who is insensible to these associations, has no respect for preceding demonologists. "The greater part of the works," he says, "which have hitherto been composed upon superstitions, are only ridiculous heaps of folly, or imperfect compilations, or cold and imperfect discussions": and with true French emphasis he proceeds to boast, that in the work before us—"il s'est proposé d'épargner au lecteur la peine de feuilleter des milliers de volumes." Monsieur Collin, however, does not make good the promises held forth either in his preface or in his diffuse title-page, at least his compilation contains a great deal of spurious lore which is sadly calculated to deceive the student of the occult sciences. We are quite sure that the most attentive perusal of the "Infernal Dictionary" will never enable any philomath, however intelligent and well-starred he may be, to take a bachelor's degree in the Black Art at Dom Daniel College<sup>1</sup>, or to put his soul in peril in the far-famed caverns of Toledo.

Monsieur Jules Garinet intimates that his work has peculiar claims on the public attention, "the moment," as he says, "being arrived when all false doctrines, both in religion and in politics, must give way to truth." M. Jules says a good word in favour of M. Collin, whose Dictionary, according to him, "comes recommended by the purity of the views and the extensive researches of the writer"; "but being compelled to compress everything relating to infernal intercourse within two volumes, he has only treated the subject in a cursory way." "This deficiency," says M. Jules, "I intend to supply, at least so far as relates to France." But he is somewhat more faulty than his predecessor; for under the title of the "History of Magic," he has only given a loose outline of the history of witchcraft, thus confounding two branches of the profession, which, as every tyro knows, are essentially distinct from each other. The two German books are more instructive. M. Dobeneck is diligent and excursive, though not critical. With the literary character of Messrs. Grimm, our readers are already in some measure acquainted; it will be easily anticipated that their work is of a different description, and that a collection of tales of popular superstition, which owes its origin to their researches, cannot fail to be solid and trustworthy. They have, however, thought fit to confine themselves to the text of the legendary stories selected by them; and, to our great regret, those illustrations are not added which their extensive learning qualifies them to bestow upon the "Deutsche Sagen" or traditions of the ancient Germans. The third of the works enumerated in



the title of this article is compiled after the model furnished by Messrs. Grimm. It is a collection of Danish popular traditions, new and sufficiently interesting. M. Thiele, therefore, deserves our thanks for this contribution from Scandinavia. As to the "Tales of the Dead," we must remark that, besides the translations, it contains one original story, so well told, that we hope the fair writer will employ her leisure on the achievements of our own country ghosts instead of presenting us with alien spectres.

When the fables of popular superstition are contemplated in detail, we discover a singular degree of uniformity in that realm wherein most diversity might be expected, in the ideal world. Imagination seems to possess a boundless power of creation and combination; and yet the beings which have their existence only in fancy, when freely called into action, in every climate and every age, betray so close an affinity to one another, that it is scarcely possible to avoid admitting that imagination had little share in giving them their shape and form. Their attributes and character are impressed by tokens proving that they resulted rather from a succession of doctrines, than from invention; that they were traditive, and not arbitrary. The vague credulity of the peasant agrees with the systematic mythology of the sages of primæval times. Nations whom the ocean separates, are united by their delusions. The village gossip recognizes, though in ignorance, the divinities of classical antiquity, and the Hamadryads of Greece and the Elves of Scandinavia join the phantoms who swarm around us when, under the guidance of the wizard, we enter that gloomy dell,—

"where the sad mandrake grows

Whose groans are deathful, the dead-numbing nightshade,  
The stupefying hemlock, adder's tongue,  
And martagon.—The shrieks of luckless owls,  
We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air;  
Green-bellied snakes, blue fire-drakes in the sky,  
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings,  
And scaly beetles with their habergeons  
That make a humming murmur as they fly.  
There in the stocks of trees white fays do dwell,  
And span-long elves that dance about a pool  
With each a little changeling in their arms:  
The airy spirits play with falling stars,  
And mount the sphere of fire."

Amidst the evanescent groups whose revels are embodied in the noble lines of the moral dramatist, the Fairies are the most poetical and the most potent; and many theories respecting their

origin have been founded on their names. Morgain la fay<sup>1</sup> has been readily identified with Mergian Peri. We may, however, be allowed to observe, that arguments drawn from similarity of sound are frequently convincing without being conclusive. The romance of Merlin describes Morgain as a brunette; in spite, however, of this venerable authority, the fairy dame is evidently Mor-Gwynn, the white damsel, corresponding with the white women of ghostly memory, and a true-born child of the Cymry. It is not our wish to dispute about words; we merely object to the inferences drawn from this coincidence, which, united to others of the same class, seems to have given some plausibility to the supposition that the character of the fairy has arisen from the amalgamation of Roman, Celtic, Gothic, and Oriental mythology. We are loth to dissent from an opinion which has been advocated by that mighty master, Walter Scott; but the converse of the proposition is the truth. The attributes have been dispersed and not collected. Fables have radiated from a common centre, and their universal consent does not prove their subsequent reaction upon each other, but their common derivation from a common origin.

In all discussions connected with ethnography great confusion has arisen from the employment of the terms Northern and European, Oriental and Asiatic. Whatever geographers may say, the inland line of demarcation between Europe and Asia is as purely gratuitous as the division between the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire, and no inconsiderable portion of the generalizations resulting from the usual practice of classing nations as Europeans and Asiatics, and then placing them in apposition or in opposition, is equally unfounded. Denominations so applied add to the embarrassment inseparable from the synthetical history of nations; they should be discarded from our books; man must be classed according to his blood, and not according to his *habitat*. But even these classifications, which are conformable to the varieties into which the human race has been moulded by nature, may tend to confuse our investigations if insisted upon too rigidly. We must not forget that there was a time when all mankind spake one tongue and were gathered together as one family; nor does it matter whether we seek their original seat in the plains of Shinar, or in the mythic regions of the snow-clad Caucasus.

Mythology has not been diffused from nation to nation, but all nations have derived their belief from one primitive system. It is with fable as with language. The dialects of the Hindoo, the Gothic and the Pelasgic tribes betray a constant affinity, but they



did not interchange their nomenclatures. Neither did one tribe borrow the religious fictions of the other. Each retained a modification of the belief of the parent stock. The Dewtas of Meru, the war-like forms of Asgard, and the inhabitants of Olympus, all emanated from the thrones and powers which had been worshipped by one mighty and energetic race. Sabaism announced itself in another mode. But all mythology has been governed by a uniform principle, pervading its creations with plastic energy, and giving an unaltering and unalterable semblance of consistency to the successive developments of error. Divested of its mythic or poetic garb, it will be found that the creative power is the doctrine of fatality. Oppressed by the wretchedness of its nature, without some infallible guide, the human mind shrinks from contemplation, and cowers in its own imbecility; it reposes in the belief of predestination, which enables us to bear up against every misery, and solves those awful doubts which are scarcely less tolerable than misery. The Gordian knot is cut, and the web is unravelled, when all things are seen subordinate to Fate, to that stern power, which restrains the active intelligences of good and evil, dooming the universe of spirit and of matter to be the battle-field of endless strife between the light and the darkness. Whether the rites of the "false religions full of pomp and gold" have been solemnized in the sculptured cavern or in the resplendent temple, in the shade of the forest, or on the summit of the mountain, still the same lesson has been taught. Men and Gods vainly struggle to free themselves from the adamantine bonds of destiny. The oracle or the omen which declares the impending evil, affords no method of averting it. All insight into futurity proves a curse to those on whom the power descends. We hear the warning which we cannot obey. The gleam of light which radiates athwart the abyss only increases its horror. No gift which the favouring intelligence strives to bestow upon a mortal can be received without an admixture of evil, from which the powerful spirit of beneficence cannot defend it; but neither can the malice of the eternal enemy prevail and triumph; it may scathe but not consume.

Upon fatality and the tenet of conflicting power, popular mythology is wholly founded, the basis reappears in every trivial tale of supernatural agency, and the gossip sitting in the chimney nook is imbued with all the wisdom of the hierophants of Greece, or the magi of Persia. As the destroying principle appears more active in this lower world, Oromanes<sup>1</sup> has prevailed in popular belief. Orb is involved in orb, the multiplied reflexions become

fainter and fainter, the strange and fantastic forms are variously tinted and refracted, some are bright and glorious as the rainbow, others shadowy and grey, yet all turn unto the central image, the personification of the principle of Evil.

The legendary Satan<sup>1</sup> is a being wholly distinct from the theological Lucifer. He is never ennobled by the sullen dignity of the fallen angel. No traces of celestial origin are to be discerned on his brow. He is not a rebellious Æon who once was clothed in radiance. But he is the Fiend, the Enemy, evil from all time past in his very essence, foul and degraded, cowardly and impure; his rage is oftenest impotent, unless his cunning can assist his power. He excites fright rather than fear. Hence, wild caprice and ludicrous malice are his popular characteristics; they render him familiar, and diminish the awe inspired by his name; and these playful elements enter into all the ghost and goblin combinations of the evil principle. More, the platonist, did not perceive the psychological fitness of these attributes, and he was greatly annoyed in his lucubrations by the uncouth oddity of the pranks ascribed to goblins and elves; they discomposed the gravity of his arguments, and in order to meet the objections of such reasoners as might venture to suspect that merriment and waggyery degraded a spiritual being, he sturdily maintains that "there are as great fools "in the body as there are out of it." He would not observe that the mythological portrait was consistent in its features. Laughter is foreign to the serenity of beneficence. Angels may weep, but they would forfeit their essence were they to laugh. Mirth, on the contrary, is the consort of concealed spite, and if not invariably wicked or mischievous, yet always blending itself readily with wickedness and mischief. Sport, even when intended to be innocent, degrades its object; though the best and wisest of us cannot always resist the temptation of deriving pleasure from the pains which we inflict upon our fellow-creatures by amusing ourselves with their weakness. From this alliance between laughter and malice arose the burlesque malignants whom the mythologists have placed amongst the deities. Such is the Momus of the Greeks, and his counterpart Loki, the attendant of the banquets of Valhalla. And the same idea is again the substance of the Vice of the ancient allegorical drama.

Equally dramatic and poetical is the part allotted to Satan in those ancient romances of religion, the Lives of the Saints; he is the main motive of the action of the narrative, to which his agency gives fullness and effect. But in the conception of the legendary



Satan, the belief in his might melts into the ideality of his character. Amidst clouds of infernal vapour, he developes his form, half in allegory and half with spiritual reality;—and his horns, his tail, his saucer eyes, his claws, his taunts, his wiles, his malice, all bear witness to the simultaneous yet contradictory impressions to which the hagiologist is compelled to yield. This confusion is very apparent in the demons introduced by St. Gregory in his *Life of St. Benedict*. A poet would maintain that they are employed merely as machinery to carry on the holy epic. A monk must believe in them more strongly than in the gospel.

When the saint was once saying his prayers in the oratory of St. John, on Monte Cassino, he saw the devil in the shape of a horse-doctor, but with a horn in one hand and a tether in the other. Satan spoke civilly to St. Benedict, and informed him that he was going to administer a drench to the beasts upon two legs, the fathers of the monastery<sup>a</sup>. By an interpunctuation the text has been made to import that St. Bennet saw the devil in the more questionable shape of a doctor of physic, riding, as doctors were wont to do before the introduction of carriages, upon a mule. This has been the favourite reading, and accordingly when the old painters treated the miracle, they usually represented the devil in the regular medical costume, with a urinal, and a budget full of doctor's stuff behind him. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the saint did not allow the devil to do much mischief in his medical capacity.

Another time a complaint was made to St. Benedict respecting the conduct of a monk belonging to one of the affiliated monasteries, who would not or could not pray with assiduity. After praying a little while, he used to walk away and leave the rest of the fraternity at their devotions. Benedict ordered him to be brought to Monte Cassino, and when the monk, as usual, became heartily tired of prayer and prepared to go out of the oratory, the saint saw a little black devil tugging at the skirts of his gown as hard as he could pull, and leading him to the door. "See ye not who leadeth our brother?" quoth St. Benedict to Father Maurus and

<sup>a</sup> "Quadam die, dum ad Beati Johannis oratorium pergeret, ei antiquus "Hostis in mulomedici specie obviam factus est." The vulgar reading, against which Abbot Angelo de Nuce exclaims, points the passage thus,—"*ei antiquus Hostis in "mulo, medici specie obviam factus est.*" This may be the true reading, particularly if, as has been conjectured, the dialogues are written by a later Gregory. And after all the whole is taken from the Legend of Saint Melanius, in which it is found nearly in the same words. And the devil of St. Melanius acknowledged that he was a doctor to all intents and purposes.

Pompeianus, the prior. "We see nought," answered they. After two days' prayer, Maurus, who was in training to be a saint, was able to see the little black devil at the skirts of the monk's gown as clearly as St. Benedict himself; but the imp continued invisible to Pompeianus. On the third day St. Benedict followed the monk out of the oratory and struck him with his staff. He was not sparing, we may suppose, of the baculine exorcism, for after it had been administered, the monk, as we are told by St. Gregory, was never more infested by the little black devil, and remained always steady at his prayers.

Amongst the innumerable anecdotes and histories of the devil in the lives of the saints, some are more ludicrous, and, if possible, more trivial, others more picturesque. Saint Anthony saw the devil with his head towering above the clouds, and stretching out his hands to intercept the souls of the departed in their flight to heaven. According to our modes of thinking we should be apt to consider such representations merely as apologues. But there was an honest confidence in the actual existence of the machinery of devotional romance. The hagiologist told his tale in right earnest; he was teaching matters of faith and edification; and we may be charitable enough to believe that he was persuaded of the truth of his legends. Yet the dullest piety could not peruse them without an obscure though indelible sensation of the affinity between allegorical imagery, and these supposed approaches of the evil one. Obedient devotion thus struggled against the reasoning faculty, which felt the impersonality of the personification, yet without being able to attain either vivid belief in the fiction, or a clear perception of its non-entity. Just as when we dream between watchfulness and slumber; we are conscious that the sounds which we hear and the sights which we see originate wholly from the brain, but our reason refuses to obey our judgment; and we cannot rouse ourselves and think, and shake off the delusion.

Sometimes the devil is a thorough monkey, and his malice is merely playful. Year after year did he lie in wait for the purpose of defeating the piety of Saint Gudula. Manifold were the assaults to which her virgin frailty was exposed. But all were vain. At length he summoned up all his power for one grand effort. It was the custom of this noble and pious maiden to rise at cock-crowing, and to go to church to say her prayers, her damsel walking before her with a lantern. What did the author of all malice now do?... he put out the candle! The saint set it alight again, not by any



vulgar method, but by her prayers. And this is her standard miracle. The relation in the legend is a wonderful and almost unparalleled specimen of bombast and bathos, and as such we give a specimen of it below<sup>a</sup>. The devil also appears to be a very thoughtless devil. Once, whilst St. Martin was saying mass, St. Britius, whose name hath retained a place in the protestant calendar, officiated as deacon, and behind the altar he espied the devil busily employed in writing down on a slip of parchment, as long as a proctor's bill, all the sins which the congregation were actually committing. Now St. Martin's congregation were any thing but serious; they buzzed and giggled, and the men looked upwards, and the women did not look down, and were guilty of so many transgressions, that the devil soon filled one whole side of his parchment with short-hand notes from top to bottom, and was forced to turn it. This side was also soon covered with writing. The devil was now in sad perplexity; he could not stomach losing a sin, he could not trust his memory, and he had no more parchment about him. He therefore clenched one end of the scroll with his claws, and took the other between his teeth, and pulled it as hard as he could, thinking that it would stretch. The inelastic material gave way and broke. He was not prepared for this, so his head flew back, and bumped against the wall. St. Britius was wonderfully amused by the devil's disaster, he laughed heartily, and incurred the momentary displeasure of St. Martin, who did not at first see what was going forward. St. Britius explained, and St. Martin took care to *improve* the accident for the edification of his hearers. The moral is not to our purpose; but we quote the anecdote as an exemplification of the stupidity involved in the popular allegory of Satan. In all his dealings he is sure to be

<sup>a</sup> "Sed ancilla Christi, genu flexo procumbens arenis provolvitur, sordido pulvere crinis aspergitur, totisque animæ medullis Dominum deprecatur, Miserere, inquit, O Deus, mei laboris, miserere mei, quamquam obstantibus reatibus meis digna ferentis, tamen de tua protectione præsumptis; laqueos insidiatoris disjice, obscuritatis ceriferæ repagula remove; istamque candelam reaccendi jube, ne gaudeat inimicus de me. Tu enim servientis plasmatis emancipator, nos sub laxo horridi anguis jugo captos, tuæ mortis pretio reddidisti liberos. Obsecro igitur, Redemptor Fortis, ne nos patiaris rursus subjacere raptui prædonis avidi. Quid multis morer? Annuit his votis Deus dexter et secundo vultu prosperat ac suo nuto reaccensâ lucernâ fidelem suam corroborat. Plus solito micanti vibrat lychnus radio; adeo ut cerneret illum vicum illustrari sole novo."—The wind puffed out the candle, and the maiden puffed it in again. And this singular feat became the miracle in which so much infernal and divine machinery is employed.

baffled and cheated. When he sues, his bill is dismissed, or he is nonsuited and sent out of court "without a day," with his ears drooping and his tail clapped betwixt his legs. After paying a fair market price for the body and soul of the wizard he is sure to lose his bargain from the equivocal wording of the covenant<sup>a</sup>. And at the moment that he is agreeing for the first living thing which is to pass over the bridge which he has built over the yawning chasm, the freemason joyfully anticipates the disappointment of the infernal workman, when compelled to accept the worthless animal by which the literal meaning of the contract is to be satisfied.

More familiar demons are such as are enumerated in the homely rhymes of John Heywood<sup>1</sup>, who tells us that

"In John Milesius any man may read  
Of divels in Sarmatia honoured  
Call'd Kotri or Kobaldi, such as we  
Pugs and Hobgoblins call; their dwellings be  
In corners of old houses least frequented,  
Or beneath stacks of wood; and these convented  
Make fearful noise in buttries and in dairies,  
Robin Goodfellows some, some call them Fairies.  
In solitarie rooms these uproars keep,  
And beat at doors to wake men from their sleep,  
Seeming to force locks be they ne'er so strong  
And keeping Christmasse gambols all night long."

At first we may not be pleased with the infernal relationship assigned to the lithe and sportive subjects of Oberon and Titania<sup>2</sup>; but Heywood is supported in the arrangement of his "Lucifugi" by the authority of all the orthodox theologians of the last age, whether Catholics or Protestants, who, with many a text and argument from Scripture and the Fathers, laboured earnestly and effectually in proving that the kith and kin of the queen of Elfland are no other than Satan himself in various disguises. Such is the first who answers to our call, the merry wanderer Puck<sup>3</sup>, who long had a domicile in the house of the grey friars at Schwerin in Mecklenburg, which he haunted in the form of a pug or monkey. Puck, notwithstanding the tricks which he played upon all strangers who visited the monastery, was sufficiently useful to its

<sup>a</sup> The latest story of this kind which has appeared in print, is that of the lord of Tinvelly, which is well told by Mr. Rose in his *Court of Beasts*. Old Nostradamus, who agreed that the devil should fetch him if he was buried either in the church or out of it, left directions in his will to be put in a hole in the wall. A friend informs us that Jack of Kent, who learnt bridge-building from the devil, practised the same expedient.



inmates; he turned the spit, drew the wine, and cleaned the kitchen, while the lay-brothers were snoring; yet, in spite of all these services, the monk to whom we owe the "*Veredica Relatio de Demonio Puck*," has properly described him as an "impure spirit." The Puck of Schwerin received for his wages two brass pots and a parti-coloured jacket, to which a bell was appended.

Friar Rush is Puck under another name. Puck is also found under the character of Robin Goodfellow or Robin Hood,—the outlaw acquired his bye-name from his resemblance to the unquiet wandering spirit. The Robin Hood of England is also the Scottish Red Cap and the Saxon spirit Hudken or Hodeken—so called from the hoodiken, or little hood or hat which he wore, and which also covers his head when he appears in the shape of the Nisse of Sweden.

Hoodekin was ever ready to aid his friends or acquaintance, whether clerks or laymen. A native of Hildesheim, who distrusted the fidelity of his wife, said to him, when he was about to depart on a journey, "I pray thee have an eye upon my wife whilst I am abroad. I commend my honour to thy care." Hoodekin accepted the trust without anticipating the nature of his labours. Paramour succeeded paramour. Hoodekin broke the shins of the first, led the second into the horse-pond, and thrust the third into the muck-heap; and yet the dame had well-nigh evaded his vigilance. "Friend," exclaimed the weary devil to the husband, when he returned to Hildesheim, "take thy wife back; as thou left'st her, even so thou find'st her; but never set me such a task again. Sooner would I tend all the swine in the woods of Westphalia, than undertake to keep one woman constant against her will."

In Swedeland Puck assumes the denomination of Nissegoddreng, or Nisse the good knave, and consorts with the Tomtegubbe, or the "Old Man of the house toft," who is of the same genus. They are found in every farm-house, kind and serviceable when kindly treated, yet irascible and capricious; and the dairy-maid has an ill time of it, who chances to offend them. In the neighbouring kingdom of Denmark the Pucks have wonderful cunning in music; and there is a certain jig or dance called the Elf-king's dance, well known amongst the country crowd, which yet no one dares to play. Its notes produce the same effect as Oberon's horn—old and young are compelled to foot it to the tune, nay, the very stools and tables begin to caper; nor can the musician undo the charm unless he is able to play the dance backwards without misplacing a single note, or unless one of the involuntary dancers

can contrive to pass behind him and cut the strings of the fiddle by reaching over his shoulder.

The names of spirits of this class are pertinent and significant. From "Gubbe," "the old man," employed as the name of a demon, the Normans seem to have formed Goblin or Gobelin<sup>1</sup> (quasi Gubbelein). Saint Taurinus expelled him from the Temple of Diana at Evreux; though he continued, says Ordericus Vitalis<sup>a</sup>, to haunt the town in various shapes, but harmless and playful, for the saint had bound him to do no further injury. The devil of Evreux seems to have migrated from thence to Caen. In the course of last summer the citizens of the good town of William the Conqueror were much annoyed by him; he was arrayed in white armour, and was so tall that he looked into the upper-story windows. Monsieur le Commandant chanced to meet the intruder in a *cul de sac*, and challenged him, but the demon captiously answered "*Ce n'est pas de toi que j'ai reçu ma commission, et ce n'est pas à toi que je veux en rendre compte,*" and six more devils started up all of the same size, and clad in the same uniform; whereupon the Commandant thought it prudent to decamp. The Spanish Duende appears to correspond in every respect to the Tomtegubbe, and the name, according to Cobaruvias, is contracted from *Dueño de Casa*, the master of the house. This demon was particularly noted for his powers of transformation, and thus in Calderon's excellent comedy of "La Dama Duende," the *gracioso*, or clown, maintains that he appeared in the shape of a little friar.

"...Era un frayle  
tamañico, y tenia puesto  
un cucurcho tamañio,  
que por estas señas creo,  
que era duende Capuchino."

In all these instances the influence of language in embodying belief and giving it tenacity, is very apparent. A more curious

<sup>a</sup> Ordericus Vitalis concludes his story by showing why the devil was allowed to range as a *détenu* in the town of Evreux, instead of being sent at once into close confinement in the black hole. The following is his relation of the Goblin's adventure: "Signa quoque nonnulla per S. Taurinum apud Ebroas adhuc quotidie "fiunt. Dæmon enim, quem de Dianæ phano expulit, adhuc in eadem urbe "degit, et in variis frequenter formis apparens neminem lædit. Hunc vulgus "Gobelinum appellat, et per merita Sancti Taurini ab humana læsione coercitum "usque hodie affirmat. Et quia jussis sancti antistitis sua frangendo simulacra "obsecundavit, in baratrum non statim mersus fuit: sed in loco ubi regnaverat "pœnas luit, videns salvari homines, quibus jamdudum ad detrimentum multi-  
"mode insultavit."



exemplification of this process is afforded by the name of Puck as applied to the Evil One, which also furnishes a striking proof of the steadiness with which the meaning first annexed to a verbal sign adheres to it throughout the modifications which it receives in language, whilst the mind retains the leading idea annexed to the root with equal obstinacy. The gradual transition from delusion to sport and merriment, and from sport and merriment to mischief, and from mischief to terror is very observable. *Pæcan*<sup>1</sup> or *Pæcean* (A.S.), signifies to "deceive by false appearances, to "delude, to impose upon." In the cognate Nether Saxon, the verb *Picken* signifies to gambol, and when inflected into *Pickeln* and *Paeckeln*, to play the fool. From the Anglo-Saxon root we have *Pack* or *Patch*, the fool<sup>a</sup>, whilst from *Pickeln* and *Paeckeln* are derived *Pickle*, a mischievous boy; and the *Pickelhäring* of the Germans, a merry-andrew or zany, so called from his hairy, or perhaps leafy vestment. According to this analogy, Ben Jonson introduces the devil Puckhairy, who probably appeared in the shaggy garb which he is well known to have worn in his character of Robin Hood, or Robin Goodfellow. *Pueke* and *Puck* are the sportive devils of the Goths and Teutons. When used in a milder sense, it became *Poike* (Sueo-Gothic), a boy, and *Piga* (A.S.), *Pige* (Dan.), a girl, from their playfulness. *Pug* in old English, and *Bogle* in Scottish, are equivalent to Puck; and some of our readers may not be aware that the monkey acquired the name of *Pug* from his malice. *Bwg*, in the British language, is a goblin; and *Bog*<sup>b</sup>, the angry god of the Slavi, is still the same identical term. *Bucca* (A.S.) a goat, and *Buck*, were so called from their skittish, savage nature; the former being the favourite incarnation of Satan. In *Βακχεύω* we trace the mischievous mirth and wild inspiration caused by the delusion of wine; and we think that in *Peccare* we discern the agency of error and deceit<sup>c</sup>.

According to the Scandinavian mythology, which is the chief foundation of all our popular creeds, Odin assumes the name of

<sup>a</sup> *Diversions of Purley*, vol. II. p. 269.

<sup>b</sup> We observe that Mr. Scott, in his *Harold the Dauntless*, chooses to consider the Sclavonian *Zernebock*, the "Black Demon," as a Scandinavian deity, and Mr. Lawrence Templeton has committed the same error in *Ivanhoe*. Both Mr. Scott and Mr. Templeton seem to have been misled by old Elias Schedius<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>c</sup> The same root is possibly the origin of the *Bocket*, a *Larva*, or *terruculentum* which school-boys used to make by scooping out a turnip. A friendly antiquary suggests also that Old *Poker* or *Tom Poker*, who haunted the nursery in Horace Walpole's time, belongs to the same family. And we suppose him to have been the Sueo-Gothic *Tomte-Pueke*, or *House Puck*.

the Nikar or Hnikarr<sup>1</sup> when he acts as the destroying or evil principle. In this character he inhabits the lakes and rivers of Scandinavia, where, under the ancient appellation of the Nikker (the Scottish Kelpie), he raises sudden storms and tempests, and leads mankind into destruction. There is a gloomy lake in the island of Rügen, its waters are turbid, and its shores covered with thick woods. This he loves to haunt; here he vexes the fishermen, and amuses himself by placing their boats on the summits of the loftiest fir-trees.

Propitiatory worship is offered to the being which is feared. So strangely has the hagiology of the middle ages amalgamated itself with the more ancient popular mythology, that the Hnikarr (our old Nick), by an easy transition, became the St. Nicholas, the patron of sailors, whose aid is invoked in storms and tempests. Many churches near the seashore, both in this country and on the continent, are dedicated to him, and many a prayer to St. Nicholas is yet offered by the seaman sailing by. The common people in Catholic countries also misunderstand the attribute of the saint. With them the three clerks in the tub, who always accompany his image, are considered as three sailors in a boat.

The Scandinavian Hnikarr generated the River-men and River-maids, the Teutonic Nixes. None of the latter are more celebrated than the nymphs of the Elbe and the Saal. In the days of paganism, the Saxons, who dwelt in the district between these rivers, worshipped a female deity, whose temple was situated in the town of Magdeburg or Meydeburch, "the Maiden's Castle"; and who still continued to be feared as the nymph of the Elbe in after times. Often did she appear at Magdeburg, where she was wont to visit the market with her basket hanging on her arm—she was gentle in her manner, and neat in her dress, and nothing differing in appearance from a burgher's daughter; yet one corner of her snow white apron appeared constantly wet, as a token of her aquatic nature<sup>a</sup>. Pretorius, a credulous yet valuable writer of the sixteenth century, tells us, that the Elbe nymph sometimes sits on the banks of the river combing her golden hair, a description agreeing with the rude "counterfeyt" which Botho has given, probably from tradition, of the goddesses of Magdeburg. Beautiful and fair as the Nixes seem to be, the ruling principle retains its unity—the evil is only veiled—and the water-nymphs assert

<sup>a</sup> The tradition ascribed to the Mermaid's well in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, is in truth imitated from a tradition relating to the nymph of the Elbe, given by MM. Grimm.



their affinity to the deluder, the tormentor, the destroyer. Inevitable death awaits the wretch who is seduced by their charms. They seize and drown the swimmer, and entice the child; and when they anticipate that their malevolence will be gratified, they are seen gaily darting over the surface of the waters.

We have been informed by credible witnesses that the late inundations in the Valais were caused by demons, who, if not strictly Hnikarrs or Nixes, are at least of an amphibious nature<sup>a</sup>. There is a mountain, near the Vallée de Bagnes, upon which the devils use to meet; and in January, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, two mendicant friars from Sion, who had received information of this unlawful assembly, ascended the hill for the purpose of ascertaining their number and intentions. "Reverend "Sirs," quoth a devil who came forward as spokesman, "there are "so many of us here, that if we were to divide all the alps and all "the glaciers between us, share and share alike, we should not "have a pound weight a-piece." When the glaciers first burst, the devil was seen swimming down the Rhone with a drawn sword in one hand and a golden ball in the other. As soon as he came opposite to the town of Martigny he cried out in patois, "*Aigue* "*essaucha*," and immediately the obedient river swelled above its banks, and destroyed the greater part of the town, which is yet in ruins.

By philosophizing upon popular mythology were formed the Nymphs or Undines of Paracelsus. This "most excellent, erudite "and widely-famed physician," who combined a certain portion of poetical and romantic fancy with his madness, has thought it necessary to give advice to those who chance to become the husbands of an Undine, and even those of a mere mortal might perhaps profit by a sober application of the moral of the apologue. Secrecy and constancy are enjoined by the nymph, and her commands are to be strictly observed, or her love is forfeited for ever; she will plunge into her watery home, leaving her partner in cheerless solitude. Paracelsus often appeals to the fate of that valiant knight Sir Peter of Stauffenburg in support of the problems which he lays down. Fairy love, according to the older authority of Gervase of Tilbury<sup>1</sup>, was enjoyed upon the same conditions; and the doctrine is fully exemplified in the adventures of Lanval and Gralent, of Melusina and Meliora, no less than in the history of Venus and Anchises.

<sup>a</sup> This story is current amongst the peasants in the neighbourhood of St. Maurice, where it was related to us, last summer.

Thanks to the pious care of the Inquisition, there are but few memorials remaining of the popular mythology of the Spaniards; it therefore becomes interesting to collect its imperfect vestiges. Such is the legend relating to the demoniac origin of the princely family of Haro. Don Diego Lopez, the Lord of Biscay, was lying in wait for the wild boar, when he heard the voice of a woman singing. The damsel was standing on the summit of a rock; exceedingly beautiful, and richly attired. Don Diego offered to marry her; she told him that she was of high lineage, and accepted his hand, but upon this condition,—he was never to pronounce a holy name. The fair bride had one foot like the foot of a goat—this was her only blemish; yet Diego loved her well, and had two children by her, a son, named Iniguez Guerra, and a daughter. It happened, as they were sitting at table, that the Lord of Biscay threw a bone to the dogs; a mastiff and a spaniel quarrelled about it, and the spaniel gripped the mastiff by the throat and throttled him. “Holy Mary,” exclaimed Don Diego, “who ever saw the ‘like!’” The lady instantly grasped the hands of her children. Diego seized the boy, but the mother glided through the air with the daughter, to the mountains. In the course of time, Don Diego Lopez invaded the land of the Moors, who took him prisoner, and bound him, and as a prisoner they led him to Toledo. Greatly did Iniguez Guerra grieve at the captivity of his father; and the men of the land told him, that there was no help, unless he could find his mother. Iniguez rode alone to the mountains, and behold! his fairy mother stood on the rock. “My son,” said she, “come ‘to me, for well do I know thy errand.’” And she called Pardalo, the horse who ran without a rider in the mountains, and put a bridle into his mouth; and told Iniguez Guerra that he must neither give him food nor water, nor unsaddle him nor unbridle him, nor put shoes upon his feet; and that in one single day the demon-steed would carry him to Toledo<sup>a</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> The conclusion of the legend exhibits the fairy dame as appearing again in Biscay in the shape of an incubus.

“... For spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both.”

The steed of Iniguez Guerra reminds us of the mysterious horse of Giraldo de Cabrerio the Knight of Catalonia, who always brought good fortune to his master. This horse would dance amongst the beauties of the court of King Alfonso, to the sound of the viol, and do many other arts bespeaking strange intelligence, far surpassing a horse's capacity. Gervase of Tilbury could not settle the genus of this animal to his satisfaction. If he was a horse, exclaims the Chancellor, how could he perform such feats? If he was a fairy, why did he eat?—*Otia Imperialia*, l. iii. c. 92.



There is a philosophy involved in these parables. The consortship of an immortal being is bestowed upon humankind, and the slight tribute of obedience to a single behest will ensure the happiness of the mortal. But his will is enslaved. Destiny allows him not to rise above the frailty of his race by perpetuating the mystic union; and power is given to the evil principle to mock his transient bliss, and to dash away the cup of happiness which had been placed at his lips. The fated thought rankles in his mind, the forbidden word is uttered, and the ethereal intelligence departs for ever, but in sorrow and in mourning. And as she mourns the separation, she yet strives to shed a benignant influence upon the object to whom she was wedded. Aphrodite watches the fortunes of her son. The Rock-nymph of Biscay rescues her captive husband. And Melusina weeps over the cradle of her sleeping babes, and her lamentations are wafted by the nightly winds which eddy round the hoary towers of Lusignan.

Snorro Sturleson, or whoever else the compiler of the Prosaic Edda may have been, teaches us that the elves of light, the white fays of Ben Jonson, sojourn in *Alf-heim*, the palace of the sky; whilst the bowels of the earth receive the swart-elves, the elves of darkness. Immortality is the lot of the first, for the flames of "Surtur" will not consume them, and their final dwelling-place will be in *Vid-blain*, the highest heaven of the blessed; but the last are obnoxious to disease and death. The modern Icelanders choose to consider the elvish commonwealth as an absolute monarchy, at least they believe that their elves are governed by a viceroy who travels twice a year to Norway accompanied by a deputation of Pucks, to renew their fealty to the supreme monarch who still resides in the mother-country; it being evident from the contexture of the fable that the elves, like themselves, are merely colonists in the island. Closely allied to the dark elves are the Dwarfs or Dvergars of Scandinavia. The Norwegians ascribe the regularity and polish of rock crystal to the diligence of the little denizens of the mountains, and their voice is heard in the *dvergal*, the mountain echo. From this poetical personification arose a peculiar system of Icelandic metre called *Galdra-lag*, or the magical lay, in which the last line is repeated at the end of each stanza; and when a ghost or a spirit is introduced singing in an Icelandic Saga, it is the *galdra-lag* which is always employed. In another variety of the *galdra-lag* the beginning of each line is repeated; this system is found in some of the metrical charms of the Anglo-Saxons. Such repetitions have a solemn monotonous

sound, and hence, without the help of fiction, it has occurred to other bards. Dante employs the *galdra-lag* in the inscription placed over the gates of Hell, and Pope concludes his elegy in this magic strain.

It has been thought that the real prototypes of the mythological Dvergars are found in the Finnic inhabitants of Scandinavia. But we now begin to doubt the accuracy of the opinion. Certain it is that the Finns were proud of dealing with the devil, until that species of commerce was declared to be contraband; and they were ever dreaded as wizards and conjurors. But notwithstanding their skill in magic and in metallurgy they must be distinguished from the cunning workmen who manufactured the hammer of Thor, the golden tresses of Siva and the wealth-begetting ring of Odin; and who hold a conspicuous situation in the wild cosmogony of the Asi. If we were to develope these mysteries according to the true hieroglyphical wisdom of the ancient Rosicrucians, we might contend that these beings were personifications of the metallic element, or of the gases which are its vehicles within the bowels of the earth, filling the veins which become pregnant with the ore, and circulating along with the electric and magnetic life of the macrocosm. At all events they are too purely allegorical to have resulted from the ideas of magic annexed to the character of the scattered Finlanders. A stronger inference of their primitive antiquity may be drawn from their appearance in the very ancient traditions of the Teutons as preserved in the *Nibelungen lay*, and in the *Book of Heroes*, which both originated and were matured in regions where the Finn never pitched his tent, and amongst mountains in whose recesses he never was secluded. Of late years there have been a great many doubts respecting the orthodoxy of the *Edda*; and the learned and intelligent Professor Rask of Berlin has attacked its authenticity with great zeal. It is therefore satisfactory to the antiquary to compare the *Book of Heroes*<sup>1</sup> with the *Edda*. Long as the Teutons had been separated from the Scandinavian nations, their fables still maintained the utmost uniformity, and this coincidence proves, that neither have been corrupted or interpolated.

Mining countries have often become the stronghold of popular mythology. Cornwall may be instanced; and the Harzwald in Hanover, the remnant of the Hercynian forest, is also entirely enchanted ground. "In this district," says an old author, "are " more than an hundred and ten capital mines, some of which have " small ones belonging to them; some are worked for the king of



“Great Britain (as Elector of Hanover) on his own account, and the rest farmed out. According to ancient chronicles King Hsung held his court at Weringerode in this forest, about the time of Gideon, judge of Israel, and Hsung was the son of King Laurin the dwarfish monarch and guardian of the garden of roses, who flourished in the time of Ehud, judge of Israel, in the year of the world 2550.” These dates have been ascertained by the diligent chroniclers of the uncritical ages, who took great pains to force ancient fables into synchronism with the facts recorded by authentic historians. In the existing text of the Book of Heroes the Hercynian forest is not assigned to the sway of Laurin; but the chroniclers were probably also guided by local traditions, and even now the dwarfs and cobolds (spirits of the mine) still swarm in every cavern<sup>a</sup>.

Malignity is constantly ascribed to the goblins of the mine. We are told by the sage demonologist quoted by Reginald Scott, “that they do exceedingly envy man’s benefit in the discovery of hidden treasure, ever haunting such places where money is concealed, and diffusing malevolent and poisonous influences to blast the lives and limbs of those that dare attempt the discovery thereof. Peters of Devonshire with his confederates, who, by conjuration, attempted to dig for such defended treasures, was crumbled to atoms as it were, being reduced to ashes with his confederates in the twinkling of an eye.”

Peters of Devonshire sought his fate. But the demons who haunted mines were considered as most tremendous. “The nature of such is very violent; they do often slay whole companies of labourers, they do sometimes send inundations that destroy both the mines and miners, they bring noxious and malignant vapours to stifle the laborious workmen; briefly their whole delight and faculty consists in killing, tormenting and crushing

<sup>a</sup> The Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius notices a lake in Thessaly, to which, if brass was brought in the evening it would be manufactured into any shape required, by certain genii who inhabited the waters. The old treatise *de Mirabilibus Britannæ* describes a similar lake in England. “Est lacus si volueris reparare quodlibet supellex ferreum domus tuæ exceptis armis: porta ad lacum quod volueris reparare, et prandium quantum volueris et mitte super ripam lacu cibum et ferrum et recede. Postea perge ad lacum, et invenies supellectilem bene paratum.” A third traditionary version of the fable has its seat in the Teutonic Harzwald, and there the dwarfs who inhabit the caverns of Elbiagerode assist the peasantry, by lending them brass pots and kettles, and irons, trivets, spoons, etc., when they wanted them for their weddings; and for which, as in England, they were paid in victual.

"men who seek such treasures. Such was Annabergius, a most virulent animal that utterly confounded the undertakings of those that laboured in the richest silver mine in Germany, called *Corona Rosacea*. He would often shew himself in the likeness of a he-goat, with golden horns, pushing down the workmen with great violence, sometimes like a horse breathing pestilence and flames from his nostrils. At other times he represented a monk in all his pontificals, flouting at their labour and treating all their actions with scorn and indignation, till by his daily and continual molestation he gave them no further ability of perseverance<sup>a</sup>."

Like all other ancient nations, the Scandinavians cherished the belief in the existence of tutelary spirits, and the Icelanders had reason to be peculiarly grateful to them for defeating the enterprize of King Harold Gormson<sup>1</sup>. The king of Norway, as we are told in his Saga, was desirous of learning the internal state of the island, upon which he longed to wreak his vengeance, and to that intent he bade a skilful Trolldman, or magician, fare thither, changing himself into such a shape as might best conceal him. The magician changed himself into a whale, and swam to the island; but the rocks and mountains were covered with opposing "Land-vættur," or guardian spirits, who prepared to defend their trust. The magician, nothing appalled, swam to Vopna-fiord, and attempted to land, but a huge and hideous dragon unwreathed his folds down the sides of the rocks, and followed by innumerable serpents, descended into the estuary, spitting venom against the intruder. The whale could not oppose them, and swam westward to Ore-fiord; but there came down a bird whose wings extended athwart the bay from mountain to mountain, followed by countless flocks of spirits in the same shape. And when he attempted to enter Brida-fiord on the southern coast, a mighty bull rushed down and waded into the sea roaring tremendously, and the guardian spirits of Brida-fiord accompanied their leader. The unwearied magician now swam to Vrekarskinda; there he beheld a giant coming to meet him whose head ranged over the very summit of the snow-clad mountains. He was armed with an iron club, and a

<sup>a</sup> Some will perhaps suspect that this virulent animal Annabergius was in truth a certain familiar spirit now called Hydrogen gas. Sir Humphry Davy's safety lamp would have been an effectual spell against all the demons of the Crown of Roses; and Boulton and Watt, by employing the strong arm of the Enchanter Steam, would have enabled the luckless workmen to defend themselves against the inundations which they poured into the mine.



crowd of gigantic spirits followed him to the shore. This story is worthy of notice, because it proves that the Scandinavians had their elemental intelligences according to the true Paracelsian doctrine. Earth sent her spirits in the form of giants; the Sylphs appeared as birds; by the Bull, water is obviously typified; and the Dragon proceeded from the sphere of fire.

Hecla is in some degree connected with the Scandic mythology. The Northmen were converted soon after its terrors became known to them, and when they became Christians they could only consider it as the mouth of hell, like Etna and Vesuvius and Stromboli, each of which has good claim to be considered as the *facilis descensus Averni*; since (to say nothing of old Boots) Nero and Theodoric of Verona, and Julian the apostate, and Dagobert, and Queen Elizabeth, and Anna Bullen have all severally been seen to sink into their sulphureous flames. But this baleful mountain could not fail to be the resort of the spirits of fire, whom tradition had probably known in Scandinavia or in Asgard. Their great opponent was Luridan. It is written in the "book of Vanagastus" "the Norwegian," that Luridan the spirit of the air "travels at the behest of the magician to Lapland, and Finmark, and Skrickfinia, even unto the frozen ocean. It is his nature to be always at enmity with fire"—and he wages continual war with the fiery spirits of the mountain Hecla. "In this contest they do often extirpate and destroy one another, killing and crushing when they meet in mighty and violent troops in the air upon the sea. And at such time many of the fiery spirits are destroyed when the enemy hath brought them off the mountain to fight upon the water; on the contrary when the battle is on the mountain itself, the spirits of the air are often worsted and then great mournings and doleful noises are heard in Iceland, and Russia, and Norway for many days after."

Amongst the minor spirits of the sphere of fire, Jack-with-the-lantern, whom Milton calls the Friar, and Will-with-the-wisp, must not be forgotten. According to the chronicle of the Abbey of Corbey, brother Sebastian was seduced by one of these infernal link-boys on the mystic eve of St. John, in the year 1034, as he was returning home in the evening after having preached at a neighbouring village—and on the following day brother Sebastian died. Well hath it been sung by the Frenchman,

"Où sont fillettes et bon vin?  
C'est là où hante le Lutin."

and it is to be greatly feared that poor brother Sebastian met with

his fate in consequence of having intruded into the Lutin's quarters. The German peasants believe with reasonable consistency that Will-with-the-wisp is of a very fiery temper and easily offended. They have a "spott reim," or mocking verse, which angers him mainly when he happens to hear it.

"Heerwisch! ho! ho! ho!  
Brennst wie haberstroh,  
Schag mich blitzeblo!"

About thirty years ago a girl of the village of Lorsch wantonly sang out this rhyme whilst Will was dancing over the marshy meadows. Instantly he followed the maiden; she ran homewards as fast as her legs could carry her, vainly striving to escape the spiteful goblin, but just as she was crossing the threshold of the door, Will flew in after her, and struck every person in the room with his fiery wings so violently that they were stunned by the shock. It requires no great sagacity to divine the positive nature of this electric demon; with him also must be classed the fire-demons who point out concealed treasures by playing in livid flames on the surface of the ground, or over the sepulchral mound; the Trolchs who light the Grave-fire, and the Moon of the grave, and the warden spirits who wrap the dungeon tower of the castle of Kufstein in lambent fire.

When the northern aurora beamed through the sky, the Scandinavians hailed the "holy light," as it is yet called in Norway; for they believed that it announced the approach of the Valkyrs, the maids of slaughter, proceeding from Valhalla to summon the warrior to the feast of Odin. But the Christian chronicler saw fiery armies, flaming spears and blazing swords in the splendid stream, and was appalled by the portentous illumination. A new guise was given to every vestige of the ancient faith, though the terrors which had once surrounded the king of gods and men still retained their influence long after his empire vanished before the converting swords of Charlemagne and Haco. An unwilling renunciation of the deity of war was extorted from the Saxon; and it was a day of grief to him when, in the words of the old confession of faith, he was compelled to forsake "all the devil's works" and all the devil's words, the Thunderer, and Woden, and the "Saxon Odin, and all the fiends who be their feres." The kneeling catechumen repeated an insincere confession; succeeding generations learnt more truly to detest the errors of paganism, yet a distinct recollection remained of the warlike faith of their ancestors, nor did they doubt the existence of the demon god. Hence the



peasants still tremble when the murky air resounds with the baying of the hounds, and when the steeds holding their course between earth and heaven are heard to rush amongst the clouds, announcing the approach of the Wild Huntsman.

The origin of the name of Woden or Odin is to be traced to a root existing in the Anglo-Saxon. It signifies the "wild" or "furious one."<sup>a</sup> This etymology would alone indicate the connexion between the "Wütendes Heer" or "wild army," as the Wild Huntsman and his train are popularly called, and the god. But in some parts of Germany the denominations "Grodens Heer," and "Wodens Heer," are also current. Woden is known in Brunswick as the hunter Hackelberg, a sinful knight who renounced his share of the joys of heaven on condition that he might be allowed to hunt until the day of doom. They show his sepulchre in a forest near Uslar. It is a vast unhewn stone, an ancient monument of the class which, for want of a better name, we call druidical. This circumstance is of importance in confirming the connexion between the popular mythology and the ancient religion of the country. According to the peasants, this grave-stone is watched by the dogs of hell, which constantly crouch upon it. In the year 1558 Hans Kirchof had the ill luck to wander to it; he discovered it by chance, for no one can reach Hackelberg's tomb if he journeys to the forest with the express intent of finding it. Hans relates, that, to his great astonishment, he did not see the dogs, although he confesses that he had not a hair on his head that did not stand on end.

All is quiet about the grave of Hackelberg; but the restless spirit retains his power at this very moment in the neighbourhood of the Odenwald, or the forest of Odin, and amidst the ruins of the old baronial castle of the Rodenstein family. His appearance still prognosticates impending war. At midnight he issues from the tower surrounded by his host; the trumpets sound, the war-wains rumble, the drums beat, and even the words of command are heard which are given to the ghostly soldiery by their leader. When peace is about to be concluded, Rodenstein and his soldiery return to the ruins, but with quiet and gentle steps, and borne

<sup>a</sup> "Woden," saith Verstegen, "signifies fierce or furious (from the A.S. *þob*), "and in like sense we yet retain it, saying, when one is in a great rage that he is "wood, or taketh, as if he were wood." Verstegan also says that Waithman<sup>1</sup> (waith being derived from the same root) signifies a wild or furious man. The chronicles of the Ward of Farringdon Without may furnish future Aubreys and Shandys with a new instance of name fatality.

along with harmony. Rodenstein will come when he is called. About four or five years ago, a Jäger in the employ of a neighbouring forester who, when in England, stated the fact to us, passed by the tower at midnight. Being somewhat the better for his potations, he called to the spirit, "Rodenstein, ziehe heraus!" and instantly the army rushed forth with such violence that the presumptuous huntsman was nearly frightened out of his senses.

According to the mythology of Scandinavia, the power of death is given to Hela, who rules the nine worlds of Nifleheim. Concealment is implied by his name<sup>a</sup>. According to the popular belief of the Cimbric peasants, she spreads plague and pestilence, and diffuses all evil whilst she rides by night on the three-footed horse of hell (Helhest). Hela and the war-wolves retained their empire in Normandy, although, after the Northmen of Hastings became the Normans of Rollo, they seem to have lost the memory of their ancient superstitions as rapidly as they forgot their northern tongue. From Hela was generated Hellequin; a name in which, under the disguise of romance orthography, we can have no difficulty in recognizing Hela-Kiön, the race of Hela. It was those whom Richard Fearnought<sup>1</sup>, duke of Normandy, the [grandfather] of Robert the Devil, encountered hunting and revelling in the forest. As the romance tells, Hellequin was a knight who wasted his gold in the wars which Charles Martel waged against the heathen Saracens. When the wars were ended, he and his lineage, not having where-withal to sustain themselves, took to wicked courses. They spared neither virgin, nor widow, nor orphan; and the sufferers cried out to heaven for vengeance. When matters had come to this pass, it chanced that Hellequin fell sick, and died, and was in fearful danger of condemnation; but the good works which he had performed by waging war against the heathen Saracens availed him; and it was allotted as a penance to him and his lineage, that, dead as they were, they should wander by night throughout the world, in bitterness and toil.

But the wild huntsman was not confined to the woods of Normandy. In the year 1598, when Henry IV. was hunting in the forest of Fontainebleau, he suddenly heard the baying of hounds and the notes of the horn, seemingly at the distance of half a league from the spot where he was placed; but as suddenly these distant sounds were close at hand. Henry ordered the Count of Soissons to prick forward. We gather from the context that he

<sup>a</sup> Helan (A.S.) In the cognate dialects the root is found with scarcely any variation. Hence *hell*, that which is concealed or hidden or unseen, 'Αἰδῆς.



guessed that the sounds were supernatural. Soissons obeyed; and as he advanced, he still heard the noises without being able to ascertain whence they proceeded; but a dark and gigantic figure appeared amongst the trees, and crying out "M'entendez-vous?" instantly vanished. This story is remarkable for many reasons. Father Matthieu<sup>1</sup> the Jesuit relates it in his "Histoire de France et des choses mémorables advenues durant sept années de paix du règne de Henri IV.," a work published in the lifetime of that monarch, to whom it is dedicated. Matthieu was well acquainted with Henry, from whom, if Father Daniel is to be trusted, he obtained much information. It has been supposed that the spectre was an assassin in disguise, and that the hand of Ravallac would have been anticipated if the good king himself had approached near enough to receive the dagger. Whatever the real nature of the apparition may have been, it seems that Henry did not wish that the story should be discredited. "Persons are not wanting," Matthieu concludes, "who would have ranked this adventure with the fables of Merlin and of Urganda, if the truth, as affirmed by so many eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses, had not removed all doubts. The shepherds of the neighbourhood say that it was a spirit, whom they call the *Grand Veneur*, who hunts in this forest; but they hold that it is the hunt of St. Hubert, which is also heard in other places." The spirit appeared not far from the entrance of the town, at a cross-road yet retaining the name of "La Croix du Grand Veneur."

In ages of romance, a romantic immortality has been bestowed by popular loyalty on those heroes who commanded the admiration as well as the fondness of their countrymen. Those who had seen their king flushed with victory and leading on his warriors, or enthroned in majesty and wisdom, were almost reluctant to admit that he too could die<sup>2</sup>. The pious cares which saved the royal corpse from the insulting victor, the chance which caused it to fester undistinguished amongst the meaner dead, contributed to nourish the longing hope that the royal warrior had yet been spared; and though withdrawn from mortal ken, they would believe, in the hour of suffering and distress, that he who had been the guardian of his people was still reserved on earth to fulfil a higher destiny. Greece revered her yet living Achilles in the white island; the Britons expected the awakening of Arthur entranced in Avalon; and almost in our days it was thought that Sebastian of Portugal would one day return and claim his usurped realms. Thus, also, the three founders of the Helvetic confederacy are thought to sleep

in a cavern near the lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the three Tells, and say that they lie there in their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land. Frederick Barbarossa has obtained the same wild veneration. He was a monarch of extraordinary intellect. Anathematized as the enemy of the papal see, he was thought to favour the faith of Mahomet; whilst some suspected that he acknowledged no other deity save his Star, his ruling Fate. Yet he was wise and valiant, and commanded the respect of his warlike subjects. Frederick died in Apulia; he was the last sovereign of the Swabian dynasty; and so little was his death believed in the empire, that five impostors successively assumed his name, and obtained credit with those who were discontented with the reign of Rodolph of Hapsburg. The false Fredericks were successively unmasked and punished, yet the common people continued stubbornly to believe that Frederick was alive, and that he had warily and willingly abdicated the imperial crown. "He is a wise man," said they, "and can read " the stars; he is travelling in distant regions with his astrologers " and his trusty companions, to avoid the evils which would have " been his lot, had he remained on the throne"; and yet they trusted that he would re-appear when the good time should arrive. Obscure prophecies were circulated, which were even revived in the reign of Charles V. that Frederick was destined to unite the Eastern to the Western Empire. The Turks and heathens are to be defeated by his prowess in a dreadful battle near Cologne, and he is to regain the Holy Land. Until the appointed time shall come, the Emperor is secluded in the castle of Kyffhauser, in the Hercynian forest, where he remains in a state not much unlike the description which Cervantes has given of the inhabitants of the cavern of Montesinos; he slumbers on his throne, his red beard has grown through the stone table on which his right arm reclines, or, as some say, it has grown round and round it. A variation of the same fable, coloured according to its locality, is found in Denmark, where it is said that Holger Danske, whom the French romances call Ogier the Dane, slumbers in the vaults beneath Cronenburg castle. A villein was once allured by splendid offers to descend into the cavern and visit the half torpid hero. Ogier muttered to the visitor, requesting him to stretch out his hand. The villein presented an iron crow to Ogier, who grasped it, indenting the metal with his fingers. "It is well!" quoth Ogier, who imagined that he was squeezing the hand of the stranger, and thus



proving his strength and fortitude, "there are yet *men* in Denmark."

Frederick Barbarossa listens willingly to music. It came to pass many years ago, that a "consort" of travelling musicians thought it might answer well, were they to serenade the Emperor; and so, stationing themselves on the rock, they began to play a hunt's-up just when the church clock of the town of Tilleda struck the hour of twelve. At the second strain, lights were seen above on the crag, sparkling through the leaves and underwood, and flitting behind the thick trunks of the trees; and immediately afterwards the Emperor's daughter advanced gracefully towards the musicians. She beckoned them to follow her, the rocks opened, and the musicians marched into the cavern, sounding their pipes and tinkling their citterns. There was no lack of good cheer in the presence-chamber of the Emperor, and they played on merrily till the dawning of the morning. Then the Emperor nodded graciously to the musicians, and his daughter presented each with a green branch, and dismissed them. The imperial donation gave little satisfaction to the poor musicians, but the awe inspired by his ghostly majesty compelled them to accept it without murmuring; and when they found themselves in the open air again, all, except one, threw the branches scornfully away. The musician who kept his branch intended to preserve it merely as a memorial of the adventure; but when he reached his home it became heavy in his hand, rustling and glittering with metallic splendour, and every leaf was turned into a ducat of pure gold. When the others heard of his good fortune, they all went back to the rocks over which they had passed, and searched day after day for the treasure of which their destiny had deprived them; but they searched in vain.

The Norman peasants believe that there is a flower which is called the *herbe maudite*—he who treads upon it continues walking round and round, imagining that he is proceeding onwards, though in fact he quits not the spot to which the magic root has bound him. This spell seems to bind us; for we find ourselves still in company with the goblins of the mine, whom we imagined we had left far behind us. The Emperor is, undoubtedly, to be identified with those capricious powers. In the middle ages the winning of these riches became the trade of those sages who are the prototypes of the Dousterswivel<sup>1</sup> of our northern enchanter, and the employment of treasure-finding was a regular profession in the mining countries, where some traces of it still remain. Each of these adepts had his

own mode of operating. One was the Theurgist; he prayed and fasted till the dream came upon him. He was a pious man, and his art was holy; and if the eager disciple sinned against faith or chastity, the inspiration fled, the treasure vanished.

"Guilt, guilt, my son! give't the right name: no marvel  
If I found check in our great work within,  
When such affairs as these were managing."

The natural magician smiled at the mystical devotee, whom he affected to treat either as the dupe of his own enthusiasm, or as an impostor. Trusting only to the secret powers of nature, he paced along with the divining rod of hazel<sup>a</sup> which turns in obedience,

<sup>a</sup> The employment of the divining rod when employed to discover ore or metal, was associated with many superstitious observances. The fact, however, of the discovery of water being effected by it when held in the hands of certain persons seems indubitable. The following narrative, which has been lately communicated to us by a friend residing in Norfolk, puts the subject in the clearest point of view. And we shall simply state that the parties, whose names are well known to many of our readers, are utterly incapable either of deceiving others, or of being deceived themselves.

"January 21st, 1818.—It is just fifty years since Lady N.'s attention was first called to this subject; she was then sixteen years old, and was on a visit with her family at a château in Provence, the owner of which wanted to find a spring to supply his house, and for that purpose had sent for a peasant, who could do so with a twig. The English party ridiculed the idea, but still agreed to accompany the man, who after walking some way, pronounced that he had arrived at the object of his search, and they accordingly dug and found him correct. He was quite an uneducated man, and could give no account of the faculty in him or of the means which he employed, but many others, he said, could do the same.

"The English party now tried for themselves, but all in vain, till it came to the turn of Lady N., when, to her amazement and alarm, she found that the same faculty was in her, as in the peasant, and on her return to England she often exerted it, though in studious concealment. She was afraid lest she should be ridiculed, or should, perhaps, get the name of a witch, and in either case she thought that she should certainly never get a husband.

"Of late years her scruples began to wear away, and when Dr. Hutton published Ozanam's researches in 1803, where the effect of the divining rod is treated as absurd (vol. iv. p. 260-7) she wrote a long letter to him, signed "X.Y.Z.", stating the facts which she knew. The Doctor answered it, begging further information; Lady N. wrote again, and he, in his second letter, requested the name of his correspondent: that Lady N. also gave.

"A few years afterwards she went, at Dr. Hutton's particular request, to see him at Woolwich, and she then shewed him the experiment, and discovered a spring in a field which he had lately bought near the New College, then building. This same field he has since sold to the College, and for a larger price in consequence of the spring.

"Lady N. this morning shewed the experiment to Lord G., Mr. S., and me,



attracted by the effluvia from the metals concealed beneath the soil. These are delusions, thought a bolder sage who had been instructed in the secrets of Cornelius Agrippa<sup>1</sup>; and he opened the sealed book which taught him to charm the mirror, in which were seen all things, however distant or hidden from mortal view, and he buried it by the side of the cross-road, where the carcass of the murderer was wasting on the wheel, or he opened the newly made grave and caused the eyes of the troubled corpse to shed their glare upon the surface of the polished crystal. Telesms and pentacles, and constellated idols also lent their aid. Such were the implements of art belonging to an Italian or Spanish Cabalist. We give the story as it was related to us many years ago by a right learned adept. This Cabalist ascertained that if he could procure a certain golden medal, to be worked into the shape of a winged man when the planets were in a proper aspect, the figure so formed would discover all secret treasures. After great pains, he was so fortunate as to obtain the talisman, which he confided to a workman, who gradually hammered the metal into the astral form, using his tools only at those moments when the master, consulting the Alfonsine tables, desired him to proceed. It happened that the smith was left alone with the statue when it was nearly finished, and a sudden thought, inspired by his good genius, induced him to give the last stroke to the magical image. His hand fell in the right ascension of the planets; the virtue was imparted, and the statue instantly leaped from the table, and fixed itself firmly on the floor. No effort of the goldsmith could remove it; but, as he guessed rightly of the true nature of the attractive

“in the park at W. She took a thin, forked hazel twig, about 16 inches long,  
“and held it by the end, the joint pointing downwards. When she came to a  
“place where water was under the ground, the twig immediately bent, and the  
“motion was more or less rapid as she approached or withdrew from the spring.  
“When just over it, *the twig turned so quick as to snap, breaking near her fingers,*  
“which by pressing it were indented, and heated, and almost blistered; a degree of  
“agitation was also visible in her face. When she first made the experiment, she  
“says this agitation was great, and to this hour she cannot wholly divest herself  
“of it, though it gradually decreases. She repeated the trial several times in  
“different parts of the park and her statements were always accurate. Among  
“those persons in England, who have the same faculty, she says she never knew  
“it so strong in any as in Sir C. H. and Miss F. It is extraordinary that no effect  
“is produced at a well or ditch, or where earth does not interpose between the  
“twig and the water. The exercise of the faculty is independent of any volition.”

So far our narrator, in whom, we repeat, the most implicit confidence may be placed. The faculty so inherent in certain persons is evidently the same with that of the Spanish Zahories, though the latter do not employ the hazel twig.

influence, he dug up the pavement, under which he discovered an earthen vessel full of coin, which had been concealed by some former owner of the mansion. Who could be more rejoiced than our goldsmith? Destiny had gifted him with the means of becoming the master of all the secret treasures of the earth. He instantly resolved to appropriate the inestimable talisman to himself; and, to evade pursuit, he embarked in a ship which was then setting sail. The wind blew briskly and favourably, and in a short time they were out to sea; when the ship sailed over a treasure concealed in the caverns of the deep. The talisman obeyed its call; it sprang from the hand of the astonished owner, and, with all his hopes, was lost for ever beneath the waves.

Wretchedness, disappointment, and delusion thus invariably conclude the mystic or legendary narrations, in which human avarice is represented as yearning after gold, and attempting to wrest it from heaven or from hell. If the gift is bestowed, it becomes a glittering curse; but oftener it is denied, and Fate tantalizes the eagerness of humanity. When the Arab searches the ruined temple, the chest of stone sinks lower and lower beneath the soil. The rocks fall in and bury the treasure just when his charm is about to take; if the cavern opens before the suffumigations of the sorcerer, the treasure vanishes from his grasp. The moral is as obvious as the source of the mythos, in which we again observe the varied sway of the good and of the evil.

Our subject is far from being exhausted; but our readers, perhaps, have already begun to suspect that we betray a greater degree of fondness for the superstitions of a rude and barbarous age than is altogether consistent with the good sense and information for which, without doubt, they are willing to give us credit. We frankly acknowledge, that the perusal of Picatrix and Cornelius Agrippa, of Del Rio and Remigius<sup>1</sup>, of Glanvill and Sinclair, has amused us during many an idle hour, and solaced us during many a weary one; and, in justification of our taste, it may not be improper to observe, that the "superstitions of the middle ages" are worthy of a more minute, and, we may add, a more philosophic and impartial investigation than they have hitherto obtained.

If the fays sporting on the wold, or the demons bursting from their prison-house, are considered merely as allowable subjects for the lay of the poet, and which his old charter of fiction authorizes him to use with freedom, an inaccurate standard is assigned to the worth of popular mythology. So far as the idlest tales are believed and credited, they are facts; and it is as facts that they are to be



studied. Poetic talent may give a graceful form to the spirit, who is uncouth in the fancy of the churl, but the essence and import of the airy being remain unchanged. And the whole creed of popular superstition is linked in the esoteric history of mankind, which is, perhaps, more instructive than the relation of the rise and fall of empires. This is equally the case with the occult sciences, as they are usually termed. Scarcely two centuries have elapsed since the whole category of magical and cabalistic and theosophic mysteries entered into the real business of life, and these fallacious pursuits were associated with severe and specious learning. Exorcisms were chanted by the priest; and arrayed in his stole, or even in his surplice, it oft became dubious whether the rites of the church were not assimilated by him to the forbidden arts of sorcery. The astrologer was honoured in the presence-chamber of the prince. Denounced by the preacher and consigned to the flames by the bench, the wizard received secret service money from the cabinet, for the purpose of destroying the hostile armament, as it sailed before the wind. And the senate quailed with fear at the recital of plots and conspiracies, when it was disclosed how traitors sought to shorten the days of the monarch and overturn the state by tormenting waxen images with needles, or burying them with their heads downwards. In no rank of society were these hallucinations discredited or discouraged. A gloomy mist of credulity enwrapped the cathedral and the hall of justice, the cottage and the throne; and no mortal eye could discern the witchery of the visions in which all believed so strangely. Baseless as they are, they acquire an effective value, when we place ourselves in the era to which they belong; for an error which prevails universally, no one having the will or the ability to disprove it, has quite as much weight in human societies as a truth which cannot be refuted. Nor is it now an unprofitable or useless task to recall the memory of the fleeting pageant. If we wish to ascertain the strength of the human mind, we must begin our trial by searching out its weaknesses. Most faithful of all others is that warning which is given to the judgment, when it is compelled to bend back upon itself, and to dwell on the contemplation of its own follies. On the chart of the careful navigator are marked the banks of fog and vapour, which caused him to divert his helm from the course which he ought to have pursued, and which inspired him with vain hope or with groundless terror; inducing him to believe in the existence of happy islands, in climates where there is nought but the waste bosom of the ocean, or to dread the craggy

rocks and dangerous shoals, though the billows roll on in unbroken flow. And the delineation of these unreal lands will prove as useful to the future sailor as the bearings of the firmest shores, for they apprize him of the deceit to which he may be exposed. Our vessel is built with greater science than the gorgeous though inartificial galliot of ancient days. The loadstone guides us unerringly when the load-star is lost in clouds; yet still we are destined to be tossed upon the waters, and to wander from the harbour which, fruitlessly, we strive to gain. Doubt ought still to be our companion even when we flatter ourselves that we have attained to certainty; because we have not yet learned to know ourselves, or to distrust our inborn frailty. Though neither cheered by the apparition of protecting spirits, or fearing the enmity of the goblin or the demon, we are still as liable as of old to be seduced by our own delusions.

Confidence, rather than humility, is now abounding, when an estimation is put upon the character of our times. It is the common boast, that the present age, our age, the age we live in, is a period of enlightened philosophy. The words so employed mean, in fact, that we who use them are enlightened philosophers; but let that pass. And when it becomes necessary to make good our title to the praise which we demand, we usually bless ourselves, and expatiate with much complacency in comparing the modern advances in "arts and sciences" and philosophy with the rudeness and barbarity of the dark ages. At the first thought, it is not easy to avoid sharing in such sentiments. We find that the inheritance of falsehood, once peculiarly the portion of our forefathers, has not descended to us. Opinions were received by them, which are now known to be preposterous by the least informed. They were obstinate in the propagation of absurdities which we have abandoned; zealous in defending the misbegotten offspring of doting ignorance, whose deformity is now universally recognized. Struck by the contrast, and valuing, sometimes overvaluing, the advantages which we unquestionably enjoy, our triumph appears confirmed. Pointing to the steam-engine and the printing press, the telescope and the barometer, we bestow gentle pity upon the ignorance of those who are sleeping in the grave, whilst we condemn and despise the errors which they committed. Yet if their demerits are compared with ours, we may perhaps pause before we confirm ourselves in the belief of our relative superiority. We have refused to adopt the innumerable false and foolish doctrines to which the mind was formerly subjected; another modification is now given to the follies and errors which owe their birth to the same



generating cause, but they are still equally repudiated by common sense, and by the dictates of sound reason; and the rejection of ancient follies and errors has been effected, so far at least as the great multitude are concerned in the rejection, rather by the mighty revolution which has been brought about in our ideas and in our manners, than by any real amelioration in the intellect of the many-headed monster.

It would not be a difficult task to raise up a modern counterpart which should grin and mowe at every ancient folly; but inferences might be drawn from the array, which would be wholly contrary to our intent. Such comparisons would not be presented for the silly and heartless purpose of ministering to malice or scoffing at individual character. Let it not be supposed that they would be drawn in a spirit of sarcasm or satire, or result from a sullen insensibility to the blessings of knowledge and civilization. On the contrary, they are such as ever force themselves upon the judgment of those who are most anxious to witness the true advancement of their fellow-creatures, and to honour the great men who have been appointed to the task of leading mankind onwards in the noble path of intellectual improvement; and who, entertaining such sentiments, fear at the same time that a presumptuous estimation of the superiority which we certainly enjoy over our predecessors, may tend to foster sentiments which, if not vicious, are yet so unlike virtues, that knowledge becomes less desirable when allied to them. It is hardly a paradox to maintain that we may become uncharitable and spiteful in our treatment of our contemporaries in consequence of our scornful triumphs over the credulity of Albertus Magnus or Roger Bacon, and that by despising the ignorance of past times we crush the germ of real amelioration. Sir Thomas Browne, who stood upon the isthmus which divides us from them, has thus pointed out the main cause of their errors. "The mortallest enemy unto knowledge, that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth, hath been a peremptory adhesion to authority, and more especially the establishing of our belief upon the dictates of antiquity. For, as every capacity may observe, most men of ages present so superstitiously do look on ages past, that the authority of the one exceeds the reason of the other." Other foes to knowledge have now arisen, and which are to be combated with greater difficulty. Our prevailing fault is an impatience of all teachers, of all authority, of all experience, of all precedent; a fault which derives its principal support from the notions which we entertain of the great superiority of ourselves

over all who have gone before us. Enthusiasm misleads us, and we form an estimate of the merits of our age which will be sobered by reflection. Our large words deceive us, and not only are they the vehicles of false ideas, but they also always associate themselves with opinions which involve an utter contradiction.

Such is the conclusion to which we arrive. And those who are most strenuous in extolling the improvement of the present age, are usually at the same time the most earnest in deploring the obstinacy of mankind in refusing to adopt the opinions which they advocate, opinions, which, according to their representation, are either the cause or the consequence of the intellectual pre-eminence of modern times. Praises are lavished on the "enlightened world" collectively, which are denied to all its component parts save one. Under pretence of lauding our contemporaries we are simply whispering a tribute of flattery into our own ears. And the merits with which we are so willing to invest the universal age expand from our own egotism.

Nor even where the progress of knowledge is most cheering and undeniable, should we allow it to fill us with overweening glory, because we are then too often tempted to indulge in bitterness, or even in anger, towards those who, as we imagine, are disabled by their mental inferiority or ignorance from contributing to the causes of our exultation. Calm reflection will teach us to view the trophies which have been gained by the human intellect with less complacency, but at the same time we may perhaps become subdued into a greater degree of toleration towards its failings. Science has triumphed over matter. Fire impels the vessel along the hostile element. The aeronaut soars above the eagle in the thin expanse, and the firm metals torn from the bowels of the earth fume into gas at the touch of the chemist, and wing him on his way. The triple ray of the sun has been unravelled. We ascend in contemplation on his beams, and bathe in the central flood of light and life. And we have weighed in the balance the orbs which circle on the dark verge of our universe. Bounds however have been prescribed to us, and we must not sorrow, if we who are placed a little below the angels, are not allowed to pass them. There is a truer philosophy from which we learn that our present state of being is not the existence in which we are to advance in an unchecked career of excellence. Faculties of miraculous energy and force have been given to the human mind, but they have been imprinted on dust and ashes, and united to imperfections, reminding us that they are not our own; and that we are heedless of the will,



and unthankful to the goodness of the Infinite Intelligence from whom they have been derived, if we merely deem those gifts to be subservient to the poor, proud selfishness of mortality. The learning of one generation becomes folly in the next. We change our baubles, but our infirmity remains the same; and if there are immortal spectators of the fleeting drama of human life, they witness in every century the same peevish actors though in other garbs, and the same brief plot though slightly diversified by its interludes. Great, yet limited powers have been bestowed on man; but when he confides presumptuously in the strength which he thus attains, when the science which he derives from the study of second causes lulls him into a forgetfulness of the only Beginning of all wisdom, he is betrayed into an imbecility more lamentable than ignorance, and even the truth deceives him. But we must cease. Thoughts are arising which we did not anticipate, and upon which we dare not dwell; for we pleased ourselves when we began to write these pages in carelessness and in sport. And the recollections of levity should be dispelled, before it is fitting that we should cherish the feelings which we are now imparting, not by our words, but by our silence. It was forbidden even to tread the pavement of the sanctuary with the sandals which had clothed the feet, when they had walked in any paths except those contained in the hallowed precinct of the temple.





## SUPERSTITION AND KNOWLEDGE.

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1. A COLLECTION OF RARE AND CURIOUS TRACTS ON WITCHCRAFT, AND THE SECOND SIGHT; WITH AN ORIGINAL ESSAY ON WITCHCRAFT. Edinburgh, 1822.
2. THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON. *Containing the wonderful things that he did in his Life: also the Manner of his Death; with the Lives and Deaths of the two Conjurers, Bungay and Vandermast.* (Reprint.)

WITCHCRAFT is not wholly disused in the British dominions; in one instance, at least, it has been recently practised, as we shall have occasion to mention; and the statute which still restrained the practice of the black art in Ireland having been repealed, those who choose to follow the profession may do so with impunity, provided nevertheless, that they keep in mind the law which enacts that any exertion of skill, by which fortunes are told or stolen goods recovered, may be punished as the act of a rogue and a vagabond. Marvellous, indeed, are the perils which attend the violation of this prohibition. Many a weird sister, who could sail to Aleppo in a sieve, has been fettered, without bail or mainprize, by the spells of the parish beadle; and many a wizard who, like Michael Scott<sup>1</sup> of old, could bind the weary demons to their endless task of twisting ropes of sand, has been compelled by the Rhadamanthine Justice, to beat hemp for six calendar months in the house of correction.

We can now sport with these superstitions. They have ceased to alarm us; but they afford a direful exemplification of the calamities to which human nature may be subjected; nor can the history of witchcraft be contemplated without horror. As the rites of the sect are noticed by the earlier schoolmen and divines, they appear incorporated in a delusive dream, and connected with the relics of a more ancient Paganism. The beldames collect by night at the command of their many-named queen—Hecate,—Diana,—Herodias, or Benzoria,—the fair Holda amongst the Teutonic races. Away they scud to Palestine, vying with one another in their mystic course, for she who first can dip her hands in the

River Jordan will become the mistress of the world. But in vain—the waters dry beneath their touch, and mock their expectations. Feasting and dancing, mirth and merriment, seem to be the intent of the nocturnal meetings of the initiated. Awkward and uncouth, the revelry possesses that fantastic character of wildness, compounded of sport and mischief, found in the personification of the Satyr of antiquity and in the Puck of the middle ages. Satan, however, does not appear. If the evil spirit partook of the joy, his presence could only be inferred from the impossibility of such a convention being held under the auspices of a good demon. But we find no trace of the worship of the fiend, ascribed to the Sabbath of the witches in later times. The belief was reprobated by the church, but not punished by the secular arm as a mortal crime. “Let no woman boast,” it is ordered by Augerius, bishop of Conserans, that “she rides by night with Diana, the goddess of the Pagans, or with Herodias, or with Benzoria, accompanied by an innumerable multitude, for this is an illusion of the demon.”

Such was the argument usually employed against witchcraft until the fifteenth century. Bishops and confessors used every endeavour to convince the witch that she was deceived and cheated by the demon, but they did not burn her except when she was clearly a “heretic.” When exhortations failed, they sometimes used more tangible methods. Vincent de Beauvais relates a story of a witch, who attempted to persuade her confessor, that she could pass through closed doors with her nightly *mesnie*. He called her into the chancel, and, shutting the door, belaboured her soundly with the handle of the cross. “Get out, get out! mistress “sorceress,” he cried; and as she could not get out, he, at last, allowed her to depart, saying, “Now see ye not what fools ye are, “believing in the emptiness of dreams?” To such modes of dispelling delusion no objection can reasonably be raised. But an era of unutterable misery was fast approaching. The Manichæans<sup>1</sup>, then secretly dispersed over every part of Christendom, but whose chief strongholds were in the northern parts of Italy, and the eastern and southern provinces of France, were sought out with unsparing rigour. Denounced as witches and sorcerers, a new impulse was given to their opponents. The popular tales of the aerial flights so dear to Hecate and her daughters, were united to the doctrines of the most ancient and most plausible of heresies; and the Alpine valleys, the Lyonnais, Picardy, and the adjoining states of Germany, were desolated by the fury of the inquisitors and judges, both ecclesiastical and civil.



After the Reformation, these persecutions still continued in Protestant countries. It is not clear, that, according to the old English common law, witchcraft and sorcery, as such, were punishable. If, as was often the case, these delusions were combined with other crimes, treason or poisoning, or the lighter misdemeanours of fraud and imposture, then certainly the accusation enhanced the punishment. The usual authorities undoubtedly state that sorcerers were to be burnt; and the church might strive to condemn the heretic; but the case reported in the year book, 45 Ed. III. 17, seems to show that the judges of the courts of common law wished to proceed with mildness. "A man was taken in Southwark with  
" a head and face of a dead man, and with a book of sorcery in  
" his male, and was brought into the King's Bench, before Sir John  
" Knevett, then Chief Justice; but seeing no indictment was  
" against him, the clerks did swear him, that from henceforth he  
" should not be a sorcerer, and he was delivered out of prison, and  
" the head of the dead man, and the book of sorcery were burnt  
" at Tothill." When the offence could be considered as heresy, then of course the witch might be duly punished. Yet executions upon this charge seem to have been of rare occurrence. And here we may be allowed to observe, that the Knights Templars, in chapter assembled, could have had as little power to burn Rebecca, as the Jews of York, in synagogue assembled, to burn Boisgilbert.

The earlier cases of the condemnation of witches or sorcerers, show that the crime, when punished, was treated as "heresy." But the statute 33 Hen. VIII. cap. 8 altered the law. It enacts that any person, after the day therein named, devising, practising, or exercising, "any invocations or conjurations of spirits, witch-  
" crafts, enchantments, or sorceries, to the intent to get or find  
" money or treasure, or to waste, consume, or destroy any person  
" in his body, members, or goods, or to provoke any person to  
" unlawful love, or for any other unlawful intent or purpose, or  
" by occasion or colour of such things or any of them, or for  
" despite of Christ, or lucre of money, dig up or pull down any  
" cross or crosses, or by such invocations or conjurations of  
" spirits, witchcrafts, enchantments, or sorcery, or any of them,  
" take upon them to tell or declare where goods stolen or lost shall  
" be come"—that then all and every person or persons offending as before is mentioned, shall be deemed, accepted, and adjudged a felon or felons, without benefit of clergy. This act is carefully worded, inasmuch as it only extends to witchcraft or enchantment

practised with a criminal or unlawful intent. The clause respecting the demolishers of crosses is somewhat remarkable. In the preamble, this offence is stated to have arisen in consequence of giving faith and credit to the "fantastical practices" which it enumerates. The statute 1 Ed. VI. cap. 12 repealed all felonies created by statute after the 23rd of April in the first year of Henry VIII. But by the statute 5 Eliz. c. 16 enchantments and witchcrafts were again made cognizable by the common law, but with a graduation of punishment. Invocations or conjurations of wicked spirits, *witchcraft*, enchantment, charm or sorcery, *whereby death ensued*, were declared felony without benefit of clergy. Persons practising *witchcraft*, enchantment, charm or sorcery, to the bodily harm of any one, suffered imprisonment and the pillory for the first offence, and became felons without benefit of clergy for the second; but if these arts were merely used to discover treasure, provoke unlawful love, or to the *intent of* doing bodily harm, then the punishment for the second offence was forfeiture of goods and chattels, and imprisonment for life. In these statutes it is very observable, that the word *witchcraft* is used wholly in its *Saxon* sense, and there is some doubt whether the "conjurations" and "invocations" could be extended to the popular notions of commerce and acquaintance with Satan; probably, for this reason, the act was repealed in the following reign, when the act (1 Jac. I. c. 12) was passed by which it was declared, that "one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit, or *consult, covenant with, entertain, or employ, fee or reward any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place wherein the dead body resteth; or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death.*" Coke, in commenting upon the sorcerer's escape, remarks, with an appearance of ill-humour, that the "head and book of sorcery had the same punishment that the sorcerer should have had by the ancient law, if he had by his sorcery prayed in aid of the devil." As the act is so penned as to make the mere taking up of a dead body, with the *intent* to be employed in witchcraft, a capital crime, it appears to have arisen out of the consideration of the case before quoted. A few passages from the delectable dialogue of King James<sup>1</sup> will exemplify the temper in which he wished that the new law should be administered.



Epistemon replies to a question respecting the competency of accomplices as witnesses for the prosecution: "The assize (i.e. the jury) must serve for an interpreter of our laws in that respect; but in *my* opinion, since in a matter of treason against the prince, barnes or wives, or never so diffamed persons, may of our lawe serve for sufficient witnesses and proofes; I think surely, that by a farre greater reason, such witnesses may be sufficient in matters of high treason against God; *for who but witches can be proves, and so witnesses of the doings of witches?*" Philomathes has now a slight suspicion that the witnesses may be deceived by raising up the semblances of innocent persons; but his scruples are removed by the following arguments.—"God will not permit that any innocent persons shall be slandered with that vile defection, for then the Divell would find waies enow to calumniate the best; and this we have in proof, by them that are carried with the *pharie*, who never see the shadow of any in that court but of them that thereafter are tried to have been brethren and sisters of that crafte. And besides that, I think it hath been seldom heard tell of, that any of those persons guilty of that crime accused, as having known them to be their marrows by eyesight, and not by heresay, but such as were so accused of witchcraft, could not be clearly tried upon them, were at the least publicly known to be of a very evil life and reputation. And besides that, there are two other *good helps* that may be used for their trial. The one is, the finding of their mark, and the trying the insensibleness thereof; the other is their floating in the water. For, as in a secret murder, if the dead carkass be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer it will gush out blood; so it appears, that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom, that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof. No, not so much as their eyes are able to shed teares (threaten and torture them as ye please) while first they repent, (God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacie in so horrible a crime). Albeit the *woman kind* especially, be able otherwayes to shed teares at every light occasion when they will, yea although it were dissemblingly like the crocodiles."

Precepts like these seemed to meet with universal approbation; and the Scottish clergy, urged by mistaken zeal, and influenced by false explanations of the scriptures, persecuted the criminals denounced before them with all the alacrity of the Inquisition.

The cruelty of the proceedings appears enhanced by the formality and precision with which they are narrated. The following account may be instanced:

“The town’s part of expenses disbursed, extraordinarily, upon William Coke and Alison Dick:

	£	s.	d.
For ten loads of coals to <i>burn them</i> —5 merks...	3	6	8
For a <i>tar barrel</i> , 14s. ... ..	0	14	0
For <i>towes</i> ... ..	0	6	0
For <i>harden to be jumps for them</i> <sup>1</sup> ... ..	3	10	0
For making of them ... ..	0	8	0
For one to go to Finmouth for the Laird, to sit upon their assize as judge ... ..	0	6	0
To the executioner for his pains ... ..	8	14	0
For his expenses here ... ..	0	16	4

The depositions on the trial are very remarkable. Alison was the wife of William Coke, and it appears, from the depositions of many witnesses, that she was in the habit of wrangling with her husband. The speeches on these occasions are stated in the informations to be “tending to witchcraft.” She would say, “thou hast put down many ships.” “It had been gude for the people of Kirkaldie that they had knit a stone about thy neck and drowned thee.” It appears that this luckless couple were poor and wretched. They would bitterly curse the fishermen and the mariners; and if the storm arose, or the enemy captured the vessel, they themselves thought that the Evil Spirit was obedient to their call. The tragedy was consummated by Alison’s declaration. “Being demanded by Mr. James Simpson, minister, when and how she fell in covenant with the devil? she answered, her husband many times urged her, and she yielded only two or three years since. The manner was thus—he gave her soul and body, quick and quidder, to the devil; but she in her heart said, God guide me; and then she said to him, I shall do any thing that you bid me, and so she gave herself to the devil in the foresaid words. This she confessed about four hours at even, freely, without compulsion, before Mr. James Simpson, minister, William Tennant, baillie, Robert French, town clerk, Mr. John Malcolm, schoolmaster, William Craig, and James Miller, writer hereof.”

In this instance the confession by no means passes credibility. But the confession of Lillias Adie, made before the minister and elders of Torryburn, in Fifeshire, shows a much more intense delusion. They exhorted her to declare the truth. She answered,



“what I am going to say shall be as true as the sun in the firmament.” Being interrogated whether she was in compact with the devil, she replied she had been so *since the second burning of witches in this place*,—an assertion well deserving of note. All her statements were given with great accuracy and minuteness as to circumstances. The second time she saw the devil was at a meeting at the Barn rods, to which she was summoned by Grisel Anderson. Their number was about twenty or thirty; it was a moonlight night, and they danced some time before the devil came on a pony, and they clapt their hands and cried, *thou our prince, thou our prince!* with whom they danced about an hour. To these confessions she steadfastly adhered, and she was accordingly executed in the year 1704, at Fairburn.

We are informed by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, that the last execution of a Scottish witch took place in Sutherland, A.D. 1722, the sentence having been pronounced by Captain David Ross, of Little Dean. This old woman belonged to the parish of Loth, and, among other crimes, was accused of having ridden upon her own daughter, transformed into a pony, and shod by the devil, which made the girl ever after lame both in hands and feet—a misfortune entailed upon her son, who was alive of late years. The grandmother was executed at Dornock. After being brought out for execution, the weather proving very severe, the poor old woman sat composedly before the pile, warming herself by the fire prepared to consume her, while the other instruments of death were making ready. The witch-laws of England and Scotland were repealed<sup>1</sup> in the reign of George the Second. Those of Ireland were allowed to remain upon the statute-book till the year 1821. In some parts of Europe they, perhaps, continue in force; in the year 1786, a servant maid was executed at Glarus, on the charge of having bewitched the children of her master, one Doctor Tschudi. One Steinylder, accused at the same time of being her fellow-wizard, hanged himself in prison.

In this country, however barbarous the law may have been, still the strict forms of our jurisprudence, administered by the highest judges of the land, contributed to keep these persecutions somewhat within bounds. Where these checks were wanting, the numbers persecuted, in consequence of the belief in witchcraft, almost pass credibility. In New England, in the year 1692, nineteen were hanged, one refused to plead and perished by the “*peine forte et dure*.” Fifty confessed themselves to be witches, and were pardoned. One hundred and fifty were in prison, when

the trials ceased, and informations had been laid against upwards of two hundred more; and this in a newly settled and thinly peopled colony! Würzburg was the scene of even greater horrors in the years 1627, 1628, and 1629. In this short period upwards of one hundred and fifty victims perished. They included persons of every rank and station; many of the dignified clergy belonging to the cathedral, and some of the richest citizens. Neither age, nor sex could excite compassion. In a list drawn up by a contemporary, dated Feb. 16, 1629, and from which the following extracts are translated, he mentions twenty-nine *Brandten*, or executions, and he adds, that many more took place.

“List of the witch folks (*Hexenleute*) who were burnt at Würzburg, in the years 1627, 1628, and the beginning of 1629.

“In the fourteenth, *Brandt* four persons:

The old smith belonging to the court.

An old woman.

A little girl eight or nine years old.

A younger one, her sister.

“In the fifteenth, *Brandt* two persons:

The mother of the before mentioned little girls.

Liebler's daughter, aged twenty-four years.

“In the nineteenth, *Brandt* six persons:

Gaebel Babelin, the most beautiful girl in Würzburg.

A student, who understood many languages, and was an excellent musician.

Two children out of the new minster, aged twelve years.

The daughter of Stepper Babel.

The woman who kept the Bridge-gate.

“In the twenty-first, *Brandt* five persons:

The master of the Dietricher hospital, a very learned man.

Christopher Holtzman.

A boy aged fourteen years.

Two alumni, the little sons of Senator Stolzenberg.

“In the twenty-second, *Brandt* six persons:

Sturmer, a rich cooper.

A strange boy.

The grown-up daughter of Senator Stolzenberg.

The wife of Senator Stolzenberg herself.

The washerwoman in the new buildings.

A strange woman.

“In the twenty-sixth, *Brandt* seven persons:

David Hans, a prebendary in the new minster.

Leydenbusch, a Senator.

The innkeeper's wife at Baumgarten.

An old woman.



The little daughter of Valckenberg; she was privately executed, and burnt on her bier.

The little son of the bailiff of the Senate.

Wagner, a vicar in the cathedral chapter; he was burnt alive.

“In the twenty-eighth, *Brandt*, after Candlemas, 1629, six persons:

The wife of Knertz the butcher.

Babel, daughter of Doctor Schutz.

A blind girl.

Schwartz, a canon of Hack.

Ehling, a vicar.

Bernard Marck, vicar at the cathedral; he was burnt alive.”

From these returns it appears that, unless in what are considered as aggravated cases, the judges had so much mercy as to content themselves with burning the dead bodies of their victims. Upwards of six hundred women were executed in the bishopric of Bamberg alone. The accusations bear the stamp of raving madness. Priests were convicted of baptizing in the following form:—Ego non baptizo te in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti—sed in nomine Diaboli. Parents devoted their unborn offspring to Satan; and the babes were so imbued with witchcraft, that they instructed each other in the public streets; and, according to the confession of the witches, upwards of three thousand assembled at their grand annual chapter or assembly, held on the eve of St. Walburga<sup>1</sup>, on the Kreydenburg, a hill near the city of Würzburg.

The witches of Bamberg were also accused of poisoning men and cattle. They sprinkled venom on the grass of the meadows. This charge often appears in the witch trials; and it is hardly necessary to remind our readers of the double character of the *Venefica* of classical antiquity. Some credit has lately been given to these accusations. It is remarked by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe that, with all the compassion “which the fate of so many unfortunate victims is calculated to excite, it ought not to be forgotten “that many of these persons made a boast of their supposed art, “in order to intimidate and extort from their neighbours whatever “they desired; that they were frequently of an abandoned life, “and addicted to horrible oaths and imprecations; and in several “cases venders of downright poison, by which they gratified their “customers in the darkest purposes of avarice and revenge.” The same reasoning is followed by the author of the “*Scottish novels*,” when describing the witches introduced in the *Bride of Lammermoor*; and we may readily agree that, to a certain degree, it is not incorrect. But at the same time, even the real and undoubted

crimes of the witch must be estimated in conjunction with her real and undoubted wretchedness.

Important lessons, both in psychology and in jurisprudence, are afforded by the history of witchcraft. The trials furnish the most painful proofs of the fallibility of human testimony and the infirmity of human judgment. In every portion of these records the strangest difficulties arise. Witnesses are found, who, under the sanction of the most solemn oaths, give evidence of events and acts, at once absurd, inconsistent and impossible. According to the mere average of human nature, it is difficult to suppose that all the persons who so bore testimony, were malignant and perjured idiots. But, admitting that every witness who was ever examined upon a witch trial swore wilfully and corruptly to a falsehood, it is still more incomprehensible to discover the supposed culprits themselves making full and free declarations of the crimes imputed to them, and meeting death with penitence and resignation as the atonement of their sins.

Altogether, the subject matter of these accusations might seem to be appropriately described, in the quaint but energetic words of an old writer, as "that which God would not do, the devil could not do, none but a liar would assert, and none but a fool believe." If such can be considered as the characteristics of the proceedings, it ought to appear strange that they were so long tolerated even in an age of darkness and superstition. And it is still more degrading to the pride of the human understanding, to behold judges, who were not deficient in piety, good sense, or learning, imagine that they were fulfilling all the precepts of the law, by dooming the miserable and trembling aged sorceress to the stake and the scaffold.

Hutchinson<sup>1</sup>, whilst arguing against the belief in witchcraft, was so perplexed by the tales which he refuted, as to adopt a singular line of argument. "We have been apt to wonder," he states, "why the devil had forsaken our age, that we had no possessions amongst us, when in ancient times they had so many. "But if they that have been thought to have been bewitched, have really been demoniacks, and the Devil by their mouths hath carried on his great work of false accusing and murdering innocent people, then we must own he hath done by craft, what he could not do by direct temptation; and hath made those very men his tools, to carry on his plots, who verily believed that they had been destroying his works."

Such was the reasoning of a very humane and learned, but



enthusiastic writer. It is an attempt to save the credit of human nature. Without seeking to enter into the dread question of moral responsibility, we may in some degree extenuate, without excusing, the crimes of the persecutors, by ascribing them to virtual insanity. In considering the actions of the mind, it should never be forgotten, that its affections pass into each other like the tints of the rainbow. Though we can easily distinguish them when they have assumed a decided colour, yet we can never determine where each hue begins. It has been said that

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied  
And thin partitions do the bounds divide."

The truth of this observation may be extended beyond the letter of the observation. Madness is almost undefinable. Right reason and insanity are merely the extreme terms of a series of mental action, which need not be very long. Much of the evidence in the witch trials was given under the influence of the positive though undefinable madness, arising from panic fear united to bitter hatred. And there are too many historical instances which prove that delusions perfectly equivalent in moral absurdity and wickedness, may be excited by terrors which have no affinity to those inspired by witchcraft.

As to the confessions made by the witches themselves, it is known that, in very many instances, they were obtained upon the rack. Such declarations of guilt require no explanation; but it is too evident that confessions of guilt were frequently wrung out of the sufferers by the agonies, more lingering, yet perhaps equally severe, of continued vexation and persecution. "I went once," says Sir George Mackenzie<sup>1</sup>, "when I was Justice Depute, to examine some women that had confessed judicially; and one of them, who was a sickly creature, told me, under secesie, that she had not confessed because she was guilty, but being a poor creature, who wrought for her meat; and being defamed for a witch, she knew she should starve, for no person thereafter would either give her meat or lodging; and that all men would beat her, and hound dogs at her; and that therefore she desired to be out of the world: whereupon she wept most bitterly, and upon her knees called God to witness what she said."—This species of torment again leads to insanity. Wretchedness and oppression, disorganizing the body as well as the mind, will make even wise men mad. At length the witch became wicked in thought, though not in deed. The hatred of the world placed her out of the

pale of society. Detesting and detested, she sought to inflict those evils which she could not effect; and half conscious of a delusion which she could not overcome, she became reckless of her own miserable life, yielding to the frantic despair which compelled her to wish to believe that she was in league with the powers of hell. But these horrors are not the peculiar consequences of superstition. They are in no wise the exclusive attributes of barbarous times.

Dreadful as the cruelties may have been which were thus perpetrated under the name of the law, we are still compelled to acknowledge that superstition only assisted in producing them. It was only one of the influential causes; and other causes and pretences equally potent may exist even in an age of reason. When the contagion of fear and hatred is at its height, the mysterious love of destruction which is always lurking in human nature, acquires fresh strength as it proceeds. Its effects have been exemplified within our recollection. The wide wasting and insane persecutions which, two hundred years ago, would have taken the shape of the proscription of witchcraft, have been renewed in our enlightened times with greater violence. The executions, the massacres, the noyades, the fusillades of the French Revolution were urged by the same moral madness which, in the preceding age, had occasioned the persecutions of so many alleged votaries of Satan. They differ in name; but they are precisely the same in kind. Bloodshed always causes bloodshed. There is a state of morbid excitement, during which the contagion of murder spreads with as much certainty as the plague; and the individuals composing a nation may be exalted into a paroxysm of moral frenzy, possessing as little control over their actions as the raving maniac. The instruments of evil may occasionally share our pity with the victims; but those who are anxious for the welfare of society, will dread the "philosophy" of the disciples of Robespierre and Marat just as much as the "superstition" which is taught in the *Malleus Maleficarum*.

It would be easy to show that, in peculiar instances, the belief in witchcraft had a physical basis in that preternatural state of the body and of the mind which is produced by the use of potent herbs and intoxicating drugs, the accompaniments of magic even from the earliest age. This is eminently the case with respect to the witchcraft of the Scandinavians. Odin was said to have first revealed these dangerous secrets; and he taught the Asi to boil the demon cauldrons of the Vani. Whilst the body of the Troll-



quind, or Sorceress, was outstretched on the earth, her soul was floating in far distant lands; or in a state of feverish dream, excited by the maddening narcotic, she poured forth her oracles in verse, unconscious of her strain, and without effort or premeditation. Of the influence and employment of medicated potions for such purposes there is sufficient evidence, and the *Kubla Khan*<sup>1</sup> of Coleridge, composed, if the expression may be allowed, under circumstances perfectly similar, is an extraordinary and authentic instance of the energy arising from this morbid excitement of the mind.

The Runic Hecate<sup>2</sup> has been familiarized to the English reader, by her introduction in one of those works which at once command an unchallenged pre-eminence in our national literature. In the "Scottish novels," every tint of the landscape has received colouring from nature; no personage is brought into action who has not been really heard and seen—we can hardly except the White Lady of Avenel<sup>3</sup>. And therefore, no surprise will be excited when it is stated that the prototype and namesake of Ulla Troil now lives, and commands the powers of the air in the distant Shetlands. About three years ago, a Stranger, though not unknown, sailed to these still vexed islands, from the mainland of Scotland, and Norna then sold him a wind, unwitting that she was conversing with a far mightier magician than herself.

Warton observes, that the enchantments of the Runic poetry "are very different from those in our romances of chivalry. The former chiefly deal in spells and charms, such as would preserve from poison, blunt the weapons of an enemy, procure victory, allay a tempest, cure bodily diseases, or call the dead from their tombs; in uttering a mysterious form of words, or inscribing Runic characters. The magicians of romance are chiefly employed in forming and conducting a train of deceptions. There is an air of barbarian horror in the incantations of the Scaldic fablers, the magicians of romance often present visions of pleasure and delight; and, although not without their terrors, sometimes lead us through flowery forests, and raise up palaces glittering with gold and precious stones. The Runic magic is more like that of Canidia<sup>4</sup> in Horace, the romantic resembles that of Armida<sup>5</sup> in Tasso. The operations of the one are frequently but mere tricks, in comparison with that sublime solemnity of necromantic machinery which the other so awfully presents to the spectator."

The parallel so presented is pleasing, but it is deficient in

correctness. The historian of poetry has not attended strictly to the line which divides the fiction of fable from the fiction of reality. In the poetical romances of the earlier portion of the middle ages, in the *geste* and in the lay, the agency of supernatural beings is not of frequent introduction. In *Amadis de Gaul*, and in the lives of his followers and progeny, wonders increase upon us. We fully agree with our good friend Don Quixote, that there is not a greater pleasure in this world than to see before us an immense lake of burning pitch, boiling and bubbling, and full of serpents, dragons, and alligators, and to hear a dolorous voice issuing from the midst thereof, summoning the knight to plunge into the flaming waves, or to be considered as unworthy of participating in the delights of the seven castles of the seven fairies. But the marvels of these romances, and it is to them that Warton seems chiefly to allude—are by no means authentic; they are merely poetical machinery. Nobody ever believed in them, and they are quite unconnected with the orthodoxy and practice of the Black Art. More trustworthy authorities are the invectives of the divine and the sentences of the lawyer. From these sources a correct and minute detail of the superstitions in question may be collected; and when examined, they rather tend to destroy the idea of any marked distinction between the “enchantments of Runic poetry,” and those of the Scandinavian stem which prevailed amongst other nations, though the belief was necessarily modified by the circumstances under which it was received.

Magic assumes a more creditable shape than the superstitions which are usually associated with its name; it was knowledge; and many of those whom Naudé<sup>1</sup> has vindicated from the charge, would probably have considered themselves rather honoured than disgraced by the imputation.

The magical colleges of Spain enjoyed a species of classical reputation. In these our western parts of Europe, they appear to have been the successful rivals of Dom Daniel, the great Alma Mater beneath the sea. Toledo and Salamanca and Simancas were alike celebrated or defamed for the instruction which they imparted in unhallowed lore. The schools were held in subterraneous chambers. Martin Del Rio had seen the entrance of the awful cavern at Simancas, which was not closed until the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, when the entire subjection of the Ishmaelites rendered it unnecessary to temporize any longer with the powers of darkness. The doctrine delivered at Simancas, however, was not Goetic Magic, or that which is vulgarly termed the Black Art,



but the high and pure Theurgy which repels all converse with the evil demon.

Theurgical magic, the magic which seeks its converse with the Power, the Intelligence, and the Angel, might have been first diffused in Spain by the sectaries of the Gnostic doctrines, who appear to have found numerous adherents in that country during many centuries. After the Moorish conquest, it extended its empire. The Castilian was subdued into respect for his hereditary enemies. He bowed to their imaginary wisdom as well as to their real knowledge. Nor did these pursuits fail to find the highest patronage. Alfonso the Wise thus ordered that the book of King Picatrix the philosopher should be rendered into Latin, out of the Saracen tongue. At his command the translation was made in the year of our Lord 1256, and in the year of the era of Alexander 1568, and in the year of the era of Cæsar 1295, and in the year of the Arabs 556. We are informed by bibliographers that even in the last century very large prices were given for this Encyclopaedia of magic, by persons who thought it would certainly enable them to evoke any spirit whom they chose. The work, however, has little originality. "*Arbatel*" and the "*Clavicula Salomonis*," both of which are comparatively common books, though less extensive, are nearly as curious in all material points. King Picatrix was a mere compiler, and he confesses, conjurer as he was, that he made the book from the works of two hundred authors, amongst whom we find the honoured names of Abentaria, Empedocles, Queen Folopodria, Tinquiz Zadilair, Zatrac, Mercury of Babylon, Hermes Trismegistus, Alforz, Alphila, Adam, Plato, Aristotle, Hippocrates, and the great Geber Abenhayen. Those, however, who have not ready access to the volumes of the before-mentioned sages and magicians, may satisfy themselves with the treatise of Picatrix. It will be useful to the student who, without much research or labour, wishes to acquire a compendious and practical notion of the art and mystery of talismans and astral magic, whilst the general reader may receive it as an authentic record of Arabian superstition. There is no reason whatever to doubt its imputed origin. Many of the magical planetary seals appear to be Cufic monograms, and the whole theory involved by the invocations of Picatrix, and the other tomes of the same nature, is in conformity with the astral theurgy of the Semitic nations. Michael, Gabriel, Samael, Raphael, Uriel, Zadkiel, and Satiel, move in the planets and inform the celestial spheres. They were adjured and bound by holy names; and aloes and sandal wood and fine spices were

burned in the censer. Purified by fasting and by orison, clad in white linen, armed with the elemental sword, shielded by the Pentacle of David, the Master entered the circle of characters traced on the consecrated ground, and the threatening prayer was read aloud which bound the planetary king to descend from his orb, and obey, or at least assist, the gifted mortal.

The Latin invocations are intermixed with words and phrases in other languages, Greek, and Hebrew, and Chaldee; some there are which cannot be easily recognized, but which may possibly be Egyptian. The Egyptian name of the sun,  $\Phi PH$ , is often found on the Gnostic or Basilidian gems<sup>1</sup>, which owe their origin to sectaries, whose religious opinions were analogous to the doctrines recorded in the magical treatises of a much later date. The visionary shapes whom we are taught to evoke in the magical treatises do not belie their historical character. Many of the hideous monsters engraved upon the gems correspond with the description of the genii of the planets. The angel of Saturn may be peculiarly recognized. Tall of stature, with an awful aspect, four faces frown around his head, on each knee is seen a human countenance, but black and glaring. His motion is like the tempestuous blast, earth shakes beneath his tread. The talismans of the middle ages always retained a close affinity to their prototypes, and the seals continued to be armed with the imagery of the supposed disciples of Babylon. A very curious talismanic ring of this class was lately found near St. Albans, and is now in the possession of Lord Verulam. The gem is a red stone, upon which is engraved a lion grasping the head of some animal; above is a star. The ring is of silver, and two inscriptions in concentric circles surround the stone—*Ecce vicit Leo. Sigillvm Iohannis Delaval*. The characters are of the reign of Edward I. or his successor. The magical figures engraved on the stone are copied from prototypes of much older date; three have been published by Chifflet in his *Essay* on the Basilidian Gems (pl. vii).

An anathema had been denounced against the vain and presumptuous pursuits of magic. When assembled in public, and debating in the college, the Doctors allowed of no distinction between Celestial and Goetic magic, between the invocation of a good demon and the compact with an evil one. But the restless aspirations of ardent minds would not be obedient to the decree. And many a sound theologian, who exclaimed loudly in the chair against these heresies and errors, would seek a secret communion with beings descending from other spheres. But to justify himself



to his own conscience, he endeavoured to fancy that he was not acting in repugnance to the faith and doctrine which he owned. The rites of Christianity were secretly and silently blended with the magical ceremonies of the Eastern tribes, and the spells of the middle ages exhibit a strange confusion of the practices of the church and the Platonic cabbala. The sign of the cross alternates with the pentalfa, and the names of the Evangelists are added to the angels of the stars. Holy water which chased away the demon, also assisted in consecrating the hallowed Lamen and the Periapt. The lustration was in direct disobedience to the ritual whence it derived its power; but with equal perverseness, the sacrifice of the mass was thought to perfect the charm which subjected the thaumaturgist himself to the dread penalty of excommunication, and deprived him of the benefit of the sacrament.

It is somewhat singular to observe how rapidly these abuses gained ground in the ages approaching to the century of the Reformation. Ecclesiastical ceremonies during that period were the invariable accompaniments of magic and demonolatriy. No spell could be cast without a priest; images were baptized in the font and placed upon the altar for the purpose of striking the victim whom they represented with disease and death. There were few of the magicians of Catherine of Medicis who were not in holy orders. The Calvinists of France owed little charity to popery, or to the reigning dynasty, and their credulity has sometimes exaggerated the charges, but in the main they are not to be denied. The causes which induced these perversions of doctrine, also converted the saint into a being whose character assimilates with the attributes of the Agathodemon of a classical age; whilst the prayers addressed to the canonized martyr or confessor echo the voice of the magic lay.

Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, the three kings of Cologne, appear as favourites in this system of magical hagiology. Their names were inscribed in phylacteries, which were worn as preservatives against sudden death. But the same names also constituted the potent charm which revealed the fatal hour. It was thought, that if, on new year's eve, these names were written with blood upon the forehead, the person thus seeking the painful foreknowledge would see himself reflected in the mirror, under the semblance in which he was fated to expire.

When these orisons, the comfort of fond and doting age, were in the vernacular tongues, they were almost always couched in rhythm, if not in verse, muttered or sung by the crone, and spelt

by lisping childhood. The following, perhaps in the language of the thirteenth century, was used to staunch blood:—

“Longes þe knyht him understod  
 To Cristes syde his spere he sette  
 þer com out water an blod.  
 In þe nom of þe vader astond blod!  
 In þe nom of þe holi gost asta blod!  
 At Cristes will be driple þe na more!”

A happy and lucky day was secured in France by a rhythmical invocation, which we notice on account of its relation to another article of popular belief in that country, namely, that whoever saw the image of St. Christopher, was preserved during that day from misfortune:—

“Saint Jehan et son agnel,  
 Saint Christofle et son fardel,  
 Sainte Marie et sa brassée,  
 Me doint bonne et eureuse journée.”

No sanction has been given by the Church of Rome to these “superstitious observances,” which, on the contrary, were severely and sincerely reprobated by her prelates. But the corruptions of which Rome approved could not fail to induce others which she condemned; and the boundary between legitimate hagiolatry and forbidden saint-worship was so faint that such censures would possess but little real influence amongst the uninformed and illiterate vulgar. The feasts of the saints became associated with many magical observances obviously derived from the times of heathenism. Both among the eastern and the western nations, the eve of Saint John, on whose morrow the sun completed his highest course, was deemed the fitting time for those mystic rites which command the evil spirits and give an insight into futurity. In after times the pure and splendid Artemis herself could no longer be addressed by the maiden of France or England; it was therefore necessary that the invocation should take another form, and the “moon was charmed,” at the hour when the silver beams of the new-born crescent first shone forth, by the name of Saint Lucia or Saint Agnes.

Love-charms were sometimes dispensed by beldames of no ambiguous character. Philtres, in most cases, were evidently poisons, and the persons who dispensed them, though innocent of sorcery, were not undeserving of the punishment of the law. Sympathetic magic compelled the desired object to appear, unwilling, perhaps, and unconscious of the power which attracted



him. One of the most amusing episodes in the most amusing of romances is founded upon this belief. Pamphila<sup>1</sup>, ignorant of the deception practised by her attendant, burns the tresses which she supposes to have belonged to the Bœotian youth. The three wine sacks, whence the hair was cut, become filled with feeling and with life; they rise, they obey the irresistible spells of the Thessalian sorceress, and stumble with blind alacrity through the street, until they arrive at her door. Here Apuleius meets them, and mistaking the goat skins, thus animated, for as many midnight robbers, he attacks them with all the valour of the knight of La Mancha, until his sword has laid them low. It is rather sorrowful than amusing to find that another version of this old story was produced as a charge against the luckless Doctor Finn<sup>2</sup>. Daphnis was also compelled to appear really and corporally at the bidding of Hecate; and the magic of Thessaly, transmitted from age to age, yet lurks by the village fire-side. The task allotted to the *Iynx* is now performed by the "Dumb Cake"; the method of composing it may be found in "Mother Bunch." Some difficulty, however, must be encountered in making this charm stand firm and good, as rather a painful duty is imposed upon the three spinsters who blend the ingredients. If they speak one word during four-and-twenty hours, the spell is broken. In Scotland, the stories which are told respecting its effect, have all a fatal catastrophe. They tell you, that the bridegroom thus conducted by the infernal powers, enters the opened door at midnight, and looking earnestly at his intended spouse, casts some weapon on the table, and then vanishes. A marriage, of course, takes place, and the wife must keep the murderous token with fearful care. If she parts with it, his love is lost; and if it is discovered by the husband, and according to the story, he always discovers it, then the magical necessity compels him to plunge it in her breast. A moral might be fancied to lurk in this idle legend. Supposing it to be an apologue—and it possesses as good a right to be so considered as the fable of classical antiquity—an intelligible lesson is conveyed. The bearer is warned to distrust an affection raised by fraud or guile; and to consider that no passion can produce a durable happiness, unless it fairly arises from the heart.

The wily Tregetour<sup>3</sup> must take his rank amongst the natural magicians. When he played in the hall, and cast the balls in the air, and pierced his body with the innocuous sword, the guests eyed him half with delight and half with horror, nothing doubting that some minor fiend, if not Zabulon himself, assisted in the sport

and deceit. Originally, there is no doubt that the juggler was a real magician. In the laws of Edward and Guthrum, the *pyglen* is associated with the witch and the murderer, against whom are denounced the pains of banishment or death<sup>a</sup>. Bodin<sup>1</sup> is loud in exclaiming against the famous *Trois Eschelles*,—he must not be identified with the expert finisher of the law in *Quentin Durward*—who was guilty of the diabolical trick of slipping the rings from off a golden bracelet, which nevertheless remained entire. It is said that *Trois Eschelles* confessed that he performed this and other feats of a like nature, at the court of Charles IX., by the help of an evil spirit, to whom he had sold himself, and he was condemned to die. A pardon was granted; but the juggler relapsed, and was afterwards executed. There is reason, however, to suppose, that like many other sorcerers of the middle ages, his punishment was not wholly unmerited, and that, though he may have been innocent of magic, he understood too well the art of poisoning.

It is not difficult to understand that, in a credulous age, the tricks which now amuse the countryman at a fair, would assume the most portentous colouring. The stages of similar mystifications may be often guessed, and sometimes discovered. The following instance is rather remarkable. When Charles the Fifth entered Nuremberg, the celebrated Regiomontanus<sup>2</sup> exhibited the automata which he had constructed:—an eagle of wood, placed on the gate of the city, rose up and flapped its wings, whilst the emperor was passing below; and a fly, made of steel, walked round a table. All this is sufficiently credible. A few years afterwards, we find the chroniclers relating that the wooden eagle sprang from the tower and soared in the air; and that the steel fly flew three times round the emperor, and then alighted buzzing on his hand.

We here obtain an exemplification of the manner in which all matters interesting to the imagination are affected by the imagination. One little circumstance is forgotten, another receives a slight tinge of a more decided colouring. The narrator is rather glad to excite amazement, the listener is not displeased to be filled with astonishment, and adventures and incidents, neither very strange, nor very inexplicable, become imperceptibly and unanswerably invested with the attributes of wonder.

Battista Porta<sup>3</sup>, Cardan<sup>4</sup>, and other writers of that class, have given us copious treatises on secrets, but they do not elucidate the processes of the old jongleurs. Many of their tricks appear to have

<sup>a</sup> It is probable that the English word “juggler”<sup>5</sup> is derived from the Saxon *pyglepe* and not from the French “jongleur.”



been performed by the mere vulgar processes of dexterity and confederacy. There are instances, however, in which marvels seem to have been effected by physical science, by those who really and truly claimed the honours of magic and wonder-working. Amongst the Pagan Teutons and Slavonians, steam assisted in causing the votary to tremble before the god Puster, who, in England, in after times, acquired the homely name of Jack of Hilton; that is to say, a metal idol was constructed on the principle of the Ælopile, which puffed and roared tremendously as soon as the fire was lighted beneath it. Many a fiery dragon was evidently a firework. Gunpowder was known to a chosen few, long before it was applied to the art of war. In the treatise *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, falsely ascribed to Albert the Great, but which belongs to his era, the mode of making rockets is described. And, indeed, the process could scarcely fail to be imparted to some of the merchants and pilgrims who, either directly or indirectly, had intercourse with India, although they might not choose to make a public disclosure of the secret.

In the middle ages the Philosopher was not ignorant of the power of the uncombined lens. Perhaps the telescope was also known, and refraction and reflection would often call the ghost from the tomb, and raise the sheeted dead. That the "Phantasmagoria" was really applied for such purposes, even when knowledge acquired more popularity, is satisfactorily evinced by one of the "relations" in Richard Bovet's<sup>1</sup> "Pandemonium, or the Devil's Cloisters," a work ascribed by the learned author to Dr. Henry Moore, in a dedication which vouches for the veracity of *all* the particulars in this collection. Bovet published his book in 1684, and it appears that about sixty years before, Mr. Edmund Ansty of South Petherton, had occasion to return home by night from Woodbury Hill Fair, a mart well known in the west country. Coming to a place not far from Yeovil, noted by the name of Outhedge, his horse rushed very violently with him against one side of the bank, snorting and trembling very much, so that he could by no means put him on his way, but he still pressed nearer to the bushes. At length Mr. Ansty heard the hedges *crack* with a dismal noise, and perceived coming towards him in the road, which is there pretty wide, *a large circle of a duskish light, about the bigness of a very large wheel, and in it he perfectly saw the proportion of a huge bear, as clearly as if it had been by daylight!*—(The italics are not ours, they are Bovet's, and mark his horror.)—The spectre passed near him, and as it came just over against the

place where he was, the monster looked very *gashfully* at him, showing a pair of very large flaming eyes; as soon as ever it was gone by, his horse sprung into the road and made homeward with so much haste that he could not possibly rein him in, and had much ado to keep the saddle.—“The old gentleman,” Bovet continues, “is lately dead, but there are many of the neighbours, of good reputation, that have often heard him relate this passage, and, upon inquiry, can witness the truth of it.” Yea, and it also witnesses, that about the year 1620 some mischievous English scholar was well acquainted with the construction of the magic lantern; so that the story may be considered as a contribution towards the “History of Inventions.”

Some profitable knowledge might possibly be derived from a scientific investigation of the feats even of the juggler. It is not unimportant to the metaphysical inquirer to study the extent of the empire gained by the mind over the muscles and organs, which, in ordinary cases, are not obedient to the will. It is useful to ascertain how much may be effected by mere sleight of hand and dexterity, and to consider the wonderful quickness and suppleness to which the human body can be made to attain by dint of early practice, of perseverance and of labour. Many of the common tricks which make the vulgar stare, are not always clearly comprehensible to the philosopher. Science is founded upon experiment; and the experiment in the booth may be turned to as good account as if it were performed in the lecture room. We have often wondered that these inquiries have not excited more attention, and that so few endeavours should have been made for the purpose of solving the riddles which are daily propounded to us. Without multiplying examples, it will be sufficient to notice the faculty of Ventriloquism. This art, trick, cheat, or by whatever other name we may choose to call it, is acquired apparently with facility, by very illiterate men. The deceptions which arise from it are so perfect as to baffle the ear and the understanding. The *Ob* is heard amongst us season after season, and yet there is no one of the learned men of this great city [London] who can give any satisfactory explanation of the witchery.

The northern necromancy is by no means of a spiritual description. In Scandinavia they know of no ghosts but vampires. The apparition of a dead man is termed a *Gienganger*, that is to say, a *revenant*, one who “gangs again.” In consequence of this idea, the Scandinavian assailed these unwelcome visitants by charms which are equally terrific to the living, by process according



to due form of law. In the *Eyrbiggia Saga* there is an account of a troop of vampires<sup>1</sup> who take possession of a house, and sit every evening by the fire. An action of ejectment is brought, witnesses are examined, and a verdict given against the dead, who severally depart when judgment of ouster is pronounced against them. A practice wholly similar prevailed in Germany. The vampire was quelled either by driving a stake through the corpse, or by burning it to ashes; but it was necessary to apply to the magistrate for a decree authorizing such operations, which he pronounced, after hearing witnesses. In our late barbarous laws of suicide, we trace the same ideas; and a perusal of the vampire stories will leave no doubt that the practice of driving a stake through the corpse, and burying it in the highway, a practice which rests wholly upon tradition, inasmuch as there is no ancient written legal authority to support it, has been adopted solely for the purpose of preventing the body from rising again. It is a mere superstitious observance, quite unsupported by any proper voucher.

Natural magic, as another branch of occult science was termed, found patrons amongst those who shunned pursuits apparently more unreal, but not in fact more fanciful and unfounded. The root and the herb, the bird and the beast, the fruit and the flower, were supposed to be endued with powers and virtues never verified by experiment, but never disproved or marked as falsehoods. Gather the herb which the Latins call *Salvia*, but which, in the Chaldee tongue, bears the name of *Colerican*, and bury it in a vessel of glass, and a wonderful serpent, *Albertus* assures us, will be generated by the decaying herb. If the reptile is cast into the fire, the loudest thunder will be heard to roll. Place its ashes in the lamp, and the delusive light will fill the dwelling with more monsters than ever crawled in the Libyan desert. *Pentaphyllon*, the herb of *Mercury*, heals wounds, and calms all agony of mind. But it possesses other virtues. He who bears it about him when he seeks a favour of a king or an emperor, will never be refused; for it will bestow all the persuasion of the Deity of *Eloquence*. It is not alone the lustre which gives value to the diamond. Let it be placed beneath the pillow of the sleeping woman, and she reveals her love or her infidelity. But these effects are only to be produced by attending to the planetary hour, when the star and the sign coincide in calling forth the energy of the material form, placed in the nether world, but corresponding and obeying its influential cause in the sky.

Pliny affirms that magic was wholly derived from medicine.

There might be more truth in the converse of the proposition; but it matters little in what manner it be received, so close was the affinity between the two sciences. In the ancient world, as yet amongst uncivilized nations, the physician acted as the magician. Thus they prospered. They had a cheap, perhaps a salutary materia medica. We speak with respect and submission, but perhaps it might be a good time both for the physician and the sick man, when the place of pills and potions was supplied by spells and charms. The mysterious prescription was applied to the outside of the patient, instead of finding its way within. *Ananazipta*, scrawled upon parchment, cooled the fever; *Abracadabra* chased away the ague. An hexameter from the *Iliad* allayed the agony of the gout, and the rheumatism yielded to a verse of the *Lamentations*.

Such vestiges of the magic of the Anglo-Saxons as have been preserved in our days, are almost wholly pharmaceutical. The lungenadle, or consumption, the pock, the gout, the dropsy, all were ordered to yield to the roots and plants of the field, assisted by verse and song and spell. And in the witch verse which excited the indignation of Reginald Scott, we think that the rhythm and echo of the oldest time may yet be recognized:—

“Hail to thee, holy herb!  
 Growing in the ground,  
 On the mount of Calvarie  
 First wert thou found.  
 Thou art good for many a grief  
 And healest many a wound.  
 In the name of sweet Jesu  
 I lift thee from the ground.”

Medicaments of this class would possess peculiar aptitude when administered to complaints attributed to the direct intervention of evil demons. How was the *Elf*, the nightmare, who oppressed the troubled dreamer, to be chased away? Holy verses, the gospel, and the psalm, were to be written on the sacred patina. Water was to be brought by the purest hands from the running stream, but in deathlike silence. Thyme and valerian, and dodder, and fennel were to be infused, and, with the decoction, the words were to be washed off from the hallowed dish. Hallowed wine being added thereto, the mixture was to be borne to church. Penitential psalms and masses were to be sung, and the potion was then to be administered. Here, again, we have the remedies of the heathen blended with the doctrines of Christianity.



Astrological physic effected a species of compact between these fancies and sober reason, or at least with as much reason as was then compatible with therapeutics. A decent and decorous protection was thereby afforded to the dignity of medical science. The draught failed to relieve the sufferer, and he was quieted by the great soother of all evils. The patient died, but the doctor lost no credit. He looked wise, and proved that, had the leaf been pulled upwards, according to his command, in the quartile of the reigning planet, the malady would have been quelled; whereas the careless apothecary plucked it downwards, and in sextile. Neither he nor anybody else understood much of what he meant, so that it answered nearly as well as talking about idiosyncrasy and contagion. Friar Bacon wished to teach his contemporaries that the true regimen of health consisted in attending to meat and drink, to sleeping and waking, to rest and exercise, to the quality of the air, and lastly, to the affections of the mind; but the multitude who wished to be healed, no less than those who wished to heal, despised those vulgar and intelligible precepts. A physician of the Baconian school would seldom have touched a fee. In one shape or another, the physician still has continued to pour drugs, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less. Whilom, the apothecary filled his boxes and his jars with the specifics of Bussorah and Alkahira. These are forgotten. An hundred pestles striking in an hundred mortars in terrific and deadly concert, no longer astound the bystanders whilst the theriake is preparing. Vipers are not seethed to restore the health of the fading beauty. The bezoar has lost its reputation; and magisteries of pearls and rubies have become worthless and despised. Medicine, from its very nature, must always bear something of an empirical character; it will only acquire certainty in proportion as it rejects opinion, and when its professors shall have learnt to trust only to that which has been tried; then alone will they have ceased, in effect, to employ the equivalents of the magical formulæ of Serenus and Aetius. Yet much of the old lore must always remain. The physician must still minister to the mind, under pretence of prescribing for the body; and clothe, in the shape most persuasive to the fancy, the medicine supposed to be adapted to the disease.

Having on various occasions, during the last ten years, addressed our readers upon themes more or less connected with the "superstitions of the middle ages," it is now time to cease:—we shall therefore conclude the subject, by stating some of the causes

which give value to these hallucinations. Their history is not to be read as a series of idle or amusing tales of wonder; nor should we neglect them as a mockery of the human mind. If we shrink from these contemplations with contempt, we lose the useful lessons of experience. The failings of the human understanding are inseparably commingled with the truths which we have gained.

Superstition appears in its rudest guise, when created by the fears, the hopes, and the opinions of the childhood of the human race. However visionary or unfounded, these are rendered intelligible even by their imbecility. Obscure and innate perceptions of immortality may glance across the mind of the savage; yet in his philosophy he is wholly bounded by the material world. An undefinable horror leads him to fear that the departed may revenge their wrongs upon the living. By self-inflicted pain and suffering, he endeavours to avert the anger of the unseen malignant being whose enmity he dreads, or he wishes to obtain the protection of this evil intelligence, by casting upon another the mischiefs destined for himself. Strange, fantastic and unmeaning rites are cherished as the means of satisfying the innate longing after the forbidden knowledge of futurity. But these superstitions result from uninstructed weakness; they are not matured into a system, nor united to sounder knowledge.

We shall not seek, as some have done, for the seat of the primeval learning of mankind. To guess the wisdom inscribed on the columns fabled to have escaped the overwhelming deluge, will avail us nought. Neither can we trace the first impulse given to the human intellect. Yet we know that the faint though steady light which beams from Caucasus, has been denied to Atlas and the Andes. It can be discerned that the truths of mathematical science were comprehended at a very early period, at an age not very remote from that great catastrophe remembered by all nations, and which is recorded in the characters of nature on the entire surface of the globe. The reasoning powers were highly cultivated; but men reasoned too much, and rested in abstraction. At the age when the great commonwealth of western Europe assumed its consistency, learning had scarcely varied from the character of the primeval age; it was wholly speculative. Magic, astrology, and all the vanities of occult science commanded at that period a credit nearly universal. Such was the shape which learning assumed, according to the received theories, that superstitious abuse was almost the necessary concomitant of the knowledge then possessed by mankind. Let us consider the system of



the world created by their contemplative philosophy. Floating in space, the empyreal heaven embraces the crystalline orb, studded with blazing constellations, and the primary source of the energies of the *hyle* of earth, and of the subtler frames of the lower heavens. Above the middle air in which our globe is suspended, the spheres of water and of fire radiate their elemental virtues. Planets roll on in mazy cycles and epicycles, darting their power on the sublunary world; motion, vegetation, sense, and instinct, flow from these beams. All things live, though in different stages of being; all are parts of one glorious frame, connected and linked into a unit by the pervading vitality. All properties of earth and of its kind are emanations from the guiding stars; no object has a solitary existence; astral fire glows in each gem concealed in the dark caverns of the mine; the plant drinks the sanative dews sprinkled from the aqueous heavens. Wise in ignorance, the instinct of the bird and the beast, undeluded by self-will, becomes the manifestation of the directing energies. The soul of man alone is delivered from direct subservience to the machinery of the universe, yet he moves in harmony with it; and though his freedom is uninfluenced by the wandering fires of the sky, yet they rule his veins and nerves, and connect themselves with the operations of the subtle archæus which first caused his heart to beat and his limbs to grow.

This system spiritualizes the material world, by bringing all its operations into connection with the functions of those incorporeal beings, the belief of whose existence was never questioned. Nature seems to exist only by a perpetual manifestation of the power of unembodied intelligences. Sympathies and antipathies breathe a species of obscure sensation into the dull mould itself; and the effects of these theories are inconceivably heightened by the prevailing doctrines of metaphysical theology. Soaring above those inquiries, which are within the grasp of the human mind, men sought to pass the "flaming bounds of space and time"; they

"...reasoned high

Of providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate;

Fix'd fate, free will, fore knowledge, absolute,

And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."<sup>1</sup>

"Vain wisdom" resulted from these fruitless labours. Examples afford better illustrations than general characteristics; for the delineations of the "philosophers" of the middle ages, let a single portrait be selected. And in order to estimate the extent and still more the errors of their learning, it is sufficient to consult the

works of Roger Bacon the Franciscan; he who attained that credit which no man living ever had, and who was deemed to have unlocked all the secrets of art and nature. Great men and wise men partake of certain of the faults of their age, in a much greater degree than their inferior contemporaries. Some epidemics seem to single out the strongest individuals in preference to the weaker crowd. The lofty mountain, on whose summit the light of the sun is seen to stream whilst the vale below remains involved in darkness, often attracts the vapours which float above the lesser and surrounding hills.

Friar Bacon, anticipating the mode of investigation perfected by his great namesake, declared that experiment was the test of truth. Argument and experiment, he observes, are the two modes of gaining knowledge; argument may compel us to admit a position, but until the mind is convinced by experiment, it will never rest satisfied. The learned vulgar of Bacon's era being completely ignorant of experimental science, he states that he is sensible that he cannot persuade others of its utility, except by showing its efficacy and virtue. Experimental science alone, he declares, can ascertain the effects to be performed by the powers of nature, or by human art; that science alone, he continues, enables us to investigate the practices of magic, not with the intent of confirming them, but that they may be avoided by the philosopher, in the same manner that logic teaches us to search out sophistry.

Bacon, thus determined to consider the properties of material substances as matters of fact, and not of belief, easily ascertained that many of the opinions "which writers assert, and which the vulgar believe, are wholly false." "They suppose that the diamond"—he continues—"cannot be cut but by the help of the blood of a goat, and philosophers and theologians abuse this opinion"; but the Friar, by entering the workshop of a lapidary, easily convinced himself of the possibility of severing the gem without having recourse to occult qualities. And he gives other instances in support of his general position.

Experimental science, which thus taught Bacon to discern the falsity of the marvels of magic, enabled him to discover that many wonderful effects "which seemed as magic to the multitude," were really producible by mere physical causes. Concealing one of the potent ingredients in a mysterious anagram, he declared the qualities of that composition whose flame and sound would equal the lightning and the thunder. He acquired a distinct and accurate idea of various properties of light; of the structure and operation



of the eye; and his chapters on perspective indicate his acquaintance both with the theory and the construction of the telescope and the microscope. Amongst the wonderful instruments of art, the diving-bell is also enumerated; and with an obscure prophetic presentiment of the progress of science, he maintains that the vessel shall be steered by one man with greater velocity than if she was impelled by the toiling crew, and that man shall make himself wings like the bird, and be seen soaring through the liquid air.

Whatever positive additions Bacon might have been qualified to make to the general fund of knowledge, these were, in his opinion, of comparatively trifling importance. Again anticipating Lord Bacon, he wished to furnish the means of improvement. He states the discoveries to be effected by science, for the purpose of winning protection for science itself; thus, to recommend his most favourite studies, he shows the necessity of the reformation of the calendar. Addressing his arguments to the Roman Pontiff, as the head and representative of Christendom, they are directed to prove the necessity of cultivating practical knowledge, and the exact sciences, in addition to abstract speculation. Deploring the ignorance of the Latin world, he earnestly advocated the study of the Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic languages. A proficiency in these unknown tongues was intended to facilitate the acquirement of the mathematics, which he designates as being the key of all the useful sciences. Bacon felt that his labours could not produce an immediate diffusion of knowledge; his zeal was therefore directed to excite a thirst for knowledge. He wished to rouse the spirit of inquiry, to give an impulse to the human mind; conscious that if a beginning was made in the good work, it would proceed, without stop or stay, in the after-time. And exhorting the Pontiff to plant the root, to dig for the spring, to lay the foundation, he represses the idea of attaining, in his own age, that consummation which he sought to effect for futurity.

Judgment and ardour appear hitherto to have been admirably combined in Bacon. It might be expected that a mind thus constituted would instinctively reject all unreasonable belief. A firm persuasion that all real knowledge was to be acquired only by actual experience ought to have repressed all extravagant credulity; this was not the case. Like "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," his character involves, in appearance, the most singular contradictions. Roger Bacon, the philosopher, derided the fictions of magic. He would have smiled at the glassy globe of

King Riance<sup>1</sup>; and instead of seeking a vision, he would have shown how the sunbeam was deflected in the crystal. Yet he maintained the possibility of framing a spherical astrolabe, which, displaying all the circles of the heavens, should turn round its axis in self-impelled and perpetual motion. Bacon declares that the "experimental investigator" may discover the means of perfecting the machine by considering those things which are influenced by the movements of the heavens. He adduces the following examples. The elements circulate by celestial movements; the tides of the sea ebb and flow, and the brain and marrow wax and wane according to the phases of the changing planet; herbs also open and shut with the appearance and disappearance of the sun; and many other motions are directed either wholly or partially by the movement of the heavens. "Let the sage, therefore, attend to these considerations, as he best may understand them, and hence he will gain instruction, enabling him to frame this machine which will be worth a king's treasure, and become the fairest spectacle of science."

These wild speculations are found in a chapter entitled "On the Productions of Experimental Science." In the same chapter, his sound and sensible aphorisms respecting the regimen of health are followed by an elaborate dissertation on the possibility of attaining antediluvian longevity. According to Bacon, the sage pursuer "of experimental science" profits by the intuitive wisdom of the crow, the serpent, and the eagle, whose inborn knowledge teaches them to find the means of retarding the termination of their existence. This knowledge was given to the brute for the profit of man; and therefore the wise have ever closely watched the lower animals, for the purpose of stealing their knowledge of the powers of herbs and stones and metals. At Paris, Bacon relates there was lately a Sage who sought out the serpent's nest, and selecting one of the reptiles, he cut it into small pieces, leaving only as much undissected membrane as was sufficient to prevent the fragments from falling asunder. The dying serpent crawled, as well as it could, until it found a leaf whose touch immediately united the severed body; and the Sage, thus guided by the creature whom he had mangled, was taught to gather a plant of inestimable virtue. No medicament is of so much efficacy, Bacon asserts, in prolonging human life, as the flesh of the dragons of Ethiopia. The Moors, by a secret art which they possess, attract the dragons out of the caverns in which they hide. The huntsmen are prepared with bridles and saddles, and after securing the dragons, they



mount them, and vex them by the quickest and sharpest flight. The Moors do so in order that the rigidity of the dragon's flesh may be mortified and its hardness abated, just as boars, and bears, and bulls are hunted by dogs and driven before they are killed for food.

When we peruse these, and other marvels which he has in store, Bacon, instead of the predecessor of Newton, appears as the cozening conjurer, the associate of Friar Vandermast and Friar Bungay<sup>1</sup>, the master of the merry knave Miles. His scientific dignity vanishes, and we consider him as the ignorant hero of a barbarous tribe, destitute of any worth except a blind and puerile curiosity.

Bacon relapsed into the errors of his age, whenever he could not exercise the wisdom which taught him that experiment was the test of truth. But the mistaken judgment which he thus evinced resulted from the circumstances under which he was placed. He could not always bring the assertions of others to the test, nor wholly refuse to yield to mistaken analogies. Many tales were told in the volumes whereon he wasted his midnight oil, which he dared not disbelieve until they were disproved by experiment. Whilst the wonders propounded to him for his acceptance remained unsubjected to this trial, his readiness in receiving them, absurd as it may seem, did not result from imbecility or dullness. Phantoms surrounded him on every side, and though he held the spear of Ithuriel in his grasp, still, when the delusions floated beyond its reach, he could not avail himself of its disenchanting power.

Deeply impressed with a sense of the interminable varieties of natural energy, but with little practical knowledge of the births of distant realms, the "philosopher"—we must not deny the name to him—was thus easily misled by the fallacies of his general argument. If the magnet attracted the heavy iron, why should it be deemed impossible for the ætites to exercise an equal influence over gold? The stone, if it exists, has no such power, and we are inclined to blame the ancients for the mistake; but let it be supposed that Lavoisier, placed in a situation in which he could not try the experiment, had been informed that the apposition of a certain number of plates of zinc and copper would reduce his elemental alkali from the state of an oxide into a metal, he certainly would have given as little credit to the tale as to the dreams of Albertus Magnus. We know not the cause which lights the ineffectual fire of the glow-worm. Those who contemplated the fairy light of the insect might easily believe that in eastern

climes the costly carbuncle shone with greater brilliancy. Griffins, winged serpents, hippocentaurs, and all the other dire creatures acknowledged by the mythic zoography of Greece and Arabia, retained in fancy an existence equally excusable. The Philosopher did not venture to limit the plastic power of nature; and here again his acceptance even of exaggerations and fictions might in some measure be justified. If a drawing of that strangest birth of Australasia, the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, had been presented to Linnæus without any proof of the existence of the animal, would he have failed to exclaim that such an anomalous compound was wholly irreconcilable to physiology? He would have been indignant at the attempted imposition, and would have determined on placing the uncouth monster in the same cabinet with the Griffin's claw and the Unicorn's horn, which so long adorned the Treasury of St. Denis. Time, the slow revealer of all secrets, has since enabled us to make even a further deduction from the chapter of fabulous animals, and the existence of the Unicorn is as little problematical as that of the rhinoceros.

Imperfect as the state of science may have been in the middle ages, it had yet advanced sufficiently to afford an indication of the power of knowledge. The bark was launched from the shore, and the mariners knew that the voyage must continue until the vessel reached a fairer clime; but instead of limiting their expectations to the fruits which the earth brings forth, they dreamt that they should discover the Garden of the Hesperides. Driven beyond its bounds, an undue estimation was formed of the force and tendency of every science. The Chemist would make gold; the Astronomer search out the astral characters of the book of fate; and the Physician avert the lot of mortality.

In the earlier part of the seventeenth century the inquirer began to obtain a knowledge of the great secrets which had hitherto been concealed; the telescope was pointed at the heavens, and skilful operators took their place in the laboratory. The gross absurdities of the preceding age were therefore discarded by the learned, but at the same time, in place of these errors, they created others of their own. The first mists of the dawning were dispelled—but other clouds were again drawn out of the teeming soil by the beams of the rising sun. More was expected from science than science could bestow, and more was ascribed to nature than nature could perform. The acute Van Helmont and the philosophic Digby compounded the armatory unguent; Bacon, the Chancellor, admitted the existence of the magical power of the will, the delusion



which in our days has taken the name of animal magnetism; and Kircher<sup>1</sup> advocated the truth of palingenesis. These delusions were again inevitable. The improvement of the world is destined to proceed in similar cycles; the youth of every individual is distinguished by the same characteristics; and it is ever so with every nascent era of the human race. As far as we can read the history of each generation, the fathers witness in their children a renewal of their own childhood. Whenever a new light bursts upon the eye, it requires some time before the organ can discern clearly amidst the unaccustomed blaze.

Superstition, or undue belief, though in a less terrific aspect, still haunted the study and the schools, but knowledge continued to advance in an increasing ratio, until a new period opened upon the world. Without any formal refutation, astrology and alchemy ceased to obtain belief, occult qualities were no longer sought, and natural magic and spagirical art became the objects of derision; but the enthusiastic reveries which men now acknowledged as such had been the precursors and causes of sound sense and rational investigation. Before one truth can be ascertained, lives must be worn away in fruitless conjectures. At length the waste of learning had earned its reward,—had turned to profit. Boyle grasped the impassive air; Newton told the strength of the unseen chains which link the planets in their orbs, and revealed the order of creation. What was the consequence?—the fervid enthusiasm of a youthful age again appeared.

An undue estimate was again formed of the powers of science. Acute and well-informed men were now inclined to hope that the “new philosophy” would “fill the world with wonders.” Their expectations passed all measure. Glanville thus exclaims in his *Scepsis Scientifica*, a work addressed to the Royal Society. “The “glorious undertakers wherewith heaven hath blest our days will “leave the world better provided than they found it. And whereas “in former times such generous free-spirited worthies were as the “rare newly-observed stars, a single one the wonder of an age, “and this last century can glory in numerous constellations. “I doubt not but that posterity will find many things that now “are but rumours verified into practical realities. It may be, “some ages hence, a voyage to the southern unknown tracts, “yea, possibly, to the moon, will not be more strange than one to “America. To those that come after us, it may be as ordinary to “buy a pair of wings to fly into the remotest regions, as now a pair “of boots to ride a journey. And to confer, at the distance of the

“Indies, by sympathetic conveyances, may be as usual to future times as to us in a literary correspondence. The restoration of gray hairs to juvenility and renewing the exhausted marrow, may, at length, be effected without a miracle. And the turning the now comparative desert world into a Paradise may not improbably be expected from late agriculture. Now those that judge by the narrowness of former principles and successes will smile at these paradoxical expectations. But questionless, those just inventions which have, in these latter ages, altered the face of all things were as ridiculous to former times in their naked proposals and mere suppositions. To have talked of a new earth to have been discovered had been a romance to antiquity; and to sail without sight of stars or shores by the guidance of a mineral, a story more absurd than the flight of Daedalus. That men should speak after their tongues were ashes, or communicate with each other in different hemispheres before the invention of letters, could not but have been thought a fiction. Antiquity would not have believed the almost incredible force of our cannons, and would as coldly have entertained the wonders of the telescope. In these we all condemn antique incredulity. And it is likely posterity will have as much cause to pity ours. But yet, notwithstanding this streightness of shallow observers, there are a set of enlarged souls that are more judiciously credulous. And those who are acquainted with the diligent and ingenious endeavours of so many true philosophers will despair of nothing.”

Such an effervescent belief in the powers of “philosophy” may perhaps be considered as injudicious as the reveries of Friar Bacon, and in its origin it is wholly of an analogous character; but it gradually subsided, and the “wonders of the new philosophy” were reduced within the limits of possibility. Other wonders, however, were achieved; and the truths discovered by the founders of the Royal Society received a bolder application, by that generation which is now sinking into the grave. Following the first traced path, the mysteries of nature have been further unfolded. The fire which thunders in the clouds has been proved to lurk in the translucent amber; resolved into its elements, the wave consumes into the gases which severally warm the blood and bear the aeronaut aloft; and the chemist learns to imprison the subtle vapour which destroying animal life, yet feeds the green leaves of the plant and crystallizes in the diamond.

These discoveries were made in an age emphatically called the



Age of Reason. New principles had now been adopted; the creed of Boyle, of Newton, and of Locke was rejected by "Philosophy" as an anile "superstition"; and men were taught to worship no deity but nature, and to acknowledge no wisdom but their own. Yet they were not sceptics, they believed too much, and confided too much. The consequences of undue belief and indiscreet zeal again instantly manifested themselves; and whilst every "superstition" was denounced by the "Philosophers," they unwittingly indulged in the wildest delights of credulity. There was much sincerity in their enthusiasm. Minds, even of grave and sober cast—men who professed that they obeyed no other dictates than those of reason—joined in every word and sentiment uttered by Condorcet, when he proclaimed aloud the infinite perfectibility of the human race, emancipated from all former evils produced by "fanaticism and tyranny," and an age of reason, when wonders were to be produced, such as the believers of the age of superstition hardly hoped to perform. One of the efficient causes of the Millennium of philosophy thus prophesied, was to be the invention of a universal language, which, daily acquiring more "extent and perfection, will define all matters cognizable by the human mind with such precision, as to render any error next to impossible." As for the "perfectibility of the human race," "will it be absurd," inquires Condorcet, the sturdy antagonist of the dreams of superstition, "to suppose it to be susceptible of an indefinite progress?—that the time will arrive when death will be the effect only of extraordinary accidents or of the destruction—which will gradually become more and more tardy—of the vital forces? and that, in effect, the duration of the middle period between birth and this destruction, has in itself no assignable term?—Certainly man will not be immortal—but the distance between the moment when he begins to live and the mean era when naturally, without accident or sickness, he feels the difficulty of being, may it not perpetually increase?"....."may it not continually come nearer to an unlimited extent without ever reaching it—or acquire, in the immensity of time, a greater extent than any determinate quantity which may have been assigned as its limit? In the latter, its increase will really be infinite in the most absolute sense, since there is no term at which it ought to stop." Such was the belief of one of the teachers of modern republican philosophy, and shared by no small portion of his school!

Extremes are ever fated to meet. In the age of superstition—an age of confident faith—every difficulty was solved, and every

doubt was silenced, by appealing to the mysterious influence of spirit, and by attributing all the operations of nature to the immediate workings of the great First Cause, and to the direct action of those immaterial beings who might be deemed the ministers of Infinite power. By excluding from consideration the machinery through which Providence guides the material world, a wild and enthusiastic system of credulity was formed, wholly derogating from Supreme might and goodness, and humiliating to those by whom it is received. This we justly call "superstition," and it is justly reprobated. But the very increase of knowledge, which dispelled these errors, has ended in bringing new perplexities upon mankind. The confidence which it has imparted to the pride of human intellect has cheated us into another species of credulity no less mischievous and degrading. Bounded by the tangible and sensible elements of creation, philosophy will recognize no cause of vitality except what can be dissected by the scalpel, or distinguished by the test, or breathed from the retort; no being, except matter.

Having adopted this train of reasoning, it has been the earnest endeavour of the French, the great leaders of modern Materialism, to relieve us from any consciousness of incorporeal existence, and to dispel the belief of any immortality. With respect to the "human animal," these philosophers "deny that any traces of "such an agent" are to be discoverable in the phenomena of life; and having traced the functional powers to certain elementary formations, which they term tissues, and being wholly unable to carry these investigations further, they consider these tissues as the elements of their science, exactly as the chemists consider certain substances elementary, subject to the correction of ulterior discoveries. And thus, as similar opinions have been long since expounded in the quaint verses of More the Platonist, these philosophers have proved that

"...our soul can nothing be but blood,  
Or nerves, or brains, or body modified.  
Whence it will follow that cold stopping crud,  
Hard mouldy cheese, dry nuts when they have rid  
Due circuits through the heart, at last shall speed  
Of life and sense, look thorough our thin eyes,  
And view the close wherein the cow did feed,  
Whence they were milk'd; gross pie crust will grow wise,  
And pickled cucumbers philosophize."

It is not necessary, in this place, to enter into a minute detail of the doctrines which the French philosophers and their English



disciples have promulgated under the name of physiology. Consistent in their avowed object, they are uniform in their prime intent and meaning.

Do we ask whence the breath of life is given to us?—the Savant will answer that he doubts whether it will be possible to remove the veil of nature completely; yet he thinks that it will be in our power to begin to clear up the difficulties which “prejudices and charlatanism,” arising out of “certain opinions,” have endeavoured to multiply. His mode of dispelling these prejudices is by advocating the old doctrines of equivocal generation.

“Experience teaches us that there is no known vegetable substance which, being placed under proper circumstances, will not give birth to peculiar animalculæ, into which mere moisture is sufficient to transform it, and that almost instantaneously. Here we have full proof of that nature which is usually called inanimate, being connected by an uninterrupted chain with animated nature. We see unorganized elements combine themselves, in order to produce different organized bodies. And life and feeling arise from the products of vegetables. Therefore, unless we suppose that life is dispersed every where, and only disguised by the exterior circumstances of bodies (which would be equally contrary to the hypothesis) we must necessarily confess that—*moyennant certaines conditions*—inanimate matter is capable of organizing itself—of living and of feeling.”

The above may be received as specimens of the modes of belief denominated “materialism.” We appeal to them with confidence, because it is with confidence that they have recently been adorned, adapted, copied, repeated, and retailed as the means of assailing the “religious opinions of the dominant caste.” The term of “scepticism” which has been applied to the propagators of these doctrines is incorrect. Surely they are not sceptics; they hesitate not for want of belief in their own creed. Is it not even difficult to defend them from the charge of “superstition”? Are not such “philosophers” somewhat more ready to admit the marvellous, than is consistent with their cautious “philosophy”? Implicit faith is well exemplified in the pages of those who demonstrate the progress of the monad evolving itself by its own will and energy, until the speck floating in the pool became necessarily fish, bird, beast, and man. The share of credulity possessed by any necromancer, who imagined that he could raise the ghost of the departed, is not perhaps much more yielding than that of the sectators of the Savant Cabanis, who rests his main argument

respecting the materiality of life, upon the belief, *that the book-binder makes the bookworm?*<sup>a</sup>

In making these observations upon the doctrines of "materialism," it is by no means our intention to discuss them, or to make any observation upon their tendency. We must content ourselves with remarking that, as now promulgated, their teachers do not seem likely to perform their promises. It is to be feared that they will not accomplish any speedy emancipation of the human race from the accompaniments of superstition; from fanaticism, intolerance, and bigotry. The Savant may be in the right; but no Pontiff ever expected a more implicit obedience from his hearers, or required a more unbounded confidence in his assertions. His intentions may be liberal and kind; but no inquisitor ever hated more intensely, or persecuted with more bitterness. His doctrines may be true; but they cannot be received, without the utter prostration of the human intellect. They who tremble before "all that the nurse and all the priest has taught," do not believe more than is required by the superstition of "materialism."

An obligation is thus imposed upon us of giving only a qualified assent to the loud and triumphant assertions of the Philosophers respecting the "knowledge" of our "enlightened age," or of the destruction of "prejudices" and "false opinions." Rapid as the progress of science has been, and with every probability of its continuing to proceed with accelerated speed, the universal law of compensation will continue to balance the improvement of the human understanding by some equivalent failing. Whatever advance may be made by the human mind, its faculty of comprehension will always remain fixed by the same limits. Whenever it labours to pass its narrow boundaries its powers are reduced to

<sup>a</sup> In order that we may not be accused of misrepresentation in quoting this stupendous assertion, we add the passage in its original language. "Or main-tenant, quelles sont ces conditions? Sans doute, nous les connoissons encore très mal. Mais sont-elles, en effet, de nature à rester toujours inconnues? Il est difficile de le penser, lorsqu'on voit que l'art peut créer des races particulières d'animaux: c'est-à-dire, par des altérations déterminées qu'il fait subir à certains corps, y développer de nouveaux principes de vitalité et faire naître, en quelque sorte à plaisir, des êtres qui n'ont point dans la nature d'analogie connue.—Par exemple, les anguilles du vinaigre, *les vers qui rongent les cartons et les reliures de livres*, etc., etc. toutes espèces qui se forment exclusivement dans les matières, produites elles-mêmes par les seules combinaisons des arts."—If we had space we would extract a few more of the marvels of belief exhibited in the various authors from whence the true philosophy of life is to be derived. Due observance being made for the tone of the times, they would form a perfect parallel to the magical wonders on which we have treated.



nought; and no light afforded by our unassisted wisdom can dispel the clouds which press around us. "Mystery," as it has been well observed, "is only imperfect knowledge"; and if we are ever tempted to imagine that we display our wisdom by rejecting those mysteries for which the world affords no testimony, let it be recollected, that no creed presents such bewildering mysteries as the book of nature. But in the same manner as he who stands by the side of a precipice, seems strangely urged to cast himself into the depth below—so does every human discussion of the inscrutable difficulties offered by the mere fact of existence too often tempt us to seek those dark and dangerous inquiries, in whose dreary and unfathomable void intellect is confounded, and happiness lost for ever.





## ASTROLOGY<sup>1</sup> AND ALCHEMY.

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1. VOX STELLARUM; OR, A LOYAL ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR OF HUMAN REDEMPTION 1821. By FRANCIS MOORE, Physician and Philomath.
2. HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY, PREFIXED TO A MANUAL OF CHEMISTRY. By WILLIAM THOMAS BRANDE, Esq. London. 8vo. 1821.

WE have heard, and have some reason to believe, that the stars have, for some period, looked with a malignant aspect on the sale of the "Loyal Almanack" of Doctor Moore<sup>2</sup>, formerly the most popular publication of the kind. The editors, the worthy Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Stationers, continue, indeed, to present the public with the portentous "hieroglyphic of the times," accompanied by the dolorous predictions issued by the representative who assumes the name of the once venerated Philomath; but the purchasers, amongst whom this production yet lingers, only look to it for the falling of fairs and of markets, of Saints' days and of holidays. Judicial astrology has been deprived of all its votaries; and a phenomenon, which at a period not far removed from the present age caused the greatest apprehension in the minds of the learned and the wise, is now witnessed by the rudest vulgar with calm curiosity. If we enter the cottage, the barometer and the thermometer appear pendant from the wall. The labouring hind is well aware that those sure prognostications respecting the morrow's sky, its sunshine and its storms, which it would be in vain to seek in the meteorologic column of the almanac, are afforded by the instruments of philosophy. Although his comprehension of the power which raises and depresses the fluid metal in the glassy tubes may not be very clear or definite, yet he feels the profit which he derives from the common stock of knowledge; he is the member of a community in which vague conjecture has been succeeded by the security derived from useful learning. In a country where information is generally diffused amongst the better ranks of society, science exerts a power upon the uneducated classes of which they

are not conscious; the atmosphere is permeated by its electric aura, and those who are farthest from the animating energy are nevertheless vivified by the influence, though they cannot discern the radiant orb from whence it flows.

Certainly, if man may ever found his glory on the achievements of his wisdom, he may reasonably exult in the discoveries of astronomy; but the knowledge which avails us has been created solely by the absurdities which it has extirpated. Delusion became the basis of truth. Horoscopes and nativities have taught us to trace the planet in its sure and silent path; and the acquirements which of all others now testify the might of the human intellect, derived their origin from weakness and credulity. No individual contributed more to the advancement of astronomy than Alonso of Castile, whom his friends called the Wise<sup>1</sup>. His enemies, who triumphed in proclaiming that his wisdom had not availed him, though they too wondered at its failure, were accustomed to name him, Alonso the Astrologer. In his reign, the sages of Chaldea were naturalized in Spain. Science formed a bond of union between strange races and conflicting creeds; and the Jew and the Saracen met in friendship with the descendant of the Roman and the Frank, beneath the sway of the Gothic King.

Rabbi Judas the son of Moses, obedient to the command of Alonso, interpreted the treatise in which Avicenna<sup>2</sup> had named the "One Thousand and Twenty-two Stars of the Firmament till "then unknown in these our Western Parts." The canons compiled by Mahomet Ibn Geber Albathem the Syrian were written again in a more intelligible tongue by Rabbi Zag. Jehuda El Conheso, the Alfaqui, and Guillen Aremon Daspaso, the Priest, translated "the Book of the Constellations which are in the eighth "Heaven, and the book of the Sphere." And the *Almagest* of Ptolemy<sup>3</sup>, which Al-Hazen Ben Yusseph had rendered into Arabic at the command of Almaimon the Miramamolin, received a new version from Rabbi Isaac Ben Sid, the Chief of the Synagogue of Toledo.

Latin Europe was indebted to Alonso for these books, which gave a powerful impulse to the study of astronomy; but the formation of the celebrated Alfonsine tables was the most important of the tasks accomplished under his patronage. From the ancient proem prefixed to these calculations, and written by Alonso himself, it appears that he summoned a council of the wisest mathematicians and doctors of the Astral Science—Aben Rayhel and Alquibicio, and Rabbi Samuel and Rabbi Jehuda of Toledo, Mahomet and Aben Musa of Seville, Yusseph Aben Ali and Jacob



Ab Vena of Cordova, and many others from beyond the mountains, from Gascony and from Paris. They were convened in the towers of the fabled Alcazar of Galiana,—she who had been loved by Charlemagne—and five years were employed in discussion. Alonso usually presided in the assembly; but if he was absent, Aben Rayhel and Alquibicio, who had been his masters, took the place of their royal pupil. After the tables were completed, many noble privileges were granted to the Sages and their issue; and they returned, richly rewarded, each to his home.

Thrown from his high estate, heart-broken by the parricidal rebellion of his son and the treachery of his subjects, Alonso yet retraced the benefits which science had derived from his ardour. And whilst he lamented his misfortunes, he recollected that his fame in foreign lands arose as much from his Algorithms as from his kingdoms and his sword.

“A ti Fernan Perez Ponce el leal  
 Cormano y amigo y firme vassallo  
 Lo que a mios homes de vista les callo  
 Entiendo decir, planiendo mi mal,  
 A ti que quitaste la tierra i cabdal  
 Por las mias haciendas; en Roma y allende  
 Mi pendola buela, escuchala dende  
 Ca grita doliente con fabla mortal  
 Como yaz solo el Rei de Castilla  
 El Emperador de Alemania que foe.  
 Aquel que los Reyes besevan su pie  
 E Reinas pedian limosna e manzilla  
 El que de hueste mantuvo en Sevilla  
 Cien mil de a cavallo e tres doble peones  
 El que acatado en lejanas naciones  
 Foe por sus tablas e por su cuchilla.”

Alonso endangered his orthodoxy by his opinions. Astrology, when employed as the means of discovering future events, was anathematized by the Church and condemned by the Fathers, as a vain, lying, and presumptuous art. Notwithstanding the denunciations of Tertullian, and Basil, and Bonaventure<sup>1</sup>, Alonso was anxious to protect the dignity of his favourite pursuit by giving it such a legal sanction as would distinguish it from fraud and deceit. The code which he promulgated attests his sentiments. Astrology, he declares in the seventh Partida<sup>2</sup>, is one of the seven liberal sciences.—“And according to the law, the free practice  
 “thereof is granted to such as be masters therein and understand  
 “it truly: for the judgments and predictions which are given by  
 “this art are discerned in the natural course of the planets, and

“are taken from the books of Ptolemy and the other wise masters, who have laboured therein. The other manner of divining is by soothsayers, sorcerers and wizzards. Some take their tokens from birds or from the fate-word; others cast lots; others see visions in water, or in crystal, or in a mirror, or in the bright sword blade; others frame amulets; others prognosticate by the head of a dead man or of a beast, or by the palm of the hand of a child, or of a maiden. These ribalds, and such as are like them, are wicked men and lewd impostors; and manifold evils arise from their deeds: therefore we will not allow any of them to dwell in our dominions.”—The royal Astrologer had little reason to deride the soothsayer; he never profited by the science, if he sought it as a guide. But there was a witchery in the illusion which could not easily be withstood even by a powerful mind. With respect to the works which he bestowed upon his age, it must be recollected that Astrology, though not discredited, was only a secondary object with the Arabian and Jewish “mathematicians.” Many of the treatises which we have noticed have scarcely a symptom of the perversion of science. They are sober and intelligible, and contain a fund of knowledge then unattainable from any other source, and which the Semitic tribes could alone impart to Christendom. In the “Book of the Sphere” there are few chapters devoid of real utility. The oriental observers gave the method of determining the rising of the star, of taking the altitude of the sun, and of drawing the meridian line; they enabled the student to solve all the practical problems of astronomy. In the intellectual genealogy of man they may claim to be the progenitors of Kepler and of Newton; and the calculations of the Alfonsines are the remote but efficient causes of the perfection of modern astronomy.

Time was, when the astrologer acted no inconsiderable part in the world of politics; but yielding to the stern decree of fate, his occupation now is gone. Jacob’s staff<sup>1</sup> is broken. The brazen astrolabe<sup>2</sup> is green and cankered. Dust and cobwebs cover the tomes of Ptolemy and Haly<sup>3</sup>; and the garrets of Spitalfields and the Seven Dials are untenanted by the Seers, who whilom dealt out their awful prognostications of changes in Church and State, and who scowling alike at Rome and at Constantinople, ensured the downfall of the Turk, and the confusion of the Scarlet Harlot of the Seven Hills. So far we seem to have gained a victory over the superstitions of the middle ages; but our superiority, in some respects, exists rather in apprehension than in reality; and we



have only changed the appearance of the disease. Those who would have been misled in ancient times are equally deceivable in modern days. Human folly is as immortal as the race; and though we have dragged the astrologer out of his armchair, there are others who have succeeded to his contemned honours, for he was guided in his lucubrations by an imperishable instinct. Doleful Saturn and lucid Jupiter now meet unheeded in the same constellation; but the Sage who would heretofore have comforted the hearts of the citizens of London with the pleasing expectations of plague and pestilence, and war and bloodshed, as he gazed on the threatening conjunction in the Zodiac, now acquires the same popularity by deducing the calamities of this nether world from the assemblage of monarchs at a congress; and, instead of watching the orbit of the planet, he fulfils his duty by reporting the course of the minor star which glitters on the breast of the plenipotentiary.

The most flourishing era of astrology in this country must be placed in the busy, feverish reigns of the first three Stuarts. Whilst Ashmole lived, the Astral fraternity was yet numerous and respectable; and, according to our laudable English custom of uniting eating and drinking with all other sciences and pursuits, they had a grand dinner once a year, a usage which we do not trace amongst the astrologers of any other nation. William Lilly furnishes us with a curious gallery of portraits of such of the professors as flourished in London about his time. He has drawn them with more accuracy than charity, and our ideas respecting his own honesty are unluckily elucidated by the minute delineation of the sins which he ascribes to his rivals and contemporaries.

Doctor Simon Forman, a personage of some celebrity, studied and took his medical degree beyond the seas; "he had good success "in resolving questions about marriage": this qualification will be duly estimated when we recollect his participation in the intrigues of the libidinous Countess of Essex. In other questions, it is exultingly stated by Lilly, he was "very moderate." So indeed it seems, from his own journal. "Being in bed one morning," he says, "I was desirous to know whether I should ever be a Lord, "Earl, or Knight." So he cast a figure, and thereupon he "concluded that within two years' time, he should be a Lord." "But "before the two years were expired, the Doctors put me in Newgate, "and nothing came." Doctor Forman underwent this persecution from the other "Doctors," because he presumed to carry on his warfare under colour of his Leyden degree of medicine, and without being duly authorized to exterminate his fellow-subjects by virtue

of a regular license from the London College of Physicians. He also predicted that his scholar, Doctor Napper of Lindford, would be a great dunce; and yet, adds Lilly, "in continuance of time he "proved a *singular astrologer and physician*"; a consummation which, in those days, might perhaps approach to an accomplishment of the prophecy.

William Bredon, Vicar of Thornton in Buckinghamshire, was "absolutely the most polite person for Nativities," and he had also the merit of "strictly adhering to Ptolemy," whom he well understood. This polite and profound astrologer had, however, one trifling failing, though it did not impeach his judgment;—"he was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had "no tobacco he would cut up the bell ropes and smoke them."

Astrology was a fold which afforded a refuge to stragglers from all professions. Captain Bubb, who lived in Lambeth, resolved horary questions astrologically: "he was a proper handsome man, "well spoken, but withal covetous." The Captain's destiny was mainly influenced by a certain butcher, who, having been robbed at a fair of forty pounds, applied to the Captain to discover the thief, which he agreed to do for "ten pounds paid in ready money." The querist was directed to wait at a certain place at midnight, when the thief would appear; he did so, and at the witching hour, somebody came riding fiercely at full gallop. The butcher immediately knocked the rider down, and unluckily he proved to be no other than "John," the Captain's own servant. In consequence of this mistake, poor Captain Bubb "was indicted and "suffered upon the pillory," as it is tenderly expressed by Lilly, and ended his days in great disgrace.

Alexander Hart the Philomath, "a comely man of good aspect," had also been a soldier. This worthy sage professed questionnaire astrology, and a little of physic; but as he had seen good service in the wars, his chief skill "was to elect young gentlemen fit times "to play, that they might win or get money." "A rustical fellow," to whom he had promised a conference with a spirit, brought him to the bar of the Old Bailey. The Aldermen sentenced him also "to be set upon the pillory," but he was rescued from this infliction by the loving-kindness of John Taylor, the water poet, "who being "his great friend, got the Lord Chief Justice Richardson to bail "him, and being so enlarged," he very wisely ran away.

William Poole, whom Lilly calls a "nibbler at astrology," but whom we suspect, from the expression used in his will, to have been rather an aspiring competitor, had nearly attained a greater



elevation. Poole's evil destiny led him to a tavern where a silver cup was lost. "Justice Jay" forthwith issued a warrant for his apprehension, and he took refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster, where he remained until the Justice was dead and buried; he then issued forth from his concealment, and revenged himself by writing verses upon the Justice's grave.

It was thus that astrology incurred the vengeance of the law. Lilly himself was summoned before the awful bar of Hick's Hall<sup>1</sup>, where he appeared to an indictment upon which, if he had been found guilty, he would have "suffered," like his friend the Captain. He had the good fortune to be acquitted, owing, no doubt, to the favourable aspect of Justice Hooker, "the oracle of all the Justices "of the Peace in Middlesex," who, by Lilly's entreaty, was present at the trial. Lilly was one of those men who, by dint of plain, persevering, consistent, unblushing roguery, acquire a decent reputation, convince themselves that they are honest, put money in their purses, and in due time are comfortably buried, as he was, under a nice black marble stone, inscribed with a record of deceased virtue in English and in Latin. The shrewd shock-pated knave came up from Diseworth with the Leicester carrier, and was bound 'prentice to Gilbert Wright of Newgate Market. His enemies maintained that Gilbert was a tailor. Lilly repels the taunt with great energy.—"I write this,"—quoth he,—"that the "world may know that he was no taylor, or myself of that or any "other *profession*: my work was to go before my master to church; "to attend my master when he went abroad; to make clean his "shoes; sweep the streets; help to drive bucks when we washed; "fetch water in a tub from the Thames, I have helped to carry "eighteen tubs of water in one morning; weed the garden; scrape "trenchers, and so forth. If I had any profession, it was of this "nature. I should never have denied my being a taylor had I "been one."—Diligent he surely was; and his master rewarded him by an annuity of twenty pounds. Gilbert Wright being gathered to his fathers, his widow, who had been twice married to "old men, was now resolved to be cozened no more." To her maid, Lilly's "fellow-servant," the lusty dame frequently observed, that "she cared not, if she married a man that would love "her, though he had never a penny." After a few tender hints of this kind, Lilly became bold; and one day "after dinner, when all "her talk was about husbands," he "saluted her"; she spoke lovingly; he obtained her hand, which, six years afterwards, was snatched from him by death, she leaving him one thousand pounds

as a reward for all his services. Lilly now throve apace; he married a second wife; she was of the "nature of Mars," and brought him five hundred pounds as a portion; and, with this addition to his fortune, he fairly embarked himself in the study of "astrology, "the black art, alchemy, and all other occult sciences."

Lucrative as these pursuits may have been, he carried them on in conjunction with other professions of a less occult nature. According to his own confession Lilly was a pimp. True it is, that when he "ordered the fair Lady from Greenwich to go at such a day and see a play at Salisbury Court, which she did, and within "one quarter of an hour the young Lord came into the same box "wherein she was"; the conjunction between the fair Greenwich Lady and the young Lord was effected, not by human means, but by the ministry of the angels Uriel, Raphael and Zadkiel, and the Pentacle of Solomon. But all is vanity;—"I grew weary,"—he exclaims, "of such employments, and since have burned my books "which instructed these *curiosities*." Lilly picked pockets and stole papers; but these feats were performed out of pure friendship, and for the purpose of "helping Mr. Pennington." And in addition to these honourable exertions of science, Lilly was an "intelligencer," or, in plain English, a spy, for which he received a pension from the Council of State under the Commonwealth. In his more avowed calling of an astrologer, there is no doubt but that his "*Mercurius Anglicus*"<sup>1</sup> was a useful ally to the Roundheads. He tells us, with much satisfaction, that, during one of Cromwell's battles, a soldier stood, with the Almanack in his hand, exclaiming as the troops passed by him—"Lo! hear what Lilly saith; you are "in this month promised victory; fight it out, brave boys! and "then read that month's prediction." Lilly was a very prudent astrologer. Until the cause of the king began to decline rapidly he tells us that he was "more cavalier than roundhead." Subsequently he could still discern that the configurations of the planets boded no certainty to the prevailing party, and, to use his own words, "I engaged body and soul in the cause of Parliament; but "still with much affection unto his Majesty's person, and unto "monarchy, which I loved and approved beyond any government "whatever." The same prescience created an instinctive antipathy between him and the Presbyterians, and therefore, when Cromwell became Protector, Lilly felt himself in favour, and he could "write "as freely and satirically" as he chose. Using these expressions, he could scarcely intend to conceal the secret that his astrology was merely the vehicle of the opinions which he was paid to favour.



A history of Court Astrologers would form an amusing volume, particularly if we could trace the effects of the advice of such an irresponsible ministry. Wallenstein depended much upon the counsels of Giovan' Battista Seni of Genoa, whom he engaged through the intervention of his confidant Pioroni the Florentine. Seni willingly promised his services at the rate of five-and-twenty crowns per month. "Nay," exclaimed Wallenstein, when the terms were made known to him, "I should be ashamed to hire a "wise man at such a price; he shall have two thousand crowns "a-year, paid in advance, and a coach and six besides." So liberal a salary probably secured agreeable predictions.

In our times recourse has been had to astrology to support the cause of the Revolution. The astrological predictions of Thomas Joseph Moulst, a seer of great repute amongst the French peasantry, and who is said to have flourished at Naples under Frederic Barbarossa, were reprinted with due adaptations favouring the cause of the Tri-coloured banner as well as of the Imperial Eagle<sup>a</sup>. From the system of centralization adopted by the French government, we can scarcely be unjust in charging the ruling powers with the concoction of the prophecy. This may appear a strange manoeuvre in France, the enlightened abode of "philosophy" and "reason"; but it is quite consistent with the liberal philosophy of infidelity to proscribe religion, at the same time that it encourages the grossest superstition and credulity.

It has been seen how carefully Alonso distinguishes between astrology and the sciences of divination; the learned astronomer was anxious to disclaim all consortship with the diviner, who, however, like himself, was not unfrequently employed to act a part in the political drama. English history abounds in instances of the effect produced by the denunciations of the soothsayer. Henry of Richmond unfurled his banner in accomplishment of the saw of the soothsayer, who had long declared that the Dun cow<sup>1</sup> would prosper in England. Changes in the royal dynasty were

<sup>a</sup> Thomas Joseph Moulst hath disposed his prophecies in climacterical cycles. A few specimens will show how, in the edition which we quote, the predictions have been revolutionized. It is hardly necessary to observe that the older editions are quite innocent of any Jacobinical tendency.

1789. Des grandes révolutions arriveront cette année dans un des grands états de la Chrétienté.

1794. Une grande nation se gouvernera sans prince, sans nobles, et sans prêtres. Le papier en grand discrédit.

1800. La souveraineté d'une république, reconnue libre et indépendante, par toutes les puissances de la terre.

anticipated as long foretold, and the rude and awful rhyme assisted to feed the fury of civil war. Devices and tokens, signs and bearings, were introduced so as to blend allegory with heraldry.

“When the Bear is muzzled and cannot byte,  
And the Hors is fettered and cannot stryke,  
And the Swanne is sicke and cannot swymme,  
Then shall the splayfoot England winne.”<sup>1</sup>

Howard<sup>2</sup> wrote his “Defensative against the Poison of supposed “Prophecies,” for the purpose of counteracting the effect which they produced. The best comment, however, upon these predictions is found in the Statutes at Large. An act of Parliament, passed in the reign of Henry VIII., had made it felony to declare any false prophecy upon occasion of arms, fields, or letters. This statute was repealed by Mary, and revived as a temporary act by the 3rd and 4th Ed. VI. c. 16. Elizabeth’s policy revived the law; and by a statute now in force (5 Eliz. c. 15), it was ordained and enacted, “That if any person or persons, after the first day “of May next coming, do advisedly and directly advance, publish, “and set forth by writing, printing, signing, or any other open “speech or deed, to any person or persons, any fond, fantastical or “false prophecy, upon or by the occasion of any arms, fields, beasts, “badges, or such other like things accustomed in arms, cognizances, “or signets, or upon or by reason of any time, year, name, and “bloodshed or war, to the intent thereby to make any rebellion, “insurrection, dissension, loss of life, or other disturbance, within “this realm, and other the Queen’s dominions: That every such “person being thereof lawfully convicted for every such offence, “shall suffer imprisonment of his body by the space of one year, “without bail or mainprize, and shall forfeit, for every such “offence, the sum of ten pounds.”

A prophetical distich, uttered by Saint Vincent Ferrer, was ingeniously turned to good account by the Dominicans, at the time of the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Saint Vincent’s lines are not remarkable either for rhythm or distinctness—

“Lo any nou,  
Donara un gran bram lo bou.”

The “Bull,” by no very evident application, was decided to be his Excellency the Duke of Lerma<sup>3</sup>, and his roar was the tumult excited by the banishment of the unhappy Ishmaelites. Father Bleda considered the prediction to be of so much importance, that he engraved the hieroglyphical animal in the title-page of his curious “Cronica de los Moros de España.”



Nostradamus<sup>1</sup> has had the good fortune to retain almost as permanent a reputation as Merlin. It is seldom that even a glimpse of meaning can be discovered in his barbarous strains; but here and there we stumble on a verse which may be pertinently applied. Œdipus could not give the sense of the whole of the following quatrain, but the second line was considered as foretelling the death of Charles the First.

"Gand et Bruxelles marcheront contre Anvers,  
*Senat de Londres mettront à mort leur Roy,*  
 Le sel et vin luy serront à l'envers,  
 Pour eux avoir le règne en desarroy." c. ix. q. 49.

Another quatrain is said to predict the revolution of 1688 with tolerable clearness—

"Trente de Londres secret conjureront  
 Contre leur Roy sur le pont l'entreprize,  
 Luy, satalites la mort degousteront,  
*Un Roy esleu blonde, et natif de Frize."* c. iv. q. 89.

Favoured and consulted as Nostradamus was by Catharine of Medicis, it cannot be doubted that many of his perplexed verses had a definite tendency. During the wars of the Fronde, they came again in vogue. And in the reign of Louis XIV., they once more found an interpreter in Balthazar Guinard, who, with great acumen, compiled his "Concordance des Prophéties de Nostradamus avec l'histoire depuis Henry II. jusqu'à Louis le Grand."

Nostradamus was no friend to the papal authority.

"O vaste Rome! ta ruine s'approche!  
 Non de tes murs, de ton sang et substance,  
 L'aspre par lettres fera si horrible coche  
 Fer poinctu mis à tous jusque au manche." c. x. q. 65.

These and similar denunciations were supposed to denote the fate of the papacy at that eventful period when Joseph the Philosopher summoned the obedient pontiff from the ancient capital of the Cæsars. The papal court, with less wisdom than has usually marked its conduct of late years, published a Bull on Easter Day, 1781, declaring that no one should dare to read the prophecies of Nostradamus, under pain of incurring excommunication, and of being sentenced to the galleys. During the novelty of this persecution, a fortunate possessor of a stray copy of the "Centuries" was enabled, thanks to the threats of spiritual and temporal punishment, to sell it at Avignon for the enormous price of 1823 livres. It was rumoured that the Capuchins at Cenzano preserved a transcript of the Prophecies in their library, and the

report excited so much anxious curiosity, that His Holiness dispatched a party of sbirri, under the command of a notary, for the purpose of seizing the dangerous volume. Before, however, the civil and military authorities could reach the convent, the friars had warily secreted their treasure, and the notary and the sbirri returned with empty hands.

Whether Nostradamus ever attempted to tell the fortune of Europe by guesses and conjectures assuming the language of prediction, is a matter of little consequence, though there is some reason to suppose that he occasionally did thus attempt to amuse his readers. Sir Thomas Browne, who never wrote a line which did not indicate much talent and acuteness, once attempted to prophesy in sport; and in answer to an ancient metrical prophecy, transmitted to him by a friend, he returned the following lines.

“When New England shall trouble New Spain,  
 When Jamaica shall be Lady of the isles and the main;  
 When Spain shall be in America hid,  
 And Mexico prove another Madrid;  
 When Mahomet’s ships on the Baltic shall ride,  
 And Turks shall labour to have ports on that side<sup>a</sup>;  
 When Africa shall no more sell out her blacks,  
 To make slaves and drudges to the American tracts;  
 When Batavia the old shall be subdued by the new;  
 When a new drove of Tartars shall China subdue;  
 When America shall cease to send out its treasure,  
 But employ it at home in American pleasure;  
 When the new world shall the old invade,  
 Nor count them their lords but their fellows in trade;  
 When men shall almost pass to Venice by land,  
 Not in deep water, but from sand to sand<sup>b</sup>;

<sup>a</sup> While the Turkish empire was in its strength, Sir Thomas had good reason for venturing upon this prediction. “We cannot be out of all fear; for if the Turk should conquer Poland he would soon be at the sea. And from the constitution of the Polish government and divisions amongst themselves, jealousies between the king and the Republic, victories of the Tartars, jealousies of the Cossacks, and the course of Turkish policy, to be at peace with the Emperor of Germany, when he is at war with the Pole, should make us cause to fear that this may come to pass. And then he would soon endeavour to have ports upon that sea, as not wanting materials for ships, and having a new acquist of states and warlike men, may be a terror unto the confines on that sea.” “Mahomet’s ships,” manned by the corsairs of Algiers, actually did ride in the Baltic within the last three years, so that the line has become true, though not according to the intent of the author.

<sup>b</sup> The accomplishment of the prediction will be hastened by political causes. Mr. Rose informs us that Venice, impoverished and decayed, will see her lagoons converted into pestilential marshes in a much shorter “process of time” than could be expected before the subversion of the proud republic.



When Nova Zembla shall be no stay  
Unto them that pass to or from Cathay:  
Then think strange things are come to light,  
Whereof but few have had a foresight."

How nearly these Brunonian vaticinations have been accomplished is sufficiently evident. And where Sir Thomas has erred, he was deceived only by the happening of events which no human wisdom could then foresee.

Charms and spells, by which the infatuated votary sought an indication of futurity, belong rather to goetic than to astral art; but all the species of divination, however effected, have one intent. The mischievous foreknowledge scathes the presumptuous being by whom it is sought. Auguries, palmistry, the lot, the points of the geomancer, are, like astrology, the enunciations of an active fatality, which can be revealed to man, but not evaded by him. Omens constitute the poetry of history. They cause the series of events, which they are supposed to declare, to flow into epical unity; and the political catastrophe seems to be produced not by prudence, or by folly, but by the superintending destiny. The numerous tokens of the death of Henry IV. are finely tragical. Mary of Medicis, in her dream, saw the brilliant gems of her crown change into pearls, the symbol of tears and mourning. An owl hooted until sunrise at the window of the chamber to which the King and Queen retired at St. Denis, on the night preceding her coronation. During the ceremony it was observed, with dread, that the dark portals leading to the royal sepulchres beneath the choir were gaping and expanded. The flame of the consecrated taper held by the Queen was suddenly extinguished, and twice her crown nearly fell to the ground. The prognostications of the misfortunes of the Stuarts have equally a character of solemn grandeur; and we are reminded of the portents of Rome when we read how the sudden tempest rent the royal standard on the Tower of London. Charles, yielding to his destiny, was obstinate in the signs of evil death. He refused to be clad in the garments of Edward the Confessor, in which all his predecessors had been arrayed, and he would be attired in white satin<sup>1</sup>. Strongly did the Earl of Pembroke attempt to dissuade him—for the prophecy of the misfortunes of the *white King* had long been current—but his intreaties were in vain; and Charles was crowned, invested with the raiment which indicated his misfortunes.

So near a relation exists between the delusions of Astrology and of Alchemy that it will excite but little surprise if we find Alonso

the Astrologer appearing also in the character of Alonso the Adept. In the "*Libro del Tesoro*," composed by "Don Alonso, King of Spain, he who had been Emperor," he states, with great devotion and humility that, although he had not wished for the philosopher's stone, yet the gift was bestowed upon him, that he might defend the Kingdoms of his fathers. "In secrecy," he says, "I was instructed in this inestimable treasure, and therewith did I increase my wealth." It would have been fortunate if he could have employed his power in the season of distress. Letters are extant in which King Alonso solicits alms; and he pawned his crown jewels to the Miramamolín of Morocco. The fancied treasure of Alonso was guarded with much jealousy. A copy is extant in the Royal library at Madrid, bound in boards of massy oak. The manuscript was locked with an iron lock, a circumstance from whence it also obtained the name of the "*Libro del Candado*." This precaution seems, however, to have been needless, for all the efficient lessons of the art are written in secret characters, so that the opening of the volume is of little service to "the good and the wise," for whose profit Alonso wishes to reserve the exposition of the secret, which he was equally anxious to conceal from the profane<sup>a</sup>. The cipher employed by Alonso indicates the source of his knowledge. His alphabet appears to be a current Cuphic character, or rather that modification of the Cuphic which is still used by the Occidental or Mauritanian Arabs, but the letters are varied by points and flourishes; they are probably not employed according to their original powers; and it appears from the table or key at the end of the Madrid manuscript, that each letter of the Roman alphabet has ten or twelve corresponding signs in the secret character.

Alonso chose to deliver his precepts in "*trovas*" or in verse, a practice which was also adopted by many other adepts. Alchemy has been pithily defined in the old apophthegm—"Ars sine arte,

<sup>a</sup> As a specimen of the full-toned Castilian prose of this royal author, we give the following passage:

"Magner sea dicho en los libros de los Sabios que el omo que oculta el tesoro non face de caridad, bien que yo non sea menguado desta, quise occultar este ca non fuese entendido salvo de ome bueno e sabio, (ca non ser puede la sabiduria sin la bondad, como lo dixo Salomon,) porque yo dixi ca seyendo comun llegaria a las manos de los omes non buenos. E para que sepades en como fui sabido deste alto saber, yo vos lo dire en trovas. Ca sabed que el verso face excellentes e mas bien oydos los casos ca sabemos en como Dios dellos asaz le place ca asi lo fizo el Rey David en el su Salterio. Yo fui sabido en este gran Tesoro en poridad e lo fiz, e con el aumenté el mi aver."



cujus principium est mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare.” Not contented with the promise of poverty entailed upon their own pursuit, the Alchemists thought fit to unite it with the unprofitable art of poesy. Alonso claims an Egyptian as his master in the noble sciences of Astrology and Alchemy. The best vessel in his navy sailed to Alexandria, where the Sage embarked.

“Llegó pues la fama a los mios oidos  
Qu'en tierra de Egipto un sabio vivia,  
E con su saber oí que facia  
Notos los casos ca non son venidos:  
Los astros juzgaba, e aquestos movidos  
Por disposicion del cielo, fallaba  
Los casos qu'el tiempo futuro occultaba,  
Bien fuesen antes por este entendidos.

De las mias naves mandé la mejor,  
E llegada al puerto de Alexandria,  
El fisico Astrologo en ella salia.  
E à mí fue llegado cortés con amor:  
E aviendo sabido su grande primor  
En los movimientos que face la sphaera  
Siempre le tuve en grande manera,  
Ca siempre a los sabios se debe el onor.

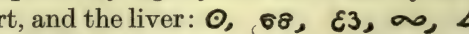


La piedra que llaman filosofal  
Sabia facer, e me la enseñó  
Fecimosla juntos, despues solo yo,  
Conque muchas veces crecio mi caudal;  
E bien que se puede facer esta tal  
De otras materias, mas siempre una cosa  
Yo vos propongo la menos penosa  
Mas escelente e mas principal.

\* \* \* \* \*














Lo que yo quiero es non sea perdido  
La gran valia deste magisterio  
Mas non quiero dar un tan grande imperio  
A ome qu'en letras non sea sabido.”

This proem is followed by the Poetical Treasure itself, divided into books. Leonardo Fioravanti of Bologna deciphered twenty-seven octaves. The promised way to wealth disclosed in them is by no means more accessible than that which is found in such alchemical works as can be read with greater ease; and Alonso shrouds himself in all the mystery of other adepts, when he instructs us to take the daughter of the Sun, the lady who dwells in the heavens, and wash her black face in the baths of the moon.

Del Rio, who, unmindful of the Horatian precept, brings in the devil for the purpose of removing many difficulties which might be solved without his agency, supposes that Satan was efficient in promoting the study of Alchemy. Constantine and his companions had followed all the precepts of Hermes, but no gold appeared; and, weary and disappointed, they consulted the Angel of Darkness, asking him to reveal the means of effecting the transmutation and thus obtaining all worldly goods and riches.—“Laborate, laborate, laborate,”—was the reply which they received. Encouraged by the implied promise of success, they began the alchemical process again, and pursued the task so strenuously, that at length all their property was wasted, and they were reduced to the greatest misery. At last Constantine understood the meaning of the precept. “Thus it is,” he said to his companions, “that the lying spirit deceives mankind by ambiguous truth. Leaving these vain labours, let us each adopt some honest calling. Let us work, and we shall be rewarded. And, obeying the infernal oracle in its real sense, we shall reap a benefit which it never intended to bestow.”

By the common consent of the ancient writers we are taught to consider Egypt as the parent land of alchemical sciences. Perhaps some of the numerous symbols which the Astronomer employed in common with the Alchemist, if not truly Egyptian hieroglyphics, may at least be reminiscences or imitations of the sacred character. The signs denoting the seven Planets are unquestionably of high antiquity, and figures resembling them though they may not bear the same signification, are found on Egyptian monuments. Sir Robert Ker Porter, whose drawings of the monuments of Iran have given us great satisfaction, discovered signs very similar to the characters of Astrology on the Takt Sulliman, or Throne of Solomon. There is only one on each stone, and at the corner. We cannot agree with him in supposing that they are numerals. The ancient Greek treatises on astrology, alchemy, and medicine, all parts of the great encyclopedia of Thauth, are filled with characters in the nature of hieroglyphics. Some are merely abbreviated or cursive representations of visible objects, like those employed by the Chinese. We may instance the following, which respectively signify the head, the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the heart, and the liver: . The flow of water is visible in the waving character also applied to the watery sign ; and in  it is seen descending from the clouds as rain. Others are allusive or emblematical. Heaven and



Earth are designated by the erected or inverted arch, , ; Day and Night by the ascending or descending ray , . The chemical elements of fire, air, water, and earth, are appropriately distinguished by erect or inverted pyramids, , , , . Compounded characters are formed by an intelligible analogy. One of the characters of the sun , placed beneath the hemispheres, acquires the meaning of night : and the sea is denoted by the character of water united to the moon . Objects known only to the mind required arbitrary signs, such as  and , Angel and Demon. These characters have been engraved, but in a very slovenly manner, in the *Lexicon Græco-barbaricum* of Du Cange. We should like to have them collected by Dr. Young<sup>1</sup>; whose acuteness and learning seem calculated to subdue the difficulties of palæography. The subject is curious in itself, even if it should not tend to the explanation of the kindred signs of the Egyptians; and no attempt to illustrate the wrecks of the physical knowledge of antiquity can be without utility.

Surrounded by the monuments of primeval art, the Arab who sojourned in the land of the Pharaohs attempted to expound, perhaps to protect, the mystic marvels, by considering the idols and their attributes as the records of chemical science. Zadith, the son of Hamuel, penetrated into such a sepulchral temple as our late enterprising travellers have disclosed<sup>a</sup>. The explanations

<sup>a</sup> The book of Zadith is stated, and we believe truly, to have been translated from the Arabic. The author does not describe the subterraneous temple with the accuracy of an antiquary, but it is easy to recognize in his description the scenes which have been made familiar to us by the persevering and skilful exertions of Belzoni<sup>2</sup>.

"Intravi ego et Oboel in domum grandem subterraneam, et postea intui ego  
 "et Elhasan universos carceres Joseph ignotos; et vidi in tecto imagines novem  
 "aquilarum pictas, habentes alas expansas ac si volarent, pedes vero extentos et  
 "apertos, et in pede uniusquisque aquilæ similitudo arcus ampli, quem solent  
 "ferre sagittarii: et in pariete domus a dextris et a sinistris intrantis, imagines  
 "hominum stantium, prout possent esse perfectiores et pulchriores, induti  
 "diversis vestimentis et coloribus, habentes manus extensas ad interiorem  
 "thalamum, imminentes ad quandam statuam sedentem intus in domo, in latere  
 "juxta parietem thalami interioris a sinistris intrantis thalamum contra faciem  
 "suam. Et sedebat in cathedram similem cathedræ medicorum, extractam a  
 "statua illa, et habebat in gremio suo super brachiis suis et in manibus extensis  
 "super genua sua tabulam marmoream extractam ab ea, et digiti manuum  
 "ejusdem erant sub tabula reflexi desuper ac si teneret eam, et erat tabula sicut  
 "liber apertus cuilibet intranti veluti si innueret respicere in eam. Et in parte

given by the Sage of the figures which he saw, or fancied that he saw, on the marble tablet, which the idol supported on its knees, of the birds, the suns, the moons, the spheres, form an alchemical treatise of the usual class. However absurd the interpretations may be, the Arabians only followed the Greeks in ascribing an alchemical meaning to the symbols employed by the hierophants of Misraim.

Alchemical symbols are discovered in the sacred edifices of the middle ages. Their appearance need not excite surprise, notwithstanding the seeming incongruity of their position. Alchemy was a most pure and a most holy art, vouchsafed to man by the benignity of Providence. Its lessons were sanctified by profound and mystic theosophy. It was a favourite study of the clergy; and a numerous and venerable cohort of adepts can be assembled from the cloister and the cathedral. The consecrated walls and the storied window have displayed the symbols of the magistry and the elixir. And the blue lion and the green lion, the red man and the white woman, the toad, the crow, the dragon, and the panther—

“Intending but one thing, which art our writers  
Used to obscure their art”—

were blended with the legends of saints and martyrs. Paul's walk was the frequent resort of gulls and knaves, and sharks, and lawyers. The learned Sergeant of the coif from the Court of Common Pleas, and the sagacious cut-purse from the purlieus of Pickt-hatch all plied for their prey beneath the arches of the metropolitan cathedral. Westminster Abbey had equal honours, and its fretted aisles were the favoured haunts of the adepts. The Benedictines were great proficient in alchemy. Many of the prelates of Westminster were alchemists of note and fame, and their church was adorned with the graphic allegories of the art. Such was the very remarkable device painted by Abbot Islip in his chantry. It continued there till the time of Elias Ashmole, when, to his great discomfiture, it was washed over with a “plaisterer's whited brush.” The hieroglyphic represented a triple sphere filled with mystical figures. At first sight the chief group might be considered as a representation of the fall of Lucifer; but the crucibles and stars and the other symbols interspersed amongst the devil and his angels proved the chemical import of the hieroglyphical circles. Other emblems still exist in the Abbey,

“*thalami in qua sedebat erant imagines diversarum rerum infinitæ et litteræ de  
“barbaria.”*



which tell to the initiated that the Black monks who once chanted in the choir were deeply read in occult science. In the western window of the southern aisle, the magical Pentalfa still retains its station; and the rich pavement before the altar exhibits the celestial orbs and spheres. Much about the same time that the Abbey painting was obliterated, the Puritans, quite unwitting of the loss which their misguided zeal occasioned to the Commonwealth, broke in pieces a splendid glass window behind the pulpit in Saint Margaret's church, "wherein was fairly painted the "whole processe of the worke," but which process the churchwardens unhappily mistook for a popish story. Ashmole gives a detailed description of this remarkable painting. The window was divided into three parts. "In the outermost whereof, upon the "right hand, was drawn a man holding a boy in his hand, and a "woman with a girl in hers, all standing in upright naked postures "upon a green foliate earth. The man and woman had fetters "wherewith their feet seemed to be chained to the ground, which "fetters were presented as falling off from their legs; over the heads "of these persons were the sun and moon placed and painted of a "sad dark colour. Within the left side of the window was a "beautiful young man clad in a garment of various colours, "bearing a yellow cross upon his shoulders, his body encircled "with a bright glory which sent forth beams of divers colours. "He stood upon an earth imitating *oculus piscium*. At the foot "of the middle part of the window was a fair large red rose, full "spread, which issued rays upwards, and in the middle an ex- "ceeding bright yellow glory. Above the rose was the figure of a "man rising with beams of light spread about his head (somewhat "like the posture used to express Christ's rising from off the "sepulchre). He had a garment of a reddish colour, diapered with "red, and heightened with yellow. In his left hand, a white stone, "which he held towards the persons arising in that part of the "window on the right hand. And in his right hand he held forth "a red stone towards him whose garment was of various colours. "In the uppermost part of the window over the figures was "transversely written as follows. In the first part of the left hand "—*Omnes gentes adepti plaudite quia Dominus frater vester....* "In the middle part—....*at mittens spiritum suum, ecce nova facio* "*omnia celum et t....* In the third, on the right hand—*Factus* "*quasi unus ce.... ia.... angelis tibi.*" An armorial bearing which was painted amongst the ornaments might lead to a discovery of the person by whom the emblems were devised.

The alchemical dragons are sculptured at Ely and even on many of our Norman portals. In the east window of the Abbey Church at Bath, the sun and the moon and the seven stars are yet seen in the topmost spandrils. It may be conjectured that they are the remnants of some alchemical representation, placed there by William Bird, the last prior of the house and an artist of great renown. Prior Bird made good use of the riches which he derived from alchemy, and expended large sums in endeavouring to finish the Abbey. We are inclined to think that the singular representation of Jacob's dream which adorns the west front must be considered as an alchemical allegory rather than as a scriptural history. Both in character and in disposition the sculptures are unlike any others remaining upon our monuments of ecclesiastical architecture; and the alchemist, like the wizard, would often palter in a double sense. The prior was deprived of his treasure; it was reft from him in obedience to the never-varying fatality, leaving him nought but misery.

"He had our stone, our medicine, our elixir and all,  
Which when the abbey was suppressed he hid in a wall;  
And ten days after he went to fetch it out,  
And there he found but the stopple of a clout;  
Then he tould me he was in such an agonie,  
That for the losse thereof he thought he should be frenzie;  
And a toy tooke him in the head to run such a race,  
That many year after he had no settling place;  
And more he is darke, and cannot see,  
But hath a boy to lead him through the countree."

The allegories of alchemy often lurk in places where they are least suspected. On a boss which has fallen from the groined roof of the Cathedral of Saint David are seen three rabbits, so disposed, that, although each head is complete, there are only three ears amongst them all. The verger merely desires the visitor to notice the ingenuity of the sculptor; but if we only take the trouble to consult the last will and testament of the Benedictine, Basil Valentine, we shall discover that these rabbits are in truth "the hunt of Venus," and that they afford no small help in the concoction of the philosopher's stone. Possibly they may also be found in the fair and lively hieroglyphical pictures representing the whole process, which that same learned Adept caused to be limned in the cloister of Walkenried, in the Hercynian forest. Many of the ecclesiastical buildings of France were also ornamented with the symbols of the work of alchemy. In the cloister walk surrounding the cemetery of the Innocents at Paris, Nicholas Flamel<sup>1</sup> and



Petronella caused to be depicted "the most true and essential marks or signs of this art, yet under veils, types and hieroglyphical covertures, such as they found them illuminated in the ancient volume from which they learnt the secret of the elixir of life"; some of these paintings existed till the demolition of the cloister. A theological as well as an alchemical interpretation could be given to parts of these celebrated hieroglyphics, which long continued to tempt and torture the wits of the alchemical tyro. St. Peter in yellow and red, and St. Paul in white and yellow, might meet the eyes of the vulgar; but the figures "are not made for those who have never read the books of the philosophers, and who, not knowing the metallic principles, or first matter of metals, cannot be called children of wise men." William of Paris<sup>1</sup> erected the West Front of Notre-Dame; and it is said that the statues and medallions which enrich that noble monument reveal all the methods which are to be taken for completing the Great Work; there is not a figure which does not bear a hidden sense. Amongst others a basso relievo of Job surrounded by his comforters was intended to represent—not the alchemist—but the stone itself, which, as Raymond Lully<sup>2</sup> observes, must undergo every kind of affliction and martyrdom before it can attain perfection. William of Paris also raised a statue which stood in the parvis of Notre-Dame, a tall and haggard figure of a man with a serpent twisted about his feet, a representation of the alchemical Mercury. We believe it existed until the Revolution. Sometimes the same representations are found on civil edifices. Many figures were sculptured on the front of the dwelling-house of Nicholas Flamel and Petronella, which the alchemist explained like his other hieroglyphics. We might say more upon this subject, if we could borrow the assistance of the graver. The emblematical iconology of the middle ages has not yet been sufficiently studied, and we give these details for the purpose of exciting further investigation.

That the alchemists possessed a certain portion of useful knowledge cannot be doubted. Mr. Brande, who has ably traced the history of chemistry from its rude and empirical origin until the present era, says that the works ascribed to Geber contain matter that well justifies the praise of Boerhaave<sup>3</sup>, who considers him as a first-rate philosopher of his age. But the secrecy which the alchemists affected repelled improvement; almost every discovery died with its inventor. Until the triumphal chariot of Antimony rolled forth, and the bold but credulous physicians of the sixteenth

and seventeenth centuries borrowed the powerful *materia medica* which they found in the laboratory, by which they discomfited the followers of Galen, the chemistry of Hermes had scarcely produced any practical benefit in the higher pursuits of science. And the assistance which some of its preparations afforded to a few branches of the arts was accomplished rather by accident than by intention. Mr. Brande observes that

“The transmutation of baser metals into gold and silver, which was the chief, and, in most cases, the only object of the genuine alchymists, was not merely regarded as possible, but believed to have been performed, by some of the more enlightened chemists of the seventeenth century; and in perusing the history of these transmutations, as recorded by Helvetius<sup>1</sup>, Boerhaave, Boyle, and other sober-minded men, it would be difficult to resist the evidence adduced, without the aids of modern science. Lord Bacon’s sound sense has been arraigned for his belief in alchymy, though he, in fact, rather urges the possibility than the probability of transmutation; and, considering the infant state of the experimental sciences, and of chemistry in particular, in his age, and the plausible exterior of the phenomena that the chemists were able to produce, he is rather to be considered as sceptical than credulous, upon many of the points which he discusses.”

According to the traditions of the alchemists<sup>2</sup>, the first gold coined in England after the Conquest was produced by *projection*. Raymond Lully, the Catalan, who visited this country in the reign of Edward I., created the gold which was stamped in the rose-noble of that monarch; and the image of the sun surmounted by the mystical flower, as well as the inscription impressed on the obverse, “*Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*,” must, according to the Adepts, be considered as denoting the art which formed the precious metal. Raymond was hospitably received by Abbot Cremer in the Abbey of Westminster, and many years after his decease, a little chest, filled with the powder of transmutation, was found in the cell which he had inhabited. His principal domicile, however, appears to have been in St. Katharine’s Hospital, where he wrote his last will and testament, which he dedicated to King Edward. Without doubt Raymond Lully chose this residence on account of its convenient contiguity to the Tower of London, in which he carried on the process. At one operation alone we are told that he changed fifty thousand pounds weight of quicksilver, lead and tin, into pure gold; and according



to credible authorities he furnished His Majesty's Mint, first and last, with bullion to the amount of six millions sterling. It appears from the last will and testament of Abbot Cremer, who introduced the philosopher to the monarch, that at length he refused to make any more money for King Edward. Lully, who was a worthy man, only granted the subsidy upon condition that it should be employed in making war upon infidels and unbelievers; whereas the king thought he was performing his part of the treaty with equal advantage to Christendom by spending the supplies in making war upon the Scots. In consequence of this dispute King Edward waxed wroth, and, as Ashmole saith, he ungratefully confined Lully in the Tower of London, where he remained a long time, until at length he made his escape in the disguise of a leper. Friar Raymond, if he had been kept in good humour, would have changed all the stock in trade of the "Braziers of Lothbury" into pure gold, and the nation might have dispensed with the aid of the Hermetic professors, who, of late years, have effected far more wondrous transmutations in and about the same neighbourhood. How far Philip de Willoughby, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the year 1313, when Raymond Lully was lost to this kingdom, deserved impeachment for his negligence, cannot be well ascertained at this distance of time; yet it is very clear that a little more attention would have saved a world of trouble to his successors in that high office.

Frederick III., Emperor of Germany, caused a medal to be struck of the gold produced by an alchemical operation, which was performed in his presence by a quack of the name of Richterhausen. Frederick was so well satisfied, that he granted letters of nobility to the Adept, and called him up amongst the barons of the Holy Roman empire by the appropriate style of "Baron "of Chaos." Such a fief was worth a fortune, and accordingly wherever he went, the Baron of Chaos met with capital success. At the court of the Elector of Mayence he offered to effect a transmutation, for which purpose he produced a small portion of the matter of projection, in shape and size like a lentil. The powder had been mixed up with gum tragacanth, for the purpose, as he said, of binding it, and then again the pellet was enveloped in wax. The Elector was desired to put it, together with four ounces of quicksilver, in a crucible, which was afterwards covered with charcoal. The Elector and the Baron of Chaos—we like to repeat his title—then blew the fire lustily—or, as Monconnis expresses their diligence, "*ils commencèrent à souffler d'importance*"—

and at the expiration of half an hour the crucible was taken from the furnace, and the baron poured out the molten gold. The liquid metal appeared of a bright red, and the baron exclaimed that its touch was too high—it must be lowered by the addition of silver. The Elector threw in a bar of silver, and after a second fusion the metal was cast in an ingot. It was very pure, but rather brittle. The Baron of Chaos easily accounted for this defect,—some particles of tin probably adhered to the ingot mould, but a third fusion would remove the alloy. This was done at the mint, and the gold then became exceedingly ductile; “and the mint-master told his Serene Highness that he had never seen such “fine gold, and that its touch was *more* than twenty-four carats.” Monconnis tells the story in the words of the Elector, and it is evident that both of them believed that a real transmutation had taken place. From the relation, it is equally evident that the Baron of Chaos practised one of the juggling tricks of the “elvish-craft” which have been so well described by Dan Chaucer.

“This Priest him busieth in all that he can  
 To doon as this Chanoun, this cursed man,  
 Commandeth him, and fast he blew the fire,  
 For to come to the effect of his desire.  
 And this Chanoun, right in the mean while,  
 All ready was, the Priest eft to beguile,  
 And, for a countenance, in his hand bare  
 An hollow stick, (take, keep, and beware!)  
 In the end of which an ounce, and no more,  
 Of silver limaille put was, as before;  
 Was in his coal, and stopped with wax well  
 For to keep in his limaille every del.  
 And while this Priest was in his business,  
 This Chanoun with his stick gan him dress  
 To him anon, and his powder cast in,  
 As he did erst; (the devil out of his skin  
 Him turn, I pray to God, for his falsehede;  
 For he was ever false in thought and deed);  
 And with this stick; above the crosslet,  
 That was ordained with that false get,  
 He stirreth the coals, till relenten gan  
 The wax again the fire, as every man,  
 But it a fool be, wot well it mote need,  
 And all that in the stick was out yede,  
 And in the crosslet hastily it fell.”

Less fortunate than the Baron of Chaos was an alchemist of the name of John Henry Muller, who originally practised as a barber in Alsace, his native province. The court of the Emperor



Rodolph, a munificent patron of the occult sciences, offered great temptations to adventurers of this description, and Muller's management of the emperor was so satisfactory, that he obtained large presents. He was exalted into the caste of nobility, and his humble surname of "Muller," or "Miller," was judiciously expanded into the title of "Baron of Mühlenfels," "The Rock of the Mill." After many adventures the Baron of Mühlenfels arrived at Stuttgart. Duke Frederick of Wirtemberg was as ardent an alchemist as the emperor, and the baron performed many transmutations with great success. The duke poured the metals into the crucible, the doors of the laboratory were locked and sealed, and on the following morning the amalgam of lead and mercury was found richly impregnated with gold. Another operation, performed in the Castle of Reichlingen, had the same result. The Baron of Mühlenfels was enabled to effect the first transmutation by the help of a confederate concealed in a chest which was supposed to contain chemical apparatus; and at Reichlingen the same useful agent found his way through a vault. But the baron was not allowed to enjoy his credit in peace, for now the far-famed Sandivogius made his appearance at Stuttgart. Sandivogius, a real Polish nobleman, was universally considered as the greatest alchemist and magician of the age. The two adepts were placed in a dramatic situation, which would be ludicrous enough were it not for the catastrophe. The Baron of Mühlenfels was a credulous rogue, and, conscious that he was an impostor, he was dreadfully perplexed by the presence of a rival whom he verily believed to be a true master of the occult sciences. By insinuating to Sandivogius (whose conscience was probably not very clear, and who seems to have been equally apprehensive of coming into contact with any genuine Sage) that the duke intended to put him to the torture for the purpose of obtaining the secret, the baron induced him to run away from Stuttgart. Mühlenfels then contrived to arrest the Adept in his road, by virtue of a feigned order. Sandivogius was thrown into a dungeon by a village judge, Mühlenfels took possession of his property, which was very considerable, and the unlucky alchemist was nearly killed by the severities which the false brother inflicted upon him, in order to compel him to disclose the mysteries of the art; for, as we have observed before, Mühlenfels never doubted but that Sandivogius possessed the philosopher's stone. Sandivogius at length escaped from his prison, and accused the baron before the Imperial tribunal. Mühlenfels was found guilty of robbery, and condemned

to die. He begged earnestly to be beheaded, but the favour was not granted—he was hanged on an iron gallows, which the Duke of Wirtemberg had erected some time before for the punishment of a similar impostor; and, as an emblem of his crime, he was dressed in a garment covered with leaf gold.

The old jurists had some difficulty in determining whether it was lawfully allowable to make money by alchemy. Baldus<sup>1</sup>, a high authority amongst the Civilians, gave his opinion, that the practice was legal. Our common lawyers thought otherwise, and in the reign of Henry IV. an act was passed (according to Lord Coke it is the shortest in the Statute Book), which ordains “that no one “from henceforth shall use to *multiply* gold or silver, nor use the “craft of multiplication.” Boyle is said to have procured the repeal of this prohibitory enactment, on account of the impediments which it offered to the study of alchemy; but by inspecting the petition upon which the act was founded, it appears that it was intended merely to repress the ingenuity of a most unphilosophical class of artists. The Commons pray that the practisers of the aforesaid art shall, upon conviction, incur the punishment of felony; “because many persons by colour of this multiplication “make false money, to the great deceit of the King, and the “injury of his people<sup>a</sup>.”

Ashmole observes that there has “been a continued succession “of philosophers in all ages, though the heedless world hath seldom “taken notice of them.” Like the brethren of the Rosy Cross they veiled their knowledge and their art. Paul Lucas, when he was at Broussa, in Asia Minor, in the year 1714, met a Dervise, an Usbeck Tartar, at a caravansary, whose appearance announced that he was no ordinary man. In the course of conversation, seeing that he could trust the French traveller, he made a confidential disclosure. He was one of the seven wise men who constantly wander through the world in search of more wisdom. Every twenty years they assemble, and at parting they name the town where they are to meet again, and Broussa was the place in which they now were to hold their meeting. After such a statement it may be easily anticipated that the Dervise hinted he was in possession of the philosopher’s stone, which would prolong the

<sup>a</sup> “Item, priount les Communes, que nul desore enavant use de multiplier or, “argent ne art de multiplication. Et si nulles de ce soient atteintz qu’ils encouragent “la peine de felonie; qar plusieurs hommes par colour de cest multiplication font “faux monoie, au grant deceit du Roy et damage de son people. Le Roy le voet.”  
—Rot. Par. 5 Hen. IV. 64.



life of the philosopher to an antediluvian period. Paul Lucas smiled incredulously.—Nicholas Flamel and Petronella possessed the secret, but they died (as we all must die) three hundred years ago.—Great was his surprise, when, in answer to this observation, the Dervise stated that Nicholas Flamel and Petronella were yet living; he had seen them in India about three years before, and they were his dearest friends. Paul Lucas, though ignorant and credulous, was honest; and as Monsieur de Châteaubriand could not detect Badia the Spaniard in the caftan of Ali Bey, we can imagine that Paul was equally unable to recognize a Frenchman beneath the karakalpac of the Usbeck Tartar. The opinion that the Adepts communicated with each other in distant countries by means of a kind of Masonic or Rosicrucian organization, may not be wholly untrue. Soon after the noble owner of Ragley Hall<sup>1</sup> was married to his present lady, she received a letter under date of Frankfort, from a stranger. The writer made very anxious inquiries respecting certain alchemical manuscripts deposited in such a room in such a turret, which he described with accuracy. On showing the letter to her husband, he recollected that the manuscripts had certainly been preserved in the room designated by the correspondent; but that on the occasion of his first marriage, the chamber being wanted for occupation, and the papers appearing to be waste paper, they were committed to the flames. It was supposed in the family that the manuscripts had belonged to an Adept who had been patronized by a lady dowager about the beginning of the last century, and who died at Ragley; but as far as they knew, no person who could understand the papers had ever seen them, still less could it be ascertained how any intimation of their existence could be conveyed to the Adept at Frankfort.

The race of the Alchemists is now probably extinct. One of the last true believers in the art was Peter Woulfe, of whom Mr. Brande says,

“ it is to be regretted that no biographical memoir has been  
“ preserved. I have picked up a few anecdotes respecting him from  
“ two or three friends who were his acquaintance. He occupied  
“ chambers in Barnard’s Inn while residing in London, and usually  
“ spent the summer in Paris. His rooms, which were extensive,  
“ were so filled with furnaces and apparatus that it was difficult  
“ to reach his fire-side. A friend told me that he once put down his  
“ hat, and never could find it again, such was the confusion of  
“ boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the chamber. His

“breakfast-hour was four in the morning; a few of his select friends were occasionally invited to this repast, to whom a secret signal was given by which they gained entrance, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of his apartment. He had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failures to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. I understand that some of his apparatus is still extant, upon which are supplications for success, and for the welfare of the adepts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injury by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents were sometimes of a curious description, and consisted usually of some expensive chemical product or preparation. He had an heroic remedy for illness: when he felt himself seriously indisposed he took a place in the Edinburgh mail, and having reached that city, immediately came back in the returning coach to London. A cold taken on one of these expeditions, terminated in an inflammation of the lungs, of which he died in 1805”—pp. 25, 26.

About twenty years ago, another solitary Adept lived or rather starved in London, in the person of the editor of an evening journal, who expected to compound the alcahest if he could only keep his materials digested in a lamp-furnace for the space of seven years. The lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then unluckily it went out. Why it went out, the Adept never could guess; but he was certain that if the flame would only have burnt to the end of the septenary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded.

There were some amongst the alchemists, as is well observed by Mr. Brande, who conducted their pursuits upon rational principles, and “whose writings, though overshadowed by the clouds of magic and astrology, are in many instances illuminated by the rays of sober experimental investigation.” They often indulge in the insane caprices of the mere searchers for the philosopher’s stone, but their madness has method in it, and their wanderings are “not without a plan.” Respect is due to the memory of these men. They were misled only by their injudicious opinions respecting the power of knowledge. Believing that the inmost mysteries of nature could be unravelled by art, they did not despair of reducing all the modifications of matter to the primitive element; and of causing the component atoms of the harsh and churlish ore to dissever themselves from the combina-



tions which wear the appearance of imperfection, and to re-unite in the arrangement which constitutes the pure metal of the sun. Mistaken, superstitious, or bigoted, it was seldom that any mean or sordid expectation guided the monk in his cell. Rejecting the fabulous legends which have been interwoven in the narrative of the life of Raymond of Majorca<sup>1</sup>, we know that when he rushed out of the bed-chamber of Leonor, he abandoned the world, its passions, and its feelings. He would have contemned the boundless wealth which his alcahest would have created. The real alchemist persevered for the sake of science. He had formed an hypothesis, splendid though erroneous, and he laboured to realize his fallacious theory. But the vulgar adept was not deluded by these generous speculations. However he might endeavour to conceal his motives, by employing the devout language of the sage, he really only longed for riches and for the enjoyments which they can purchase.

“...my mists

I'll have of perfume vapoured round the room  
To lose ourselves in, and my baths like pits  
To fall into, from whence we will come forth  
And roll ourselves in gossamer and roses.  
My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,  
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded  
With em'ralsds, sapphires, hiacynths, and rubies.

...My shirts

I'll have of taffeta sarsnet, soft and light  
As cobwebs, and for all my other rayment  
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,  
Were he to teach the world riot anew.”

The Adepts composing the class, of which Sir Epicure Mammon is a representative, were always doomed to disappointment, but never undeceived. No alchemist was seen to thrive by his art, and yet none would be warned by the invisibility of the riches of their predecessors. They would always lie to themselves, for the purpose of justifying their own folly. Their arguments display the ludicrous yet deplorable ingenuity exerted for the purpose of soothing the consciousness of the illusion which delighted them. Was the reason sought why the operator, who commanded more than the mines of Ophir, should enter the hostel, clad in a threadbare gabardine, his countenance hollow-eyed, sallow and hunger-worn, his aspect bespeaking utter wretchedness? An answer readily suggested itself, that following his high behest, he was wandering through the world in voluntary poverty, employing all his wealth in pious uses; founding colleges and grammar-schools, marrying

young virgins, building hospitals, and endowing churches. Frauds were discovered, but the credit of the alchemist was never lost amongst the brotherhood. Detection of imposture did not disgrace the science. The Disciple affirmed that his Master willingly presented himself as a cheat, and purposely subjected himself to the disgrace of appearing like a trickster, lest the wicked princes of the world should seize the invaluable artist, and force him by scourge and fire to disclose the never-failing source of opulence.

It might be thought that the numbers who had lost their all in this "sliding science" would induce more correct though more uncharitable opinions. Yet alchemy stood its ground, and flourished; and the adept, though a felon by Act of Parliament, worked in peace with unchanged hope and unwearied earnestness. All the sad experience which he obtains can never suffice for his instruction. Retorts burst, the crucibles are shivered in the glede, the projection evaporates in reek and fume, but the alchemist is not to be roused from his day-dream. Again he returns to the laboratory. He refills the alembic and the aludel; and the Bath of Mary is replenished anew. Salt, sulphur, and mercury are blended in proportionate measure, and once more the parched disciple of Geber watches the concoction of the tincture and the menstruum, whilst he nourished the slow reverberating flames of the athanor. His diligence abates not with increasing age. His auburn hair has become grey. His limbs are shrunk, but still he labours without remission. Years roll on. The colours of the liquid change; it reflects the azure hue, which gradually softens into the play of the opal, and at length the iridescent tints concentrate into the gleam of the orient ruby. Breathless and feverish, he hails the appearances which the mystic sages of the East have taught him to consider as the tokens that the great work is fast approaching to its consummation. He rejoices. His toils are terminated, and the elixir is in his power. But at the very moment of joy, he discovers again that fate denies the boon; and the transmutation is as ineffectual as when, young in spirit, he first read the perplexed allegories in which he has so long placed his trust. And yet he will not learn the truth, but with hopeless eagerness returns again to the madness which lives in him even until he expires!

We readily ascribe this erring obstinacy to the ignorance of the "Middle Ages." Wisdom is attributed to our times because the true end of science is now rightly defined. Undoubtedly the chemist has much more knowledge, but the average quantity in



the wide world remains nearly the same. Men may become wiser; they cannot become wise. The most mischievous hallucination of the Adept was not occasioned by his erroneous hypothesis; the disease arose from a disorganization which is still as prevalent as ever, and which no hellebore can cure. It affects the species, not the individual. It arises not from the head, but from the heart. It is a sin, and not a folly. Expectations which the ordinary course of events cannot realize, hopes which regular industry cannot fulfil, desires which all the mines of Ophir cannot satisfy, will always enslave mankind. Avarice in other days listened to the cozening promises whose fallacy is now proved; but the thrall of that bad passion who pined before the furnace is now conducted to the speculations of the merchant's mart, or to the hazard of his wealth in the midnight den of the gamester. Those who are unable to acquire the practical philosophy of abandoning all wishes except such as can be dictated by prudence and accepted by honesty, have derived no great advantage, though knowledge has annihilated the temptation which punished the ancient alchemist with want and ruin.

Astrology, like alchemy, derives no protection from sober reason, yet, with all its vanity and idleness, it was not a corrupting weakness. Tokens, predictions, prognostics, possess a psychological reality. All events are but the consummation of preceding causes, clearly felt, but not distinctly apprehended. When the strain is sounded, the most untutored listener can tell that it will end with the key-note, though he cannot explain why each successive bar must at last lead to the concluding chord. The omen embodies the presentiment, and receives its consistency from our hopes or fears.

The influence of astrology over the individual often added to his energy. As such, it may have been a beneficial fallacy. No great undertaking, perhaps no good one, was ever accomplished but by him who firmly felt that he was called and named to accomplish the task. A philosopher of France, possessing great and deserved reputation, has told us, that modern science earns its chief honours by dispelling this enthusiasm. "Astronomy," he observes, "is the proudest monument of the human mind, and the noblest evidence of its powers. Equally deceived by the imperfections of his senses and the illusions of self-love, man long considered himself to be the centre of the movements of the stars. And his vanity has been punished by the terrors to which they have given rise. At length ages of labour have

“ removed the veil which concealed the system of the world from  
“ him. He then found himself placed on the surface of a planet,  
“ so small as to be scarcely perceptible in that solar system, which  
“ itself is but a point in the infinity of space. The sublime results  
“ to which his discoveries have conducted him are fit to console  
“ him for the rank which they assign to the earth. Therefore we  
“ should employ every endeavour to preserve and increase these  
“ exalted sources of knowledge, the delight of all thinking beings.  
“ They have rendered important services to navigation and geo-  
“ graphy; but the greatest of all benefits which they have con-  
“ ferred upon society must be found in the removal of the fears  
“ excited by the celestial phenomena, and the confutation of the  
“ errors created by our ignorance of the true relations which we  
“ bear to nature.” Such are the words of Laplace, and the  
opinions involved in the general argument will be readily admitted.  
Yet it may be right that we should temper our exultation. We can  
now view the planets as they circle, without supposing that they  
are impelled by intelligences who exercise either a benign or an  
hostile influence over our actions. Renouncing the support derived  
from the star-gazer and the astrologer, we are freed from their  
unfounded terrors; but if it is a subject of triumph that the human  
mind should be thus emancipated, let us recollect the means by  
which the victory has been gained. We do not owe it only to the  
observations of the astronomer or to the truths of the Ephemeris.  
Nor do we vindicate our intellectual dignity if we content ourselves  
with remaining stationary in knowledge, as soon as we have learnt  
to withdraw our erring confidence in the supernatural effects  
ascribed to the works of creation and the forms of the material  
world, and to free ourselves from their imputed rule and mastery.  
When they strove to dissuade Elizabeth from gazing at the comet  
which was thought to bode evil to her, she ordered the Palace  
window to be set open, and pointing to the meteor, she exclaimed,  
“ Jacta est alea—the die is cast—my stedfast hope and con-  
“ fidence are too firmly planted in the Providence of God, to be  
“ blasted or affrighted by these beams.”



## ANCIENT AND MODERN GREENLAND.

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BRUDSTYKKER AF EN DAGBOK HOLDEN I GRÖNLAND I AARENE 1770-1778, af HANS EGEDE SAABYE, *fordum ordineret Missionær i Claushavns og Christianshaabs distrikter nu Sognepræst til Udbye i Fyens stift*. Odensee. 1817.

HANS EGEDE SAABYE is the grandson of the well-known Hans Egede<sup>1</sup>, to whose employment he succeeded—and after a residence of about eight years in Greenland returned to Denmark and became a village pastor. His cure is at Udbye, in the diocese of Fühnen. A visitation was lately held by the bishop of that diocese, during which he became acquainted with our author, and with his manuscript, which he considered as a "valuable memorial" of the "Golden Age of the Greenland missions"; and by his recommendation the fragments of Saabye's journal, now published, were given to the press. The work was not unworthy of the protection of the Danish prelate; for when the map of the world is spread before the Scandinavian, he may point with an honest and national pride to the dreary shores of Greenland. Uninfluenced by the slightest prospect of temporal advantage, the Danish missionaries abandon all the comforts of social life, nay, the blessed light of the sun itself; but supported by firm yet temperate zeal, their labours become a calling of gladness, and their task of righteousness fills them, amidst their hardships, with happiness and content. Nor is the character of the Northman less honoured, though in a distant age and from motives widely differing, when we contemplate the hardihood and fearless spirit which induced the first settlers of these countries, Eric the Red and his companions, to traverse the unknown and dangerous ocean, until at length they discovered another Thule beyond their own.

It appears from an account of Greenland, published not long since at Copenhagen, by the "Banque-commissaire Collin," who compiled it from the official documents of the Greenland Company, that in the year 1805, the two districts of West Greenland which

are under the inspection of the Company contained six thousand and forty-six native inhabitants. Population is on the increase, but slowly, and Collin supposes that the ignorance of the Greenland midwives is by no means to be left out of view, when we endeavour to ascertain the causes by which it is checked. Almost all the Greenlanders have been baptized, and very few heathens are found, except in Upernavick, the northernmost establishment, and Julianeshaab, the southernmost one—so that their national divinity, Torngarsuk, will shortly be left without a votary. According to the missionaries, the ideas of the natives respecting Torngarsuk were exceedingly vague. Some considered him as a spirit, others as a man. Some held that he was immortal; others (as the good Saabye says) “that a certain noise could kill him.” These contradictory accounts must be ascribed to the misapprehensions of the missionaries. False religions may be absurd and foolish, but they are consistent in inconsistency, their articles of belief are always definite; and such as they are, the idolater rests on them, nor does he enfeeble his fallacious hope with doubt or uncertainty.

Mr. Collin speaks rather lightly of the benefits derived from the missions; he doubts whether the converted Greenlanders have improved much in morals, or whether they believe less in witchcraft than their pagan brethren. Such remarks are not made in fairness. The bank-commissioner might have recollected, that a thousand years of Christianity have not been able to obliterate the vestiges of the superstitions of pagan times in his own country; and as to morals, it will be well if the servants of the Greenland Company exhibit even the small degree of improvement which he allows to the natives. In Saabye’s time, at least, their agents were far from being patterns of morality in their dealings with the unsuspecting natives. The measure in which they bought the whale blubber from the Greenlanders contained one-third more than it ought, and, not contented with this mode of cheating, the knaves used to knock out the bottom of the tub and place it over the hole dug in the ground, which of course was first filled with the greasy treasure before the contents rose in the cask. Saabye adds, that if the missionaries, as the protectors of their flocks, dared to expostulate with the servants of the Company, they exposed themselves to the ill-will of these important characters; and he himself was vilely calumniated by them on his return, as a reward for his benevolent interference.

The Greenland trade is of some consequence to the Danes.



The imports of the colonies amount, on an average, to 85,000 Danish rix-dollars; the staple exports are seal-skins and blubber. Seals are caught by the Greenlanders solely on their own account. The whale, as a royal fish, we suppose, is divided between them and the Company. Till the year 1804, they shared it equally; at present only one-third of the fish belongs to the Company, and the remaining two-thirds reward the captor. Formerly the whale-bone afforded considerable gain to the Greenlanders; but now, scarcely any market can be found for it, as the beauties of Europe have divested themselves of the defensive armour which cramped the bodies and destroyed the health of their grandmothers. The sea affords the Greenlanders food and merchandise—the land but little of either. Instead of employing themselves usefully on the coast, during the summer, they prefer chasing the reindeer; but his flesh cannot be preserved for winter stores, and his skin can only be employed in making “*fruentimmerbeenklaeder*,” which tremendous heptasyllable, as we find, by the help of Wolff’s “*Ord-bog*,” signifies “breeches for the ladies.” Where there is woman, there is vanity; and “*fruentimmerbeenklaeder*” are as much in request at Kirgurtursuk and Omanarsuk as Cashmir shawls at Paris.

The Greenlanders are paid in goods of different kinds, which are delivered to them by the Company according to a fixed tariff. But, in the year 1801, a circulating medium was partially introduced; “blest paper-credit” has flown even to the huts of Godhavn, where the “*Inspecteur*” was first authorized to pay the inhabitants “in bills of exchange” “of six and seven Danish “skillings each.” This measure has been a real benefit to the Greenlanders; it has taught them prudence and economy, and they are far less improvident and hasty in their bargains than before; the *inspecteurs* therefore wish to extend this currency to the other settlements.

The Greenlanders are a clear-headed, intelligent people; they can all read and write their own language; the chief benefit of civilized society has reached them, while its vices and its wretchedness remain beyond the sea. Saabye kept a school every day, except Sundays, from nine till two. The children flocked to it with delight, and he used to see the parents carrying the little ones to and from the school-house through the deep snow. The scholars could all read the Greenland language currently before they were twelve years of age. Saabye employed them in copying “Pontop-pidan’s Explanation of the Catechism,” and they amused them-

selves much by writing letters to each other as well as to him. At the age of thirteen they left the school and were confirmed.

Like many of the American and polar languages, that of the Greenlanders is distinguished by the complexity of its structure; it has three numbers, and the dual has three persons. The paradigm of their verb, in combination with the various personal pronouns, branches into an infinite variety of forms; and each primitive verb, by means of an affix, gives rise to a host of derivatives, extending through every variety of action, e.g. *Narpok*, when added to the verb which signifies to wash, causes it to signify "he does nothing but wash." *Tarpok*, "he comes for the purpose of washing." *Jekpok*, "he is almost about to wash." *Llarpok*, "he continues washing." *Karpok*, "he is just beginning to wash." This is continued through every mode and tense and person. It seems an instinct in man to pride himself upon his language, just as singing-birds take a pleasure in their song. The merest savage mocks at the stranger who mispronounces his household words. The Greenlanders are critical observers of the purity of their language. If the preacher sins against its niceties in his sermon, they are sure to correct him when the service is over. The difficulty of learning the language is a great obstacle to the missions, as several years elapse before the missionaries can speak it with fluency enough to be able to communicate freely with their parishioners.

Before the year 1792 there were ten missionaries in Greenland, but then the number was reduced to five. During the last war<sup>1</sup> all communication with Denmark was cut off, and at length one missionary alone remained there. The stipend of these good men is very moderate, which must be attributed to the limited resources, rather than to the parsimony of the Danish government; it is paid to them partly in money and partly in provisions, but their fare is coarse and scanty, and they suffer great privations, almost approaching to distress. Saabye has given an unaffected yet forcible delineation of the feelings of the missionary and his family during the long and lonely Greenland year. They have one bright epoch; for it is a blithe and happy time to them, when the ice is loosened from the rocky coast, and they can expect the arrival of the vessel, which alone reaches them in their solitude. Often deceived by the floating iceberg forming itself, in mockery, into the shape of the friendly visitant, at length they see the white sails and the masts, and now she is riding safe at anchor in the bay. By this vessel their wants are supplied. The active and pious



housewife, of whom our missionary always speaks with tranquil affection, busies herself in arranging the stores of the ensuing twelvemonth. There are letters, too, from friends and from relations, and books, and newspapers; and, banished as they are, they live again in Denmark, in their "fatherland." These hours of innocent happiness soon glide away; the ship sails; and the missionary and the partner of his toils remain behind, solitary and forsaken. To this season of bitterness succeeds the gloom of the polar night. A few days before the 26th November, Saabye used to climb the high rocks, from whence, at noon, he could just see the sun dimly shining, with a soft and pallid light, and then the sun sank, and he bade farewell to the eye of creation with heaviness and grief. A dubious twilight continued till the beginning of December, then darkness ruled. The stream, near which Saabye's house was situated, roared beneath the ice; the sea dashed and foamed over the rocks, bursting in foam against his windows, and the dogs filled the air with long continued moans. His journeys at Christmas time were performed by moon-light, or whilst the merry north light danced and streamed in the sky. About the 12th January the rays of the rising sun glittered on the rocks. He rose, bright in radiance,

"Breaking the lubber bands of sleep that bound him  
With all his fires and travelling glories round him,"

and the world started from its torpor. They also felt a new life within them, they looked forward to spring and summer, and the ship from Denmark. "We even seemed to breathe more freely." "Here" (i.e. at Udbye), adds Saabye, "we know not how to prize "the daily presence of the sun, because we never know his absence." "When others complain of the short December days, I think on "Greenland, and thank God for the light which he gives us here "in December." At Saabye's settlement the polar day begins on the 24th of May, but it was not till the beginning of July that the soil of his little garden was sufficiently thawed to enable him to sow it. Great labour had been bestowed in making the ground. The thin layer of earth which covered the rock adjoining his house was not deep enough for the spade, therefore our pastor and his wife brought good mould every now and then, which they carried in a tub, till they found it was sufficient to allow of vegetation. The details of their horticulture was curious. Cabbages flourished remarkably well, turnips grew to the size of a tea-cup, and lost their bitter taste, and acquired an agreeable sweetness; but Saabye's

carrots were never larger than the stalk of a tobacco pipe. Celery and broad beans would not grow at all; peas ran into bloom, but it did not set; the barley was killed by the frost. Vegetation was uncommonly rapid. So much for exotics. Disco island abounds with angelica, whose roots afford a pleasant and salubrious food; this plant is not found at all on the shores of the bay, though it is common in the more southern latitudes of Greenland. The Greenlanders believe that a certain Angekok or conjurer came to settle at Disco, and not finding a supply of his favourite comfit, he towed the island from the south into its present situation. At the summer solstice, the sun at midnight seemed to be of the same altitude as he is at noon in Denmark in the month of December. And it is a glorious spectacle to follow him in his unwearied course, circling again and again around the heavens. The night sun sheds a mild warmth, and yet he shines with a broad unnatural glare; the sky is clear and the air calm. On the contrary when he is at his greatest altitude, fogs envelop the land, the air is sultry, swarming with tormentors of the insect tribes. On the 20th of July the sun begins to dip below the horizon; at first his setting is scarcely perceptible, but the night frosts soon increase, and remind the missionary of the approach of the evening of the year.

Little is known respecting the mineralogy of Greenland. Collin states that in 1806 an experienced mineralogist, the Bergraad Giseke, undertook a voyage thither for the purpose of supplying this hiatus. He drew up a report of his discoveries in south Greenland, which he intended to transmit to Denmark, but the vessel by which it was sent was captured, and, as M. Collin is pleased to think, by an English cruiser. Greenland has been supposed to contain precious ores. The early navigators listened greedily to tales of gold and silver. There is not a greater proof of the increase of sound knowledge than our comparative inattention to these metals. Lund says that the widow of Captain David Danells told him that her husband shewed a specimen of gold ore to the Greenlanders whom he brought to Denmark, and they affirmed that the same was to be found in the fissures of the mountains. This is just such a story as we should have expected to receive from a captain's widow. Rich specimens of copper ore, however, have been sent from Greenland to Denmark; and it has been ascertained that beds of pit-coal are found there. The author of the *Speculum Regale* praises the costly marble of Greenland. It was of various colours, red and blue and green. These variegated rocks are probably situated on the eastern coast. We believe



that only white marble or alabaster has been found on the west coast.

Saabye suggests a plan for exploring East Greenland, which it appears could be carried into effect without much difficulty. It is simple enough. He proposes that settlements or "loges" should be established one by one along the west coast till the line reaches Statenhook, and that then the settlers should turn the corner, and ascend the eastern coast in the same manner. When Saabye wrote, Julianeshaab had not been settled; now the Danes have an outlying post even at Statenhook;—half the line has therefore been formed. No danger is to be apprehended from the Greenlanders who inhabit the eastern coast, some of whom occasionally visit Julianeshaab. The Jætters<sup>1</sup>, whom we shall soon mention, may be more terrific.

Thorhallsen's description of the ruins of the ancient Norwegian buildings at Julianeshaab, and at other spots on the west coast, is now before us. The present colonists are able to breed cattle at Julianeshaab, though not at the more northern settlements. The Norwegian houses, or the ruins supposed to have been Norwegian houses, are generally situated near a salmon stream. The walls are very thick and massy, more so than their height would seem to require. We suspect that the courses were laid without mortar. Over one of the streams of "Bals revier" is an ancient bridge, consisting of flat stones, "which, besides forming a "road over the stream, must have been of great use in assisting them "to catch the fish." Eggers assumed that the numerous vestiges of buildings at Julianeshaab, indicated a corresponding population, and this was one of the chief arguments by which he attempted to sustain his paradoxical opinion that East Greenland was situated on the west coast. Wormskiold, however, has shown that such an inference is unwarranted. Many of the ruins were probably only inhabited in the hunting or fishing season. Others seem to have been farm houses or cottages equally used as temporary residences; this he elucidates by explaining the custom of Norway. The Norwegian peasants are used to shift their cattle from pasture to pasture as the season advances and the grass is consumed; and at each of the spring and summer grazing farms, which are sometimes at a considerable distance from one another, they have a dwelling house with suitable byres and yards. The scanty herbage of Greenland would render it still more necessary to adhere to this course of farming; and thus buildings would be multiplied, although occupied for a short period only in each year.

Marks of husbandry can be traced in the soil, and the grass grows rank round the unroofed walls, which are standing in silence and solitude. The Greenlanders yet retain some remembrance of the former dwellers of the ruins. They boast that their ancestors overcame the "Kablunæt," or Europeans, and "Pisiksarbik," "the place of bow-shooting," received its name from that war of desolation. Near the ruins which are supposed to have constituted the Norwegian settlement Annarvig, there is an ancient burial-place. Dead men's bones start through the grassy turf, and the Greenlanders know that they are the bones of the Northmen, and they yet fear to disturb them.

Let us now recall the romantic days of the hardy adventurers who sleep beneath the soil of Greenland, by turning to the life of Thorgill, the step-son of Thergim Orrabeen, distinguished amongst them for his misfortune and his courage. Like many of the heroes of Iceland his adventures were transmitted to posterity in the shape of a Saga of great but uncertain antiquity. All is not very sooth in these narratives of the olden times; much was believed that reason would reject; and Thorgill's Saga is told in a tone of fond credulity; yet the outline of the story may be considered as correct, and even its exaggerations are no less illustrative of the character and habits of the warlike compeers of the Sea-kings of the north, than the truth itself could be.

Thorgill was of a noble family, rich and powerful. From his youth upwards he had distinguished himself by his prowess against earthly as well as ghostly foes; and when Christianity was announced in Iceland, Thorgill was one of those who first became converts to its doctrines. Thorgill's constancy was destined to experience many trials, and soon after he had abandoned the errors of his ancestors he dreamt a dream. Thor came unto him in the night and his looks were awful. "Ill hast thou demeaned thyself to me," said Thor,— "Thou hast cast the silver which was mine into a stinking pool, but my wrath shall yet reach thee for thy misdeeds." "God will help me," answered Thorgill, "I am right glad that all consorting between me and thee is now at an end." Thorgill awoke, and found that the threats of Thor were not idle, the anger of the god had fallen amongst his swine. In a second vision, which troubled his sleep on the following night, Thor repeated his menaces, and was again defied. That same night an ox belonging to Thorgill experienced the ire of the tempting spirit. But on the third night Thorgill slept not, he watched with his cattle, and when he returned home in the morning his body was all livid and bruised. Thorgill told



nought of what had befallen him, but the men of Iceland knew well that Thor and Thorgill had wrestled in the gloom. And his cattle died no more.

And now there came tidings from Erick the Red, who sent greetings to Thorgill, and prayed him to come unto him in Greenland. Thorgill was happily married, and living in ease and honour, but the message of Erick was welcome to the restless warrior. He immediately determined to accept Erick's bidding, which he communicated to Thorey, his faithful consort. Thorey did not listen to it without anxiety, she was not inclined to quit her home, and she attempted to dissuade her husband from the enterprise. "My heart misgives me," said she, "and good hap will not attend us; but betide what may, wherever you go I will follow."

Thorgill placed his property in Iceland under the management of trusty friends, and embarked with his family and followers. Jostein, the foster-father of Thorey, with his wife Thorgard, consented to share the dangers of the expedition, and the twelve slaves of Thorgill were destined, as he thought, to assist in the cultivation of the colony which he intended to found, little anticipating the misfortune of which they were to be the authors.

Now it chanced that Thorgill's vessel was forced to lie-to in the firth of Leirvog, waiting for a fair wind; and in the night Thorgill dreamt a dream. There came unto him a mighty man, who spake with anger—"Ill wilt thou speed on thy voyage unless thou returnest to my faith; but if thou wilt again believe in me, I will yet guard thee from evil." "I reckon not of thy care," exclaimed Thorgill: "my way is in the hand of Almighty God." And Thorgill awoke.

A fair wind rose, and the ship sailed out of the firth, but when they had lost sight of land the wind dropped, and they drifted day after day till meat and drink began to fail them; and then Thor appeared again to Thorgill and taunted him, but Thorgill answered with defiance. Thorgill's companions, though they knew nothing of his visions, murmured, and said it would be well to make offerings to the deity of Valhalla. This their leader forbade. But Thor appeared to him for the last time, and promised to bring the vessel into a safe haven within seven days if he would believe in him. That will I never do—was the answer of Thorgill.

After drifting some days longer there came a tempest, and the vessel stranded on the coast of Greenland; Thorgill now felt the deep malignity of the demon. The shipwreck took place at the close of autumn, and the ice-covered mountains rose on each side

of the bay into which the vessel had been driven. They succeeded in saving some of their provisions from the wreck, but these were soon exhausted, with the exception of a small portion of meal, and the seals or sea-dogs, which were caught by Thorgill and his companions in misfortune, constituted their chief food. In this miserable spot, and destitute of all help, Thorey was delivered of a boy, to whom they gave the name of Thorfind.

Yule came on—the weather was fine on the morning of the cheerless festival. As the sun rose on Yule-day, it seems they were not within the polar circle. When Thorgill and his men went out a loud scream was heard from the north-west. The short day closed, and Thorgill and Thorey retired to sleep. “Be still and quiet at “night-fall” was the warning which Thorgill had given to his companion Jostein and his followers, “and keep to your faith.” Much was imported by this counsel, for Thorgill knew of the spectral foes who might assail them. Jostein and the rest came in with noise and merriment, and at length they laid themselves to rest, when a loud knock was heard at the door of the hut. “Good tidings” exclaimed one, and rushed out of the hut; when he came in again, he was raving mad, and on the following morning he died.

On the next day the knock was again heard at the door, and another of Jostein’s men went out, and fell stark mad and died: but just before he gave up the ghost, he recovered his wits, and told them how he saw the man who died yestermorn flitting before him. And then a pestilence came amongst Jostein’s men, and six of them, together with Jostein himself, died, and were buried in the frozen snow. After Yule-tide the vampire corpses all rose out of their graves. The pestilence broke out afresh, and Thorgard and all the survivors of Jostein’s men fell sick and died before the end of the month Goe. These also became vampires in their turn and swarmed day and night about Thorgill and his followers; they were mostly seen in that part of the hut where they had dwelt while living. At length Thorgill dug the bodies out of the snow, and burnt them in a bale fire, and the living were then at rest.

Now Thorey dreamt a dream. She saw fair groves and flowery gardens, and glorious shapes clad in bright garments. “And I hope,” said she, when she told it to Thorgill, “that we shall soon be freed “from our hardships.” “Good indeed is thy dream,” answered Thorgill, “for it points thee to that home where good shall alway “befall thee, and where, amongst the holy ones, thy spotless life “and patient suffering shall meet with their reward.”

Thorey often besought Thorgill to devise some means of escaping



from this land of desolation, but he answered that he could find none. One day, however, he said he would go up the ice-mountain to see if the ice were loosening itself from the land, which he did with his companions Thorlief, and Kol, and Stackard, leaving Thorey in the care of the slaves. They came back in the afternoon, and as they approached their hut they observed that the boat was no longer drawn up on the land. On entering the rude dwelling it was empty. Thorgill now apprehended that evil had happened. They stood still, and a slight convulsive sob was heard from Thorey's couch. They went up to it in eager haste, but she was breathless, and the little child was still sucking at the breast of the corpse.

Thorgill built himself a canoe, the ice now began to drift away from the land, and he and his men were able to row along the coast to Salone. There they remained during the following winter. They continued advancing with caution until they reached a part of the coast bordered by steep icy mountains, and here they drew their canoe on shore and pitched their tent. Fresh trials awaited them. When morning dawned the canoe had disappeared. Thorgill now despaired; but at night he was visited by dreams of joyful import, and he knew that better fortune was near at hand. A loud voice was heard summoning the Icelanders to receive their boat again; and two gigantic women were seen for an instant by the Icelanders, then disappearing; these beings had carried off the canoe, and by them it was restored. And in this frail bark Thorgill and his men coasted along, till at length they reached first some straggling tents, the dwelling-place of one who had "forfeited his law," and then the settlements of Erick the Red, the main Icelandic colony. The remaining adventures of Thorgill, though highly interesting, are beyond our purview, and therefore, to borrow the usual phrase of the Icelandic historians when their personages make their exit, "he now goes out of the Saga."

That Thorgill Orrabeen was really wrecked on the coast of Greenland there is little reason to doubt. With respect to the marvels with which the Saga is embellished or disfigured, they are such as, in an age of credulity, arise out of natural causes and the working of the human mind. Of these none are more credible in their way than the ominous appearances of the thundering deity; they give a lively and strong attestation of the inward struggles with which our hero received the new faith, at the same time that they prove the sincerity of his conversion.

The gigantic women seen by Thorgill are perhaps magnified in

no small degree by the mists of Greenland, but they may be conjectured to have been the wives or sisters of the cannibals of Egede, a people akin to the Jætters, so often mentioned in the Icelandic Eddas. By the followers of Odin, the Jætters were represented as a race of savages towering in height above the rest of men. They dwelt in caves, forming no community, but dispersed in single families; they lived by fishing or the chase, but they despised the food thus earned, when human flesh could be procured, which they considered as a greater delicacy. Jotunheim, their chief seat, was a large tract situated in the very north of Asia, including the Siberian coasts of the frozen ocean and the adjoining countries, stretching westward as far as Finmark, and bounded on the east by the river Oby, though the Jætters frequently wandered, both to the east and west, far beyond each frontier.

Under the names of Thursi and Hrymthesse they were also found dispersed amidst the mountains of Scandinavia where they long continued the hatred and terror of the more civilized Asi, by whom, like the other primitive inhabitants of the north, they were invested with a supernatural character. Such was the giant Thrym from whom Thor recovered his hammer, and who, stripped of fable, was probably only a griesly savage.

“High on a mound in a haughty state  
Thrym the king of the Thursi sate,  
For his dogs he was twisting chains of gold,  
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.”<sup>1</sup>

We shall not at present enter into the question of the affinity between the tremendous Jætters and the modern Russians, but it is thought that the people of Jotunheim extended themselves, after passing the Oby, along the north-eastern coasts of Asia, and that they crossed over to America, still keeping on the frozen shores, till at length they reached Labrador, the Helluland of the Icelandic navigators, and from this country they might cross into Greenland. This itinerary has been marked out for the giants by Professor Thorlacius, a learned Iceland, descended from Thorgill Orrabeen, and to whom we owe the publication of Thorgill's Saga; but it must be received as mere guess work, perhaps as a learned dream; for the migration of the Jætters can only have taken place when the American continent received its inhabitants from the older portion of the globe. Saabye tells us, almost in the words of his grandfather, that he has known Greenlanders who affirmed that they had been far up the eastern coast where they saw hideous



bearded men of uncommon height "who without doubt are "cannibals." Professor Thorlacius is also of opinion that the Jætters have yet a settlement on the coast of Greenland. This is a supposition coinciding in some measure with Egede's accounts, with which the Professor seems to have been unacquainted, and is grounded upon the following facts: implements of wood of unusual magnitude, amongst others a walking-staff fit to support the steps of a tottering giant, have, as they say, been cast by the sea on the shores of Iceland, together with fragments of vessels of strange and unusual construction, of which the planks are neither fastened together with whalebone like the boats of the Greenlanders, nor sewed together with sinews according to the custom of the Laplanders, but fastened by wooden pins, and all of which are attributed to these scattered descendants of the ancient foes of the Asi.

These accounts come rather in a questionable shape, yet it is just possible that the northern hemisphere may have its Patagonians as well as the southern one, besides which, nature seems to have sported in gigantic creations in the vicinity of the polar circle. The north pole is the holy mountain of the eastern nations, the fabulous Meru of the Hindus, the Kaf of the Arabian mythologists, and perhaps the real prototype of the Grecian Olympus. It is in ages anterior to history that we must seek the origin of these opinions. May not the Hindus have been induced to give the north pole to "Bramah, god of gods, with four faces, greatest "of those who know the Vedas," in consequence of the awful and unparalleled vividness of the apparitions of the Aurora Borealis on the coasts of the frozen ocean between the mouths of the Jenisei and the Lena<sup>a</sup>. Gmelin's description of it as seen there is exceedingly remarkable. The shafts and flickering beams of ethereal light run from the north, multiplying themselves around and darting across the heavens with incredible swiftness, till they assemble in the zenith. The entire sky glitters and sparkles with ruby and sapphire and golden fire. Beautiful as the appearance is, no one can see it for the first time without terror. It is accompanied with loud hissing and crackling noises, resembling the discharge of the loudest fireworks. The wild beasts are alarmed,

<sup>a</sup> Captain Wilford places Meru in the highlands of Tartary; these remarks would be equally applicable if we were to agree with him; we are not satisfied, however, that the abode of the gods is to be removed from the "pistil" of the worldly lotus, and placed upon one of its petals—although he certainly has maintained his opinion with his usual learning and ingenuity.

the dogs howl and crouch on the ground, and the Ostiack hunters exclaim "Spolochi chodjat!" "The spirits of the air are rushing by." Gmelin calls this tract "the very birth-place of the Aurora Borealis." In other words one of the electric poles of the globe is situated there. Such phenomena may well have led to the belief that Meru was the home of the gods, where they dwelt enthroned in light and power.

Kaf, according to the Arabians, was once inhabited by the preadamite kings, a primeval race of gigantic and monstrous forms who have yielded the world to the sons of man. These traditions were afterwards applied to the Caucasian ranges; but in truth they point us to the north pole, the centre, as it were, of races of animals of appalling bulk. The whale, the sea-snake, in whom perhaps we recognize the serpent of Midgard<sup>1</sup>, the kraken<sup>2</sup>, yet encumber the waves, while the adjacent continents are heaped with the bleached bones and frozen carcasses of the mammoth and the megatherion, and the feathers of gigantic birds, the prototypes of the roc, the simorgh and the garuda, who once soared above the eternal snow. There is no spot on the globe in which these relics of former creation are equally copious as in that portion of Asia which was deemed by the Asi to be the country of the giants; the Siberian never sinks a well without discovering the tusks or bones of the arctic elephant or rhinoceros. The islands at the mouth of the Lena are described by Adams as almost composed of the bones and horns of the mammoth; and remains of the same species are very abundant in those latitudes of America into which the Jætters are supposed to have strayed. Without laying any great stress upon these coincidences, they are sufficiently remarkable. The discoveries of modern science seem almost to enable us to lift up the ancient veil of allegory and fable.

The scenes presented by the arctic world are such as tend to exalt the fancy and nourish the superstitions of untutored man. In the thirteenth century, the wonders of Greenland, its monsters of the deep, and its floating icy mountains, drew many a Norwegian thither, anxious to verify the strange tales of the wayfarer who had returned from this distant region. Their rude philosophy was exercised in contemplation, and the solutions which they attempted of these marvels form an entertaining portion of their descriptions. The north pole, said they, is the extremity of the world, and the northern aurora flashes from the sphere of fire which surrounds the globe. The wonders of polar ice are detailed at length in the *Speculum Regale*<sup>3</sup>, in which the inquirer is told that there is more



there than in all the world besides. When that work was compiled, and it appears to have been written in the early part of the thirteenth century, the barrier had already begun to accumulate round the eastern coast. "It (the ice) lies more towards the north "or north-east than towards the south or south-west or west"; and many ships had then perished by being entangled in it.

The ice offers many strange phenomena, which deserve to be investigated by a philosophical observer. As recounted by the navigator, with all their terrors yet afresh in his recollection, they evidently formed the foundation of many a romantic tale of the middle ages. According to Saabye, the ice-islands possess an attractive power, so that large ships are driven against them, if they do not take the precaution of remaining at a proper distance. Others may calculate whether it is probable that a ship can gravitate towards an insulated mass of ice; but be that as it may, it must be recollected that there is generally a current setting in towards the ice, which at least produced the appearance of attraction. These translucent and attractive islands remind us at once of the mountains of adamant of Sinbad the Sailor, and of Huon of Bourdeaux, and of Duke Ernest of Bavaria. The fantastic shapes and brilliant colours assumed by the ice are well-known; from these we have the fables of palaces of gems and diamonds. The mountain of glass upon which Brynhilda was placed by her father, and from which her suitor Sivard the Swift brought her down, was probably modelled in the lay of the minstrel from an arctic ice-island. The mouth of the bay "Witte Blink" is even crossed by a tremendous glassy bridge reaching from shore to shore; the largest ships might sail through its huge arches. This fairy structure gleams like the aurora, and the "ice blink" is reflected afar into the air. Sound is conducted and multiplied in a remarkable manner by the ice. Unfrozen water is an excellent conductor of the acoustic vibrations; does it retain that property when frozen? Whilst rowing by the foot of an ice-island, the boatman speaks and his words return to him re-echoed in distinctness from the lofty summit of the floating crystal. But this echo is a voice of danger; if the ice be porous or "rotten," it is so shaken by the vibration that large masses are brought down by the sound; and the fragments often sink the boat of the unfortunate mariner. For this reason the Greenlanders observe a strict silence when they are in the immediate vicinity of the ice-islands. Saabye enumerates several fatal accidents which took place during his stay in Greenland, when this caution was neglected. Our readers

will recollect that the Swiss guides are said to prohibit the traveller from speaking in the Alpine passes, lest the sound of his voice should dislodge the over-beetling avalanche.

If Thorgill and his surviving companions brooding over their misfortunes amidst the solitude and desolation of Greenland, enfeebled by hunger and disease, saw the dead men rising and swarming round them, the apparitions in one point of view are not destitute of credibility. It is evident, however, that Jostein and the others did not become ghosts but vampires, endued with a portentous and demoniacal vitality, like her who haunted Thalaba the Destroyer.

“Oneiza stood before them. It was she.  
Her very lineaments, and such as death  
Had changed them, livid cheeks and lips of blue.  
But in her eyes there dwelt  
Brightness more terrible  
Than all the loathsomeness of death.”

Whether it be an indigenous superstition, or the introduction of the old Scandinavian settlers, the belief in vampires is yet very prevalent in Greenland. Captain Martin Jansen, who was wrecked on the coast of Greenland in 1777, tells us that the natives were dreadfully terrified by the neighbourhood of the body of Boje Henriksen who was buried amongst the rocks. They scarcely dared to go out of doors, and they feared that many of them would die. When the Greenlanders kill a witch they tear out the heart of the victim and cut it in small pieces. If this ceremony is neglected they fear that she will rise again and avenge herself; and when an Angekok is buried certain ceremonies are performed to prevent the rising of the corpse. Amongst the Icelanders the vampire was as often seen as an incorporeal ghost, and a series of adventures very similar to those told in the life of Thorgill Orrabeen may be found in the abridgement of the *Eyrbiggja Saga*<sup>1</sup>.

In Europe the terrors excited by these horrid visitants seem to be now almost peculiar to the nations of Slavonian race, or to such as are in immediate contact with them. The history of superstition will always be an important chapter in the great history of the human mind, and it would be well to inquire into the grounds of the most wild and absurd belief. We know not whether it has been noticed that spectral visitations generally accompany a plague or pestilence. The vampires of Iceland and of Greenland preceded an epidemic. Equally ominous were the spirits which in the time of Justinian “were seen in human shape



“to intrude into the society of men, after which a most fearful pestilence followed, and whosoever was touched by any of them most assuredly died.” During the great plague in the sixth year of Constantine Copronymus “many imagined that they saw hideous shapes mixing in human converse” or entering houses and striking those who were destined to depart. It was believed at Constantinople in the seventeenth century, and perhaps it still is an article of popular belief there, that a gigantic female spectre stalks through the streets before the commencement of a plague, and the chariot of death rolls, at midnight, before the dwelling of the Breton peasant, who knows his fate is fixed when he hears its mournful sound.

In England vampires seem to have been long forgotten, but in the time of William of Newburgh they were well known; and here again they were found in connection with a pestilential disease. Such was the corpse which, as William learnt from Archdeacon Stephen, rose in the town of Buckingham, to the great annoyance of the townsmen, whom he assaulted in noonday. At the same time, says the monk, an event of a like nature, and equally prodigious, took place in the northern parts of England, at Berwick upon Tweed. A dead miser, into whose corpse Satan had entered, rambled through the town at night, but laid himself quietly down again before break of day; his vagaries were stopped, as in other cases of this sort, by cutting the body in pieces, and consigning it to the flames. And the rising of these vampires was immediately followed by a dreadful plague, which raged with unprecedented violence throughout every part of England. In the same manner the epidemic at Trantenavia in Bohemia was ascribed to the malignant influence of one Stephanus Hubnerius, who in his life-time had heaped together innumerable riches. “Presently after his decease, which,” as John Heywood tells us, “was observed with the celebration of a most costly funeral, his spectre or shadow, in the same habit which he was known to wear, being alive, was seen to walke in the streetes of the city, and so many of his acquaintance, or others, as he met and offered in the way of salutation to embrace, so many either died or fell into some grievous or dangerous disease immediately after.”

Examples of this nature might be easily multipliéd, but we have given more than enough to show that previously to the attack of the plague, or other epidemical diseases, a temporary delirium generally affects those in whom the malady is lurking, or who are predisposed to receive the contagion. Whilst this hallucination lasts it conjures up the spectres of the dead before them.

Our scientific readers will receive with indulgence the observation which we have added in attempting to elucidate the wonders of Thorgill's Saga. They know that the miracles of the monk, or the tales of the village fireside, are not to be wholly or hastily rejected by the philosophical inquirer. They now command the electric aura which gleamed with portentous lustre on the point of the lance, or burnt around the helmet-crest, the omen of defeat or the harbinger of victory. By them is traced the eccentric path of the stone which fell from heaven itself in the days of the awe-stricken chronicler. Truth is often to be learnt from the liar, and wisdom from the fool. Superstition may give a false colouring to facts, ignorance may distort them, but on the whole, pyrrhonism and scepticism may oppose greater obstacles to the knowledge of nature than credulity. We may not be able to unlock the casket at our first attempt, but because we are so foiled at first, should we therefore cast the key spitefully into the deep?



## THE STATES OF WIRTEMBERG.

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VERHANDLUNGEN IN DER VERSAMMLUNG DER LANDSTÄNDE DES  
KÖNIGREICHS WÜRTEMBERG. Stuttgart, 1816-17. (Proceedings  
in the Assembly of the States of the Kingdom of Wirtemberg.)

THE late ruler of Wirtemberg, by whom the stock of *Buonaparte*<sup>1</sup> has been engrafted into the royal tree of the House of Brunswick, enjoyed the distinction of being the most insignificant king in Europe. The crown was first fitted upon his head by the child and champion of Jacobinism; and therefore it is probable that the splendid bauble would have fallen off again, if it had not been replaced and settled there by purer hands,—the Congress of Vienna having permitted him to squat down at the very extremity of the royal bench, in the august assembly which is facetiously termed the Confederation of Germany. When King Frederick was yet a Suabian duke, he was well indemnified for the cession of *Mumplegard*<sup>2</sup> (since called *Mont-Belliard*) to the republic "one and indivisible"; and his dominions were afterwards greatly enlarged by the bounty of the Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine<sup>3</sup>; so that, when he had rounded and compacted his kingdom by obtaining possession of the tempting "enclavures" within its boundary, and of sundry outlying parcels, it contained nearly as many inhabitants as are to be found in a brace of good English counties, or French departments.

Authority, in such small states, when exercised with justice, assumes somewhat of the old patriarchal character. It is easier for such a sovereign to rule in love than in majesty,—he is more on a level with the hearts of his subjects. And King Frederick of Wirtemberg, within the narrow frontier of his monarchy, might, like the good Duke of Weimar, or like Duke Christopher, his worthy ancestor, have cherished and fostered the little flock which fortune had entrusted to his care. He was not one of the earthly gods born to look down upon the empires over which they soar; but he might still have been the tutelary genius and protector of

the hearth and household. His unfortunate temper, however, provoked him to other courses. The demons of evil were striding over the world; and he too would rage and storm—though, like the little cub-devil of Father Rabelais, the “diabloton” of Papefiguière, he could do no more than raise a tempest over a parsley bed.

Wirtemberg weighs lightly in the balance of power; but its history is singularly interesting. None of the communities of ancient or modern times, with whose names we associate so many ideas of popular freedom, enjoyed a happier government than ducal Wirtemberg; and its obscure annals are not unworthy of being placed by the side of the volumes which record the rise of the liberties of Holland, or Switzerland, or England, or America. On the other hand, no race of thralls ever smarted under a more galling tyranny, than that which was experienced by the Wirtembergers, when their constitutional government at last gave way to the “full sovereignty” of the petty personage whom we are about to introduce to the notice of our readers. The lesson derived from the contemplation of arbitrary power cannot be repeated too often; and in this instance it is the more likely to be instructive, because the presence-chamber of the little despot was unvisited by the delusive glare which, unfortunately for the quiet of mankind, plays round the thrones of great oppressors. A petty state does not give its monarch a qualification to play the tyrant—it is not for him to run down human game. This bad prerogative can only be assumed by the mighty hunters who range over wide extended domains. The blood of an empire flows to purchase empires; and the slaves of the stern conqueror forget their vassalage in his glory. They have toiled indeed in the quarry, and have sweated and groaned beneath the burden; but, when the edifice is at last raised, they march with pride beneath the columned arch of triumph, which owes its splendour to their labours. The acts of the despot in duodecimo cannot thus disguise their atrocity. With strength enough to be terrible to his own subjects, he is contemptible to all the world besides. Involved in crime as deeply as the oppressor of myriads, he can obtain no adequate compensation for the guilt which weighs him down. The one resembles the Caliph Vathec<sup>1</sup>, who boldly devotes himself to Eblis, and earns at once the power and wisdom of the immortal principle of evil. The other is a spiteful witch, who sells her soul to Satan, in order that she may receive “five pounds Scots in name of tocher,” and permission to scab her neighbours’ sheep, and make their sows cast their farrow.



The tyrant of a great nation, too, commands something like respect from the dangers which surround him. His station requires the constant exertion of vigilance and activity. He is a hard rider on the back of a generous courser; the spurs are dyed in gore, the animal champs the bit, and rears and curvets; and though we sympathize with the sufferings of the steed, yet we cannot help admiring the skill with which the horseman keeps his seat, and manages the reins. But he who tyrannizes over a small community is safe in his brutality. He is a chimney-sweeper drubbing his jack-ass; he is a coward who is cruel, because he knows that he can glut his malignity with impunity.

If the king of Wirtemberg had lived in a superstitious age, when it was thought that faithlessness and misrule were visited on this side the grave by the wrath of heaven, the loathsome diseases with which he was afflicted would have been chronicled as the visible punishment of his transgressions. But it is not our intention to speak with undue harshness of this departed monarch, or to insult his memory. We find no pleasure in dwelling on those kingly acts by which royalty is degraded. Amongst the evils which result from the present state of public affairs, one of the greatest is the slur which kings, or the ministers of kings, have cast upon the high office of royalty. The Holy Alliance has created more unbelievers in the sanctity of the regal character, than ever could have been effected by the heresies of the Jacobin Club; and many are scared by the sceptre, who never would have been attracted by the tree of liberty. In many parts of the Continent, men are compelled to pause and reason, when they would wish to allow full scope to feeling. Governed by those whose conduct inspires neither confidence nor affection, they dare not be true to their masters, lest they should cease to be true to themselves.

In order to enable us to pass a fair and unbiassed judgment upon the conduct of the late King Frederick, a view must be taken of the constitution of Wirtemberg as it existed previously to the year 1805, when he assumed the royal title, and subverted the liberties of his subjects. The sovereigns of almost all the provinces of the empire had succeeded in depriving the "States" of their respective dominions of all participation in the rights of government. In those countries where they were still allowed to assemble, they acted with the freedom of a chapter, electing a bishop under a *congé d'élire*. They had in theory a *votum consultativum* with respect to the imposition of new taxes—which a celebrated German jurist defines to be "the right of saying yea

"to the propositions of the prince," but not of refusing them. The only countries which formed an exception to the general rule of servitude were two, namely, the principality of East Friesland, now united to the kingdom of Hanover, and the duchy of Wirtemberg.

If it were not foreign to our purpose, a curious parallel might be instituted between the English Parliament and the General Assembly of the States, or Diet of Wirtemberg. Mr. Fox once said, there were only two constitutions in Europe, the British constitution, and that of Wirtemberg. Latterly, the Diet consisted only of two estates, namely, the Lutheran prelates, the representatives of the church, and the deputies of the towns and country districts. The "Imperial knighthood"<sup>1</sup> seceded from the meetings of the States in the reign of Duke Ulrich, early in the 16th century. The legislative authority thus devolved wholly upon the clergy and the commons; and it is perhaps to this circumstance that we are to attribute the near approach which the legislative body made towards the establishment of a democracy; for, according to the spirit of the constitution of Wirtemberg, the Duke was little more than a president or stadtholder. When the doctrines of the Reformation were received in Wirtemberg, under the reigns of Duke Ulrich and his son, the ample possessions of the church were neither seized by these sovereigns, nor diverted to worldly uses. In some of the fourteen principal monasteries, schools were founded; but in all of them, the domains which had been held by the monks became the *corps* of the endowment of a Protestant prelate, who received the revenues, and enjoyed all the rights and dignities of the Catholic abbot. The third estate appears to have been always represented in the Diet. In the reign of Count Eberhard, in 1481, the States petitioned under the style of the "knights, "prelates, and we poor commons." In 1492, mention is made of the "clergy, nobility, burgesses, and commonalty." When the States were suppressed by the late King, in 1805, the right of sending deputies was enjoyed by sixty-nine towns and country districts. In the towns, the right of election was chiefly vested in the magistracy. All the landholders, not including those who held by base tenures, had a share in the elections in the country districts. The number of deputies varied at different times. Sometimes one deputy only was sent, generally two; but in 1737, the district of Maulbronn petitioned the "permanent "deputation" for leave to send three deputies to the approaching diet. It was, however, of no moment whether a town or district



appeared by one or more deputies, as in the latter case they possessed only a collective vote. The deputies, according to the ancient practice of the English House of Commons, whom they so nearly resembled, received wages from their constituents. This expense sometimes fell heavily on small towns and districts; they were therefore allowed to unite in deputing a member to appear for them, who then voted according to the number of towns which he represented. This concentration of votes must have led to many abuses. But, in the year 1797, the States decided that, in future, no member should hold more than three votes. In certain cases, the "permanent deputation," of which we shall soon speak, or the towns of Stuttgart and Tübingen, had the right to pray a convention of the States; but the Diet could only assemble by virtue of the summons or letter of convocation of the sovereign. They were always convened on the accession of a new duke. They also met when the necessities of the State rendered the imposition of new taxes necessary, or when new statutes were to be passed, which would have had no force without their sanction. According to the constitutional forms, it was indispensable that the "letter of convocation" should set out the propositions or demands which the duke intended to make at the approaching diet. At the diet in 1659, this form was neglected; and they declined considering the duke's propositions, unless the deputies were allowed to return home, and to confer with their constituents; which permission was immediately granted. Yet, when the letter of convocation had issued in proper form, the deputies were not bound to wait for the instructions of their constituents, as the powers which were delivered to them under seal by the towns and districts, authorized them to act in all things freely, and according to their own consciences. The prelates appeared in their own right.

The duke could neither raise money nor alter the laws without the concurrence of the States; but they were assembled rarely, and the permanent deputations were the real and efficient protectors of the constitution. There were bodies of this nature in Castille, and Navarre, and Arragon; and the institution was renewed by the projectors of the constitution of Cadiz. They were also to be found in several of the provinces subject to the French king; in Burgundy, for instance, where the "*Elus*" of the three orders represented the States during the intervals between their triennial sessions. In the reigns of our King John and Henry III, many attempts were made to check the royal authority, by instituting permanent councils; and such deputations would certainly have

formed themselves in the English Parliament, if successors had been given to the twenty-five barons who were chosen as guardians of the great charter, or if the provisions of Oxford had remained in force.

The "deputations" of Wirtemberg were two in number; the lesser and the greater. The lesser deputation, which consisted of two prelates and six deputies, formed a kind of close corporation;—the members elected their successors, and they had the right of meeting whenever they thought fit, on giving notice to the Sovereign. The lesser deputation selected two more prelates, and six more deputies from the general assembly; and when these were called in by the lesser deputation, the sixteen members constituted the greater deputation, which was considered as representing and standing in the place of the full assembly of the States. In one respect, these deputations were not unlike our Lords of Articles in Scotland; no proposition could be made by the duke to the general assembly of the States, until it had been adopted first in the lesser and then in the greater deputation; but this course of proceeding was not a grievance, as amongst us. The duke alone had the initiation; and thus the *veto* of each deputation was an additional protection against his demands. Invested with far higher powers than the general assembly or diet, the members of the deputations, both collectively and individually, were bound to watch their sovereign with jealousy; they were sentinels always at their posts, always interposed between the throne and the people. The taxes were applied towards the public service, under their direction. The deputation communicated in its own name with the foreign powers, who were the guarantees of the rights of the States. When the body was not sitting, any of the members residing at Stuttgart had the right of "remonstrating" with the duke, if any step was taken which appeared contrary to the constitution, and of calling an immediate meeting of the deputation in case of need.

All these prerogatives, however, would perhaps have long ceased to exist, if the deputation had not also possessed the sole management of their "secret chest" or treasury, without any control either on the part of the sovereign or of the diet. This was a most important trust, and might be considered as dangerous to the latter. It might have converted the government of this free state into an oligarchy; yet, however wonderful it may seem, the members of the deputations seem never to have abused their trust, or attempted to obtain an illegal authority over their fellow citizens.



The reestablishment of the "secret treasury" was one of the chief points to which the present king objected, when the Estates were reassembled. It was a maxim, that the members of the States, either in the general assembly, or in the deputations, were completely independent of the sovereign. They enjoyed the right of receiving petitions of grievances from public bodies or individuals, and of course of petitioning the sovereign for their reform.

This constitution, which was in full force in 1805, had not been hastily struck out by hot-headed theorists. The rights and privileges of the Wirtembergers had been slowly acquired. The national representation had existed from time immemorial; but its prerogatives arose principally out of the compacts and treaties ("Verträge") which the dukes of Wirtemberg had found it expedient to enter into with their undaunted subjects. The earliest of these constitutional acts is the treaty of Mursingen, in the reign of Count Eberhard the First, in 1482, and which was confirmed by the Emperor Maximilian. Duke Ulrick was impatient under the ties which had been imposed upon his predecessor; he attempted to levy taxes without the consent of the States, and a civil war ensued between him and his subjects. Peace was restored by the mediation of the Emperor, the Elector Palatine, Baden, and Würzburg; and, in 1514, he sealed the treaty of Tübingen, the Magna Charta of the land,—and which confirmed to the States the right of granting taxes, the right of petitioning, and, above all, that no future duke should claim the allegiance of his subjects until he had sworn to fulfil the obligations imposed upon him by the treaty. Each duke accordingly signed a new compact on his accession; and, according to the treaty of Tübingen, he swore that he would maintain the rights of the Wirtembergers, and conform himself to the grants of his predecessors, and, till he had taken this oath, and sealed the charter of confirmation in the general diet or assembly of the States, his subjects owed him neither fidelity nor obedience;—and a new confirmation of the charters on each accession was also granted by the emperor.

Attempts were not infrequently made by the dukes to abridge their subjects of their lawful rights. These attempts were foiled, and greater stability was given to the constitution of the duchy. In the year 1733, the three most powerful protestant members of the German empire, viz. Hanover, Holstein, and Brandenburg, guaranteed the faithful observance of the treaties which Duke Alexander had entered into with his people,—a security which was then thought necessary in consequence of his conversion to

popery. It was afterwards proved, by the course of events, that arbitrary power would follow quite as readily in the train of a protestant prince. It became necessary for the States to call for the interposition of the guaranteeing powers under the reign of Duke Charles, who, misled by Montmartin, a minister whose name is yet detested in Wirtemberg, ran riot in extravagance, raised taxes without the consent of the States, instituted monopolies, and attempted to make himself as absolute as the rest of the princes of Germany. In Burgomaster Klupfell's late *Historical Sketch*, the enumeration of the acts of oppression committed by Duke Charles, is all printed in great letters, in order, as we greatly fear, to induce the reader to draw a very odious comparison between the living prince and the departed one.

The evil, however, brought its own remedy. The permanent deputations, finding that their remonstrances were of no avail, exerted their rights;—they were not to be awed or controlled. They despatched plenipotentiaries in the name of the States to the courts of Great Britain, Denmark, and Prussia, and claimed the fulfilment of the guarantee. Neither did these powers shrink from their duty. His present Majesty, in his Electoral character, communicated with the head of the empire, by a note or rescript, dated at “St. James’s, 21st August 1764”; and this document has now assumed a singular character. The grievances of the Wirtembergers are stated by George the Third in terms which would now be considered as very indecorous and jacobinical, if such people as we are were to use them. His Majesty accuses the duke of Wirtemberg of oppressing his subjects by keeping on foot a military establishment unsuited to the extent of his dominions, and which his people were unable to maintain; and concludes by most earnestly entreating the emperor, not only to grant an imperial “*protectorium et conservatorium*” to the States and inhabitants of Wirtemberg, but also to issue against the duke a “*mandatum inhibitorium cassatorium et de non amplius gravando sed restituendo in statum pristinum legalem*, in due form, according to “the laws of the empire.” The kings of Denmark and Prussia also pray process in like manner against the duke; and the latter requests that the execution of it may be entrusted to some “respectable” member of the empire. In the following year the three courts sent their ambassadors to Stuttgart, for the purpose of supporting the cause of the Wirtembergers, and which they all urged most strenuously at the court of Vienna. It is amusing to read the despatch addressed by Frederick to his representative



Count Schullenburgh. On this occasion Fritz—strange to say—appears as the sincere friend of limited authority, and expresses his hopes that the duke will soon be checked in his “acts of despotism” by the impartial decision of the imperial commissioner. The proceedings were tedious, and the imperial “dehortations” and mandates and commissions were more than once renewed; but, at length, the disputes were concluded in as satisfactory a manner as the States could desire, by the agreement or “Vergleich” to which the duke assented in the year 1770, and the true performance of which was again guaranteed by the mediating powers. At the late Congress of Vienna, the States claimed the fulfilment of the guarantee, but without any effect. The following extracts, however, will show the extent of the obligations entered into by George the Third for himself and his successors in the Electorate.

“Whereas the States of Wirtemberg have besought us to “guarantee their constitution, rights and franchises, in such “manner as the same have been confirmed, renewed, and conceded “by the treaty which has passed between them and our dearly “beloved brother the Duke of Wirtemberg, and which was concluded on his part on the 27th day of February 1770, and, on “their part, on the 22nd of March in the same year. We therefore “undertake, for ourself, and our successors in the Electorate, “to guarantee the rights, franchises, and constitution of the States “of Wirtemberg, and further, that we and our successors in the “Electorate will always maintain the same, so that the concessions “and promises contained in the before mentioned treaty may be “truly fulfilled, and no act committed in violation thereof, but “that it shall in all respects be firmly and unalterably observed. “Given at our palace of St. James’s this 31st day of May 1771, “and in the 11th year of our reign.—GEORGE R.”

The treaty of 1770, and its guarantees, thus settled and secured the rights of the States; and no innovations took place, until the confederation of the Rhine brought on the dissolution of the empire. The weak and selfish princes of Germany, forgetful of the duty which they owed to their common country, and seeking only to profit by its calamities, threw off their subjection to the lawful successor of Charlemagne, and hastened to the gaudy saloon of the Tuileries, to lick the dust before the throne of the usurper. Amongst these rebels—for such they were in truth and right—who was more forward than his Serene Highness the Duke of Wirtemberg? He was allowed to become the father-in-law of His Majesty

of Westphalia; but, to qualify himself for this high alliance, he was promoted from the ranks; and, as Napoleon nodded assent, the duke strutted forth a king,—a king of gilt gingerbread, in all its finery. We have sometimes thought, that the precedent for the erection of this mighty monarchy of Wirtemberg was sought in the chronicles of Mother Goose. Have our readers forgotten the story of King Petaud?—how Petaud was allowed to turn his farm of nine acres and three quarters into a kingdom—and how he became a king, under the style and title of King Petaud—and how he purchased all his regalia, to wit, a fustian mantle and a pasteboard crown, from a company of strolling players—and how old Jacqueline the dey was created secretary of state, and Pierott the hind became prime minister. It is true that the comparison cannot be pursued in all its points. King Petaud did not shear his sheep closer, nor milk his cows a bit the oftener than farmer Petaud had done. But when Duke Frederick was puffed out into King Frederick, he flayed his subjects, and drained them dry.

King Frederick, on his accession to the duchy in 1790, had renewed and confirmed all the treaties and compacts of his predecessors, and had declared them to be “firm and irrevocable.” He had sworn to his “faithful prelates and commons of Wirtemberg,” upon “his princely dignity, his honour, and his troth<sup>a</sup>,” to protect them for ever in the full enjoyment of all their liberties. Well—what mattered the promises and the oaths which had been thus given and sworn? He was absolved from all his ties by the chief of the new unholy empire. As soon as the “arrangements” at Paris were concluded, the constitution of Wirtemberg was destroyed by one decisive blow. This revolution took place at the close of December 1805, when the deputations were not sitting on account of the holidays, and only a few of the prelates and of the officers of the assembly were present at Stuttgart. However feeble the resistance might have been which the deputation could have opposed to downright violence, Frederick, who was now a half-hatched king just peeping out of the egg-shell, did not choose to face the assembly; and therefore, to these individual members, a declaration was made by President Von Eade, and the Counsellor of State Von Winzingerode, that the national representation was suppressed and dissolved. If they dared to meet, or to take any proceeding in their constitutional capacity, the Sovereign would consider such acts as acts of rebellion, and punish them accordingly. This step was closely followed up. The counsellors and public

<sup>a</sup> Bei unsern fürstlichen Würden, Ehr, und Treuen.



functionaries composing the boards and colleges of government, and the district and municipal magistrates, were immediately required to take a new oath of unconditional allegiance to the king; for, according to the old constitution, the oath of allegiance of a Wirtemberger was qualified and limited. And, on the 2nd of January 1806, a manifesto was issued, announcing the assumption of the royal dignity, and that his Majesty now possessed his dominions in full sovereignty. His Majesty also condescended to state, that, "under existing circumstances, all popular assemblies, "and all proceedings grounded upon the same, have become "unnecessary; we therefore direct all our royal functionaries, as "well as all our beloved and faithful subjects, to abstain therefrom." The president of one district ventured to remonstrate against the usurpations of the king, yet in the most discreet and respectful language; but, notwithstanding his discretion and his respect, proceedings were instituted against him as a state criminal.

His Majesty of Wirtemberg being resolved to show that he was a king every inch of him, now proceeded to subvert every institution connected with the ancient polity of the country. Under the ducal government, the ministry consisted of a plain and sober Teutonic privy-council, the "*Geheimeraths Collegium*," consisting of seven members, each of whom was also at the head of a "college," or administrative board. Now, it must be noticed, that these privy counsellors were constitutional officers, the ministers of the States and people, as well as of the prince. They were sworn to expedite the affairs of the "prelates and commonalty"; to "protect the orphans and the oppressed"; to see that "justice was administered without favour and affection"; and, without their previous advice, the duke could not legally act. This useless lumber was swept away; and King Frederick, with due respect for his protector Napoleon, reorganized the government according to the exact cut and fashion of the French empire. Wirtemberg could boast of a "Minister of the Interior," and of a "Minister of Justice," and of a "Minister of Public Worship"; and, above all, of a "Minister of Police";—and the "colleges," or boards of administration, were all transformed into "Bureaus." If the compactness of the French forms of government had accompanied the French nomenclature, it would have been of some advantage to the country. But, instead of this, a plan of administration was introduced, uniting excessive complication and stupidity. The following instance is given by the States as a

specimen of this puzzle-headed system. We translate it as a curiosity.

"The magistrates of an *Unteramt* or under-bailliwick, wish to obtain permission to enlarge a hospital, by appropriating part of the funds of a charitable institution to that purpose.

"In the first place they are to apply to the *Oberamt* in the principal town of the district.

"2. From thence to the Inspector of pious foundations, who resides in another town, and possibly in another district.

"3. The memorial is referred to the *Landvogtei* in a third town.

"4. The *Landvogtei* transmits it to the Section of the Council composing the Medical Board:—And the *Chef* of the Board

"5. refers it to a *Rath*, or Counsellor, who communicates thereon with the 3rd Section of the Board of Administration of the Crown domains.

"6. The reporting *Rath* transmits the papers to his *Chef*.

"7. The *Chef* lays them before the Minister of the Interior.

"8. The Minister of the Interior transmits them to the Minister of Finance.

"9. The Minister of Finance transmits them back again to the *Chef* of the 3rd Section of the Board of Administration of the Crown domains.

"10. The *Chef* refers them to a *Rath* to prepare the necessary documents.

"11. The *Rath* transmits them to his *Chef*. (Now it begins to go downwards.)

"12. The *Chef* transmits them to the Minister of Finance.

"13. The Minister of Finance transmits them to the Minister of the Interior.

"14. The Minister of the Interior transmits them to the *Chef* of the Medical Board.

"15. The *Chef* of the Medical Board passes them to the reporting *Rath*.

"16. The reporting *Rath* draws up a resolution, and lays it before his *Chef* for signature.

"17. The *Chef* transmits the papers to the *Landvogtei*.

"18. The *Landvogtei* transmits them to the *Oberamt*.

"19. And from the *Oberamt* they at length reach the *Unteramt*."

And it was thus that business was despatched in Wirtemberg.

The subjects *de facto* of the Crown of Wirtemberg, were divided into three general classes, all of whom were equally crushed by the clumsy tyranny of the king. Over the inhabitants of the territory of the old duchy—"Alt Wirtemberg, or Old Wirtemberg"—he certainly had a right to exercise a legitimate, that is to say, a limited authority. The Imperial free towns, Ulm, Rottenburg, Bopfingen, Gmünd, etc., etc., and a good many ecclesiastical domains, passed under his majesty's yoke, by a series of transactions which are just within the pale of the law of nations, as now taught and practised. But, even according to the very accommodating principles of modern political morality, he never acquired any right to the allegiance of the mediatised



princes or of the knighthood<sup>a</sup> of the empire, or to the possession of their territories; and this observation applies to other powers besides his majesty of Wirtemberg.

The treatment experienced by these princes and nobles has been particularly harsh and jacobinical. The sovereigns of the Rhenish Confederation took forcible possession of their dominions, by virtue of the 23rd, 24th and 25th articles of the treaty, which united them in vassalage under Napoleon. Mediatization and confederacy are courtly and diplomatic terms; but there was a time when, if the treaty had been translated into plain household words, many people would have said that the sovereigns of Wirtemberg and Baden, and Bavaria and Darmstadt, and the rest of the confederates, were dastards, who combined in a gang for the purpose of committing a robbery on their helpless neighbours. However, nobody ought to say so now, because their conduct hath amended. Certain it is, that they have given one sign of contrition, by abandoning, with all possible expedition, the Great Outlaw, under the shadow of whose wing they dared to do the wrong. And who can doubt but that repentance will be followed by restitution? In this remarkable treaty, the confederates, of their own authority, declared that they were henceforward to possess, in "full sovereignty,"—for that nice term is brought in on all occasions,—all the principalities, and the burgraviates, and the mark-graviates, and the countries of the weaker princes of the empire, as well as all the lands belonging to the *Reichs-Ritterschaft*,<sup>1</sup> or Imperial Knighthood, situated within, or near to, their respective dominions!—With the exception of the partition of Poland, this transaction has not a parallel for iniquity in the annals of Europe. A conquered kingdom is well vested in the victor by the law of arms. Violence and terror may have compelled the cession of the province, but it is transferred by the formalities of the cabinet; the paper bears the signature of the sovereign; it shows the impress of his seal; his consent, however reluctantly it may have been sighed out, is yet obtained. But here, the "Confederation" usurped the possessions of these princes, without the slightest shadow of right,—without even attempting to explain the causes of the spoliation, or to palliate their rapacity with words.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the mediatized princes were states of the Empire,—the peers and equals of the powers

<sup>a</sup> The *Reichs-Ritterschaft*, who must not be confounded with the Teutonic order. The French diplomatists call their possessions the *terres equestres*.

who seized their dominions. The Imperial knighthood, though of lower estate, suffered equally from their injustice. These nobles did not rank as states of the Empire; they held immediately of the Emperor; and, in Wirtemberg, they owed no feudal services whatever to the duke, by whose territories their lands were surrounded. These exemptions were gained by degrees. At one period in the history of Wirtemberg, they sat in the meetings of the ducal diet. We have already alluded to their secession from it. This took place in 1519, when they asserted that they did not form an estate of the duchy, but that they were free nobles, and only indwellers of Wirtemberg. Their pretensions were allowed by the emperors, notwithstanding the protestations of the dukes; and, in many respects, they might be considered as independent sovereigns. The duke, although their superior, was not their lord; they had an exclusive jurisdiction over their subjects in civil pleas; and their rights and privileges were very extensive. It might have been advisable to modify these feudal privileges, by fair and constitutional means; but the king of Wirtemberg had nothing but his aggrandizement in view, when, availing himself of the approaching dissolution of the empire, he took forcible possession of all these domains. The other confederates did the same; and the Protector thereupon issued an *ordre du jour* from his imperial head-quarters at Schönbrunn, under date of the 19th December 1805, by which his generals were instructed to maintain the Electors of Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Baden, in the occupation of the *terres equestres*. The cause assigned by Napoleon was, that the *Reichs-Ritterschaft* were partizans of the house of Austria, and had allowed recruits to be raised for the Austrian service within their dominions;—"and this," continued he, "necessarily places them in a state of warfare against France; as a German emperor, according to the constitutions of the empire, has no right to raise recruits in Germany unless the war is carried on by and against the empire." Napoleon thus gravely reasoned to show that these nobles were acting contrary to the constitutions of the empire, at the very moment that he was destroying it. Under the sanction of the opinion of this powerful reasoner, the Rhenish powers kept the possessions which they had gained so lawfully, until their "sovereignty" was sanctioned by the treaty of confederation entered into with Napoleon.

Whatever may have been the aristocratic failings of these petty German princes and German barons, they now did penance for them. Had the king of Wirtemberg possessed a spark of true



nobility of mind, he would have attempted to soothe and conciliate the feelings of these high-spirited men, proud,—and their pride may be excused—of their pure and ancient ancestry, and smarting under the loss of their rank and privileges and property. This course, however, he disdained; and the maxims of his government exhibit a happy combination of the vulgar spite of a Sans-culottes, and the despotism of Constantinople. All their entails and family settlements were barred and set aside at once by the normal regulation of the 22nd April 1808, which directed, “that, from “the time when it issued, their estates should become partible, “and descend accordingly.” The object of this revolutionary regulation is obvious. It was intended to impoverish the nobility, and destroy their existence as a caste. In the Wirtemberg table of precedence, the old imperial nobles were to take their places immediately after the Court pages. They were not to enjoy even this rank unless they had served in the Wirtemberg army; and, if they sought for employment, they could find none. All the privileges of birth were taken from them; but they were to remain subject to the most galling of the chains imposed by the prejudices of aristocracy; and, by the decree of the 29th July 1808, the nobles were prohibited from intermarrying with the bourgeoisie, unless his Majesty’s special permission was obtained. The nobility were put under permanent arrest. They could not quit the kingdom without license. If they wished to leave their usual place of residence for a week, and make an excursion into the next *Landvogtei* or district, previous notice must be given to the district-officers. But a more extraordinary act of power remains to be told. A circular letter, directed to the nobility, and dated in January 1810, was issued from the “ministry of the interior,” in which, by his Majesty’s most gracious commands, the minister communicated to the Herr Graf such-a-one the unalterable will of his sovereign Majesty, viz. that the “Herr Graf shall, from henceforward, spend “at least three months in every year at the royal residence of “Stuttgart.”—And, with respect to the remaining nine months, “if the Herr Graf should wish to live on his estates during that “period, his Majesty, on proper application being made, will not “be disinclined to grant his most gracious permission” for that purpose. His Majesty further intimated his gracious hope that this his sovereign order would be punctually observed; which hope was backed by an intimation, that, if it was disappointed, “one-fourth of the gross annual rental of the possessions of the “Herr Graf will be forfeited to his Majesty’s treasury!”

It would occupy more space than we can spare, to detail the grievances of the "ci-devant imperial free towns"; it will be sufficient to observe, that their trade was destroyed, and their funds and corporate property taken from them. A peculiar hardship of the city of Ulm may be noticed, because it will remind our readers of the situation of the landholders of Poland. The city became the property of Wirtemberg; but the town lands on the right bank of the Danube, which, as the States observe, are as closely connected with the town as the rump is with the head, were retained by Bavaria; so that, whenever the good citizens of Ulm wish to walk in their fields or gardens, or to cut their cabbages to make sauerkraut, they pass into a foreign country.

These were the sufferings of peculiar classes or districts. But the reaction which ensued as soon as the king had destroyed the constitutional checks upon his authority, desolated the entire country. What were his Majesty's ideas respecting the "full sovereignty" which he now enjoyed, may be collected from a few of the acts of his reign, which, it must be recollected, appear from the official documents entered in the journals of the States.

The most barbarous laws of the barbarous ages were enforced with the utmost rigour. His Majesty's fondness for the sports of the field, reduced the peasantry to an absolute state of slavery. In one district, and in the course of one twelvemonth, twenty-one thousand five hundred and eighty-four of the inhabitants were compelled to perform forest duty. Many of them were compelled to travel upwards of twenty *Stunden* or nearly eighty English miles from their homes. None received any compensation for their labour, which was exacted in harvest time, and in the vintage season, whilst the corn was unreaped, and the grapes were rotting on the vines. The beasts of chase, as may be easily supposed, prospered and multiplied under his Majesty's protection. In the neighbourhood of the royal forests, the arable lands were rendered waste and desolate by their ravages. It is true that the peasants were graciously permitted, after the toils of the day, to watch their crops at night. In the district of Heidenheim this task occupied one hundred and ninety men, one hundred and eighteen women, and two hundred and fifty-two children, making together a total of five hundred and sixty-nine persons. But as these weary wretches were not permitted to use any offensive weapons against the boars, their vigilance was of little avail; and the crops of 5293 *Morgen* of lands were wholly destroyed. But the taxes imposed upon these lands were levied without the slightest remission.



The people of Wirtemberg are religious and moral; and they are strongly attached to their national church, whose members have contributed greatly, by their constitutional privileges and influence, towards the preservation of civil liberty. The Lutheran church was well endowed. The revenues of the old monastic domains were enjoyed by the Lutheran prelates; but the rents of all the other church lands fell into the ecclesiastical treasury, which was under the administration of an independent board or church council, consisting of three clerical and four lay councillors, who had hitherto succeeded in keeping the hands of the dukes out of the church chest. From this common fund, the parochial clergy were salaried; the residue was employed in maintaining schools and seminaries, or appropriated to the use of the poor; and if any surplus could have remained, it was to be hoarded "for the defence and protection of the people of the land."

The church property was too tempting to the greedy profusion of the king, who took possession of its treasury, which contained a capital of 800,000 florins in cash. These monies paid the workmen employed about the new palace. The chief Lutheran convents were secularized, and the prelates deprived of their revenues. One of these convents was wisely turned into a boiling house, for the purpose of making sugar out of beet-roots, according to the Napoleon patent. The clergy of Stuttgart were expelled from their houses. Great portions of the church lands were sold, or incorporated with the royal domains; and the management of such revenues as yet continued applicable to the ecclesiastical treasury, was taken from the Church Council, and confided to the "Minister of Finance," so that the fund was now completely at the mercy of the government. And how this government managed the ecclesiastical and charitable foundations, may be judged from one shameful instance of abuse. There is an extensive orphan hospital at Stuttgart;—this was converted into an *Académie royale des Arts*; that is to say, the arts of dancing, music and stage-playing, where the pupils, intended for the supply of the *Corps dramatique* of the Court theatre, were fed and clothed and educated at the expense of the hospital; and the helpless children, for whom this asylum had been provided by the pious charity of the founders, were left to starve. "The clergy," says the States, "were treated, on all occasions, with contempt. Their authority, as censors of the public morals, was no longer respected. The court, by its example, encouraged the profanation of the Lord's day." In the table of precedence, "the most

"ignorant under-bailiff (*Unter-Amtmann*) ranks above the most "respectable pastor." All these acts of oppression, and a great many more, are stated in the very able report presented to the States by the general superintending Lutheran prelate, Cless. However, as we must deal with impartiality, we are bound to observe, that the venerable prelate has included certain particulars in his report which scarcely seem to form a fair charge against the Government. Such, for instance, is the information respecting the frailty of Dorothy Allmendingerinn, now entered in the journals of the States, *in perpetuum rei memoriam*, and which was given to the prelate by the Reverend Mr. Stummel, Pastor of Durnau, in the upper bailliwick of Göppingen. It thence appears, that the said Dorothy, notwithstanding the wholesome admonitions which she received, hath twice indulged in illicit love in the very face of Pastor Stummel; and, to his unspeakable consternation, she has never yet been sent to the house of correction, there to be dealt with as the law directs. Dorothy's transgressions are no doubt very heinous;—yet we submit, that the enormities of which Pastor Stummel and his prelate thus complain, might have come to pass even if the Church Council had been in full activity. The report of Prelate Cless also includes a homily against the abuse of skittle-playing on Sunday afternoons; but we greatly fear that it has failed to produce a due sense of the enormity of the practice.

The Government, aware that it had deserved a general resistance, thought fit to disarm the entire population of the country; and all fire-arms were to be given up. Severe punishments were inflicted on offenders. The males were condemned to hard labour in the fortifications for three months; the ladies were confined during four months in the house of correction; and even the nobles were not exempted from the prohibitions of this most degrading law. At first, merchants travelling with goods of value, or travellers carrying with them "considerable sums of money," (for the proviso was carefully worded), were permitted to carry...pocket-pistols. This was under the decree made in January 1809. But, in the following December, the Government discovered that pocket-pistols were dangerous things; and the permission of wearing them was revoked. The conscription laws were even more oppressive than in the protecting empire. From thence also the king borrowed the *Tariff of Trianon*, which continued to be levied, with a very slight reduction, when there was no longer any obligation on the part of the Government to adhere to the



Continental system. The trade of the late imperial towns was destroyed by tolls and impositions. Several manufactures were declared to be "royal monopolies"; of these none was more grievous and illegal than the monopoly of snuff and tobacco—it being expressly declared by the old constitution, that the necessities of life were not to be subject to monopoly.

Justice took flight, of course. The sentences of the criminal court were dictated by the king himself, through the medium of the Minister of Justice. Of these sentences the States, for wise reasons, "respectfully abstain from speaking"; but they exclaim loudly against the punishments inflicted by the tribunals, and sanctioned by the laws. The Ministry of Police, as well as the sections of the Cabinet Ministry, had the power, we will not say of sentencing persons to confinement, but of confining them without sentence, for an unlimited period, in the house of correction.

Wirtemberg thus continued enjoying the sweets of full sovereignty till the year 1815, when a meeting, purporting to be an assembly of the States, and whose proceedings are now before us, was called by the king. This measure was forced upon him by the course of events; the Rhenish sovereigns, as long as they gained by the job, were never qualmish in allowing their subjects to be shot and frozen, and starved by wholesale in the service of the French Emperor. When these magnanimous heroes slipped off the harness which they had gladly buckled on their own shoulders, and left the car of Napoleon astanding, the sufferings, of which they themselves had been the willing cause, and all of which they might have averted had they possessed either political steadiness or honesty, were used as stimulants to rouse the energy of the people. And the Germans in general were taught that their exertions against the French Emperor would be rewarded by the restoration of their constitutional liberties. How this expectation has been realized in Prussia, and Hesse, and Bavaria, we all know well; but the peculiar liberties which Wirtemberg had once enjoyed, made it necessary that the government should devise some method of preserving a comfortable despotism; and for this purpose the new assembly of the States was convened. This was preceded by an extraordinary meeting of the council of state, held on the 11th January 1815. Here the king delivered a gracious speech, in which he stated, that the suppression of the ancient States of Wirtemberg was a necessary consequence of the changes which took place in the kingdom in the year 1805, and the political relations connected with those changes. It was, however, always

his firm intention to bestow a representative constitution on the country, as soon as a favourable opportunity should arrive. In the conferences which he had with the sovereigns at Vienna, he expressed his resolution to introduce—let this expression be marked—to introduce a representation of the States into his kingdom. And, although the affairs of Germany had not yet attained to a satisfactory settlement, yet his wishes to promote the happiness of his people, would no longer allow him to delay carrying his resolutions into effect.

The decree, regulating the convocation of the States, according to the new order of things, was issued in January; and on the 25th March 1815, they met at Stuttgart. The representatives of the “good towns,”—a gallicism which is unseemly in a German kingdom,—and of the bailliwicks, were chosen by the inhabitants, and an income of 200 florins, arising from real property, was the qualification of an elector. The four hereditary officers of the kingdom, and the mediatized princes, and thirty counts and heads of noble families, selected by the king, appeared as representatives of the nobility. The chancellor of the University of Tübingen, and the senior general superintending prelate, were to be considered as the delegates of the Lutheran Church. The Catholic Church was represented by a bishop *in partibus*, who was invested with the functions of General Vicar, and the Senior of the Catholic Deans. Speaking of the appearance of the thing on paper, it would seem that the representation of the people was fairly constituted;—and, that it was in fact so, was soon evinced by their conduct. But the share of legislative authority which the king was willing to concede to the States was so insignificant, that, however freely chosen, the assembly would never have been enabled to counterbalance the power of the Crown. The session was opened with great pomp. The king, as appears from the official account, in which the particulars of the ceremonial are most carefully set forth, was put into a *Galawagen*; and a team of no less than eight horses was required to drag his Majesty and his *Wagen*. His ministers being less ponderous, were loaded in *Hof-wagens*, some dragged by six horses, and some only by a pair. The speech from the throne was followed by another in praise of the new constitution, delivered by the Minister of the Interior, Count von Reischach; and the articles themselves were read by the Minister of State Otte. “This constitutional charter,” the king proceeded, “which is given to our faithful States, “contains the declaration of our royal will.” The doors of the



hall were thrown open; "and his Majesty and his train returned to the palace, exactly in the same manner as his Majesty had arrived."

As soon as he had quitted the hall, the assembly adopted proceedings which amounted virtually to a rejection of the constitution which had been given by his royal will. The president proposed, that, according to the new constitution, they should proceed to the choice of a vice-president; but Prince Maximilian of Waldburg-Zeil rose and read a protest, in which he declared his reasons for withdrawing from the assembly. The mediatised princes, he said, still waited the determination of their fate from the Congress of Vienna; and, till its decision was known, he could not declare his submission to the new constitution, it being an act by which his rights and those of his family would be irrevocably concluded. It must be remarked, that a great proportion of the mediatised nobility refused to obey the letters of convocation addressed to them; and of those who were present, the Counts of Quaad, Isny, Schasberg, and Erbach-Wartenberg, and the Princes of the two branches of the house of Hohenlohe, declared their adherence to the protest of the Prince of Waldburg. This protest of the mediatised princes was immediately followed by the vote of an address to the throne from the States. It was moved by the Count of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who, in consequence, was honoured by the implacable anger of the monarch, and carried by acclamation. In this, they humbly represented to the king, that the people had proceeded to elect their representatives, under the full conviction that they were to receive back the ancient constitution of the country, with such modifications only as became necessary in consequence of the additions which had been made to the ancient territory of the dukes. It was therefore with the most submissive gratitude that the States recognized the goodness of his Majesty in calling them together, for the purpose of considering the alterations which it would be fit that the constitution should undergo under the altered situation of the country.

Thus the king and the States enounced the opposite principles upon which they proceeded. The king assumed that the ancient rights of the Wirtembergers were entirely extinguished and surrendered up; and placed himself in the situation of an autocrat, the uncontrolled master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, who, of his own accord, condescends to impose certain limits to his authority. These pretensions of the king were flatly contradicted by the States; who maintained that they were entitled

to their ancient constitution as their right,—and that they held their privileges by the same legitimate tenure that he held his crown. They required the entire restitution of their liberties as an act of justice; nor would they receive them back in scraps, doled out by grace and favour. Whence did the king obtain his “full sovereignty”? His absolute power was a mere lawless usurpation, to which neither the States nor the people had assented, either in word or deed. It therefore remained with them to consent to those modifications of their old form of government, by which it might be adapted to the condition of the incorporated territories, and reformed, where reform was needed. For these purposes the States were willing to treat with the king, and to sanction a new compact between the sovereign and the people,—but on the basis of the former compacts which had been concluded between the Wirtembergers and his predecessors and himself.

As they thus utterly disclaimed the power claimed by the king, of “granting” a new constitution to Wirtemberg, and refused to accept a national representation as his gift, the defects of the proposed form of government needed less consideration;—the States, however, pointed them out. The vigilant, permanent deputations, who had so long proved thorns in the side of the duke, with their well-stocked treasury, were to disappear; but a deputation of twelve Members was to meet for four weeks in each year, who were to have the liberty of complaining to the king. The General Assembly was to meet once in three years. Regulations were to be enforced which would have deprived the people of the right of petition, and have checked all communications between them and their representatives. It was declared, indeed, that no new taxes should be levied in future without their consent; but all the taxes which had been imposed, and all the laws which had been promulgated by the king whilst exercising his “full sovereignty,” were to remain in force, and to be the basis of the new system of finance and legislation. And the rights of the Crown were so well defined, whilst such a mysterious impersonality enveloped those which were given to the people by his Majesty’s “constitutional act,” that the national representation was mere mockery and delusion.

After many bitter rescripts and angry addresses had been exchanged between the king and the States, commissioners were named by each party, by whom the points in difference were to be discussed. In the meanwhile, petitions poured in from the magistracy and inhabitants of the towns and bailliwicks, not



excepting his Majesty's good town of Stuttgart, exhorting the States to be firm in their demands. The people and their representatives were unanimous in insisting upon the entire restoration of the ancient form of government, with such changes only as would adapt it to the present state of the country. At this crisis, the States reclaimed the assistance of their old allies, the three guaranteeing powers, by applying to their ministers at the Congress of Vienna; but, as may easily be anticipated, without effect. Count Munster "would not enter into the question, whether "the guarantee was yet subsisting." Indirectly, however, he interposed in favour of the mediatized princes; besides which, the Hanoverian ministers declared, in the name of the Prince Regent, that it was not to be allowed that the dissolution of the Germanic empire had given a despotic power to any of the German princes; and with this declaration their exertions stopped.

In the course of the discussions, a new ground was taken by the king. If the claims of the inhabitants of the duchy of Old Wirtemberg were valid, yet the newly incorporated territories, he asserted, could have no right to the old constitution—and these territories constituted nearly the moiety of the kingdom. This point, and the various considerations which arose out of it, continued to be mooted with great diligence till the dissolution of the assembly. Without following up the arguments of those members by whom it was treated as an abstract question, with many a learned quotation from Puffendorf and Vattel, it will be sufficient to observe, that the claims of the incorporated territories, or of New Wirtemberg, were fully borne out by precedent. The case was not a new one, resting on theory. Numerous acquisitions had been made by the sovereigns of Wirtemberg since the 16th century; for the State had been progressively increasing in size; and, in every instance, the districts so acquired had been let into the possession of all the rights of the old territory. Whilst thus disputing, the king yielded so far to the complaints of the States, as to repeal some of his forest laws, and corvée acts, and war taxes; but at the same time he continued to levy the taxes by his own authority, and to govern in all respects in full sovereignty.

During the remainder of the king's life, the discussions maintained the same tone of asperity, and no real progress was made towards an amicable settlement. The mediatized princes<sup>1</sup> and nobility had rejoined the assembly, and added all their strength to its proceedings. They also concluded a treaty of union amongst themselves, of which the Prince of Waldburg-Zeil

Franchburg (President of the States) was the leading member, which occasioned violent measures on the part of the king.

The popular party was supposed to be espoused by the Crown Prince, the present King William, who "ascended the throne," as the phrase runs, in February 1817; and his first act was the publication of another plan of a constitution, in which a nearer approximation was made to the old form of government; but his Majesty expressed himself in energetic terms against the secret administration of the permanent deputations.

The States now did not proceed right forward; much time was consumed in trifling discussions; and an article of the new constitution, which empowered the privy councillors to be present at their sittings, was debated at large; all parties attaching greater importance to it than it deserved. Symptoms of disunion between the old Wirtembergers and the new Wirtembergers, disclosed themselves. The representatives of Old Wirtemberg protested against their being bound by the absolute majority of the assembly, of which the latter formed a part; and the communications between the States and the king, who had bowed and smiled at each other during the honeymoon, now became less respectful and conciliatory,—till at length a popular commotion at Stuttgart furnished the government with a reason or a pretence for closing the session; and, since that period, the king has governed, though not oppressively, yet in "full sovereignty." He is a man of domestic habits, and mild disposition; and his virtues are perhaps as dangerous to the liberties of Wirtemberg as the vices of his father.

Throughout the whole of these transactions, the States, we think, acted honestly; and their conduct deserves the warmest praise which can be given to the strenuous defenders of public liberty;—yet they were deficient in tact and sound discretion. All points were laboured alike. Their communications with the king were often worded with needless petulance and empty anger. It is a wise old maxim, that "a soft answer turneth away "wrath"; and certainly, no good is ever gained by departing from the decent and habitual rules of intercourse. Whether or not it would have been politic in the States to have lowered their pretensions, is one of those matters on which, according to Sir Roger de Coverley, a great deal may be said on both sides. And the partizans of monarchy may perhaps assert, that, when subjected to the authority of the deputations, it only could exist in name.

Experience, however, had proved the utility and necessity of the restrictions to which the dukes were subjected under the



old constitution; and it should always be recollected, that the maintenance of popular privileges in such small states is a difficult problem. They have not the depth of soil which is necessary to enable the tree of liberty to strike root deeply, and flourish upwards, so as to withstand the storm; but it always continues a weak sapling, requiring props and fences. The people are not respectable enough to withstand the influence of the Court; and they have no weight on their side by which it can be counterbalanced.

The aristocratic and popular branches of the legislature have not the support which are given to them in larger communities, by public spirit and public opinion, and, above all, by property. The multitude are inert and dull, roused with difficulty, and soon relapsing into torpor. There is no elasticity in the public mind. In Wirtemberg, the courtier and the court hireling are not kept in check by the substantial merchant, the landed gentleman, or the decent farmer. The towns are filled with petty traders; the country is peopled by sluggish boors. The counts and barons, therefore, may bear sixteen quarters or thirty-two quarters in their shields; they may trace their line to Arminius and Witikind; and the burgomasters of Bopfingen, or Gmünd, or Rottenburg (for there is only one borough which openly bears this name in Wirtemberg), may be fairly and freely chosen to represent their towns in the Diet; but neither the noblest aristocracy, nor the most genuine representatives of the people, will ever be of importance unless they have money in their purses. A popular government supposes, that there must be a quantum of substantial power in the holding of the people. Now if this share of power cannot be diffused throughout the mass, it must be concentrated in particular classes or bodies. The co-ordinate authority and secret funds of the permanent deputations, which might have overturned the throne if confided to a British Parliament, or the French Chambers, were therefore essential to the very existence of the States of Wirtemberg, where the people are destitute of the character and resources by which a representative assembly is maintained in the exercise of its functions, and the guarantees of the Protestant powers, however inexpedient it may be to allow of foreign interference in the internal government of a nation, supplied the place of the *vis inertiae* which strengthens the subject in repelling the aggressions of his rulers.

With respect to the right of the Wirtembergers to their old constitution, we think it would scarcely have been questioned, but in such Jacobinical times as the present. The Jacobin—hateful

name—was one who rushed at once beyond the debatable land of public law—who cancelled every obligation—who lied whenever it served his turn—who remembered no promise which he had once given—and who kept those down by violence whom he had cheated or seduced into submission. The Jacobin republic unfolded itself into a Jacobin empire; and now it is quite a melancholy sight to see how many of the worst principles of Jacobinism have been adopted by the apostles of legitimacy, and by the new converts to its orthodoxy. Those who scotched the snake, have sucked in all its venom. Where the French were usurpers, their conquerors confirmed their usurpations. The “delivery” of the continental nations consists in this;—their chains have been unfastened from one staple in the wall, and rivetted to others in its stead. Every vestige of popular freedom or independence has been carefully blotted out. Nothing has been retained save royalty. The joyous charters of Brabant had been cast into the flames by the rude hands of the mad revolutionists; and therefore it became lawful for the Amphictyons of Europe, as they have been called in the French papers, to heave the Dutch king up, and drop him down upon the shoulders of the unwilling Belgians. Since Genoa melted into the French empire, the proud republic was to pass in the mass of barter to the miserable Sardinian bigot. The cessions extorted from the Prussian give him the right of plundering the Saxon; and the doctrine which commanded Spain and the Indies to worship the mock king, received a hopeful application in Scandinavia, for the attachment which the Norwegians have since formed to their new prince does not in the least diminish the primary illegality of the transfer.

By such acts of the lords of men, a great change has been unfortunately produced in the public mind. The warm, and, let us add, the ennobling spirit of loyalty, is flitting fast away. Of the infinite varieties of misery, which fall upon our wretched nature, there are none which so readily excite our sympathy as the sufferings of a king. Nor is there a more generous passion, or a purer one, than the anxious hope that the lawful monarch may be reinstated in his rightful power. But for the claims of duty and allegiance, who is there that would not have wished to join, with all his heart and all his soul, in the simple, yet energetic song of the partizans of our exiled Stuarts?

“A thousand years this Royal Crown  
Hath been his fathers’ and his own;  
Say is there any one but *he*,  
That in the same should sharer be?



Who better may the sceptre sway,  
Than he that hath such right to reign?  
Then let us hope for peace—for the wars will never cease,  
Till the King enjoys his own again."

Such feelings can no longer be excited. This fire of loyalty is damped all over the world. Those who would wish to rekindle it on the altar, turn away with disgust from the contemptuous scowl of the divinities before whom it would have flamed. Upon the overthrow of Napoleon, we witnessed just such a scene as takes place in romance, when the dungeons of a wicked giant are unlocked, after the storming of his castle. Kings and princes and potentates were delivered from captivity, or recalled from banishment; and Europe rang from side to side with joy. These *Io Pæans* swelled and rose upon the breeze—and then they ceased! and a sullen silence has succeeded. The common exultation was repressed by the unlucky discovery, that, as soon as the "*Kings*," in the words of the song, began to enjoy their own again, it became but too evident, that they had fully determined that their subjects should never enjoy theirs; and, till that assurance is felt, the "*King*," no matter how many thousand years the sceptre may have belonged to him or his fathers, will never sway, nor deserve to sway it in peace or security.





## NORMANDY—ARCHITECTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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1. ACCOUNT OF A TOUR IN NORMANDY, *undertaken chiefly for the purpose of investigating the Architectural Antiquities of the Duchy; with Observations on its History, on the Country, and on its Inhabitants*; illustrated with numerous Engravings. By DAWSON TURNER, Esq., F.R.S. etc. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1820.
2. THE ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF NORMANDY, *in a Series of One Hundred Etchings*. By J. S. COTMAN. Accompanied by historical and descriptive notices by DAWSON TURNER. Parts I and II. Royal folio. London. 1820.
3. LETTERS WRITTEN DURING A TOUR THROUGH NORMANDY, BRITTANY, AND OTHER PARTS OF FRANCE, IN 1818. By Mrs CHARLES STOTHARD. With numerous Engravings after Drawings by CHARLES STOTHARD, F.S.A. 4to. London. 1820.
4. ESSAIS HISTORIQUES SUR LA VILLE DE CAEN, ET SON ARRONDISSEMENT. Par M. L'ABBÉ DE LA RUE, Chanoine Honoraire de l'Eglise Cathédrale de Bayeux, etc. 2 vols. 8vo. Caen et Rouen. 1820.
5. AN INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. By WILLIAM GUNN, B.D., Rector of Irstead, Norfolk. 8vo. London. 1819.
6. AN ATTEMPT TO DISCRIMINATE THE STYLES OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE, *from the Conquest to the Reformation; with Notices of nearly Five Hundred English Buildings: preceded by a sketch of the Grecian and Roman Orders*. By THOMAS RICKMAN. 1819.
7. CHRONOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE OF GREAT BRITAIN. By JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A. Six parts. 4to. London. 1821.
8. SPECIMENS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; SELECTED FROM VARIOUS ANCIENT EDIFICES IN ENGLAND; *consisting of Parts, Elevations, Sections, and Parts at large; calculated to exemplify the various Styles...of this Class of Architecture*. The Drawings by A. PUGIN, Architect, and the Engravings by E. TURRELL. Parts I and II. London. 1821.

EVERY nook in our island has now been completely ransacked, and described by our tourists and topographers. If we call over the counties one by one, their historians will be seen marshalling their ranks in quarto and in folio. The humbler antiquary of the Ancient Borough ekes out his octavo with chronicles of Shreeves and Mayors, and transcripts of the wills of the founders of the Green-coat school and the Almshouse; and every hamlet, raised by the opulence of the state into the rank of a watering-place, possesses some diligent "Guide"; in whose slender duodecimo, the card of the Master of the Ceremonies, and the description of the assembly-rooms, are introduced by an historical dissertation upon the Silures or the Trinobantes. Nor has the pencil been employed with less diligence than the pen. It would be difficult to name any structure of the "olden time" which has not been transmitted into the portfolio and the library. The cathedral, whose intricate beauty would almost seem to mock the skill of the designer, yet affords him a fitting trial for his art; while the village church furnishes the material for "an accurate S.E. view," in which the artist carefully eclipses the building itself by the brilliancy and finish of the skulls and cross-bones on the tombstones, and the weathercock on the stumped tower. Such are the productions received with due gratitude by our old and much respected friend Sylvanus Urban; who, since he began his career, in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty, has done infinite service, by storing his magazine with information which all the world would wish to preserve, though it is morally certain that no mortal but himself would ever have had the firmness to rescue it from oblivion.

Our home subjects having been thus so thoroughly investigated, it was full time that some attempt should be made to illustrate the antiquities of Normandy, the most important of *our* transmarine provinces. The French king must not be offended, or, as Mr. Madison expresses it, put himself in an attitude, in consequence of the claim of property which we thus assert. My Lord Coke has given an opinion, in his fourth Institute, that the king of England has not lost his legal right of entry on the duchy of Normandy, and of bringing an ejectment against his Most Christian Majesty, and recovering possession in due form of law; the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, with the appurtenances, being, as he says, "good seizin for the rest of the "territory." This, perhaps, is a state-affair, and ought to be considered by ministers, so we do not choose to meddle with it; but it is quite certain, that in Normandy an Englishman feels



himself as much within the pale of English history as if he were in Yorkshire. The theme is so congenial to us, that, for want of a better work, even the meagre compilation of Ducarel<sup>1</sup> has long since become as valuable as scarcity and high prices could possibly make it. Let it not be supposed that we intend to disparage the memory of the Doctor; he led the way, and we will give him all the meed of praise which is due to a valiant leader. But his travels in the province were confined to a few of its districts; and his architectural plates, which, in books of this class, must always constitute the most important portion, are below contempt. Executed by the most unskilful artists, they bear no intelligible resemblance whatever to the buildings which they caricature and deform.

At the period when Ducarel wrote, these defects were not easily avoided; the architecture of the middle ages had not been studied. Unless an artist feels and estimates all the peculiarities and characteristics of the subject which is placed before him, be that object what it may, he never can delineate it with satisfactory accuracy. A man who attempts to copy inscriptions cut in an alphabet which he cannot read, will make an unintelligible facsimile, though he pore over the original never so carefully. Where a stroke is half obliterated, he will make a break; where another is accidentally lengthened, he will run it into the next letter; and the aggregate of these unavoidable mistakes renders the transcript of no value. A drawing made by a draftsman who does not fully understand the parts of the subject will exhibit similar faults. To be able to delineate accurately, he must know what the outline ought to be; if he does not possess this antecedent knowledge, he will never discover what it is. The slightest irregularity in the curve will induce him to twist the depressed arch into an ogree. He converts the foliated pinnacle into a jagged pyramid. Destitute of any distinct conception of the meaning of the several parts, he has no distinct perception of their united forms and bearing; he may look and gaze attentively, yet the lines which he traces upon his paper will never arrange themselves significantly, unless the mind's eye also sees that which is seen by the corporeal eye, unless the intellect guides the hand<sup>a</sup>.

The works relating to Normandy now before us, to which may be added Mr. Dibdin's splendid tour, therefore, afford much

<sup>a</sup> Hollar, whose talents are unquestionable, affords an illustration of the errors incident to the drawings of an artist who has no critical sense of the character of architecture.

information of which we stood in need. Mr. Turner introduces his Letters by the following explanatory remarks:—

“My narrative is principally addressed to those readers who find pleasure in the investigation of architectural antiquity. Without the slightest pretensions to the character either of an architect or of an antiquarian, engaged in other avocations and employed in other studies, I am but too conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject. Yet my remarks may at least assist the future traveller, by pointing out such objects as are interesting, either on account of their antiquity or their architectural worth.”

The plates, etched and drawn by Mr. Cotman, are recommended by a high degree of merit and curiosity; most of the subjects which this indefatigable artist has chosen are hitherto inedited monuments. Mr. Cotman's style of engraving is well adapted for architecture, and he unites picturesque effect with fidelity of delineation. His plates are perhaps deficient in the management of the middle tints; but we doubt whether this is so injurious to the effect and harmony of the print as the fruitless endeavours which are sometimes made to express all the varieties of colour on the copper. Engravers fall too much into this practice. The notion of colour conveyed by shading in black and white, is an attempt which may be compared to the music produced by drumming on a table.

Mr. Stothard travelled to Normandy for the purpose of delineating the celebrated tapestry of Bayeux. This task was intrusted to him by the Antiquarian Society. It could be only executed by a careful artist, gifted with correct antiquarian feeling. On this journey, he was accompanied by Mrs. Stothard, who, in a series of letters addressed to her mother and family, has given a pretty full account of her excursion; but we observe, with regret, that justice has not been done by the aquatinter to the beautiful drawings of her husband which accompany it. This lady's lively and picturesque narrative has amused us. The engravings do not give an adequate idea of the firm delicacy of the originals.

The Abbé de la Rue has most diligently illustrated the antiquities of his native town in his “Historical Essays.” De Bourgueville, in his “History of Caen,” and the celebrated Huet, in his “Origines de Caen,” had previously treated the same subject, but with far less diligence and accuracy. During his residence in this country, the Abbé was enabled to study the Norman rolls in the Tower of London, which were wholly unknown to his predecessors; as well as the Monastic Chartularies of France,



which, as the Abbé observes, have only been accessible since the revolution. He has bestowed equal pains in the investigation of the documents relating to Caen, preserved in the Trésor des Chartes, at Paris<sup>a</sup>.

As connected with the subject which will principally occupy us, we have noticed some late works on Gothic architecture. Great erudition is displayed in Mr. Gunn's *Inquiry*. He denies the supposed oriental origin of Gothic architecture, and traces it as early as the time of Diocletian; we, however, who are Ostrogoths, do not agree with him in his theory. In his notes, many points relating to ecclesiastical antiquities are discussed with zeal and ability.

In Mr. Rickman's unostentatious, but sensible tract, we can only object to his nomenclature. The term "perpendicular style," as applied to the order beginning in the reign of Richard II., we consider as very inappropriate.

Mr. Britton presents us, as usual, with pleasing and well executed engravings. But he has not supplied the want, which is so grievously felt, of such a collection as will enable the architect to do his work. For this purpose, simple but accurate outlines, on an intelligible scale, are alone required; highly finished plates, on a small scale, though they may be liked by the amateur, are worse than useless to the art, as they encourage the builder who attempts Gothic architecture, to content himself with a general resemblance, and to blur all the minor features. A work, professing to treat on architecture, and wanting in plans and sections, is no better than a treatise on anatomy which omits the representation of the bones. Sections of mouldings are indispensable, they vary in every specimen, and can never be made out from the elevation. Mr. Pugin has judiciously attended to these details, and his book will consequently be exceedingly serviceable to the practical architect, at the same time that it is equally satisfactory to the antiquary.

<sup>a</sup> Those who are acquainted with the learning of the Abbé will be glad to receive the intelligence, that his long projected history of Anglo-Norman poetry is about to appear. He has been employed during many years in collecting the materials for this work. It will include a most important portion of our early literary history, which has hitherto been treated very superficially. The dissertations on our ancient Anglo-Norman poets, which the Abbé published in the *Archæologia*, will form the nucleus of this history, to which he intends to append a series of dissertations on the Bards of Armorica, and on the "Jongleurs," whom he considers as forming the connecting link between the ancient bards and the "Trouveurs" of the middle ages.

We delight in the study of architecture. There are persons who condemn the architectural antiquary for digging at stone walls and arches. Persons who hold such opinions may possess sound judgment and good taste in other matters, but when they undervalue the art, they are in the wrong. They have not weighed its intellectual value. From architecture, the earth derives its moral physiognomy. Inanimate nature forms no part of human nature; it is only where we behold the productions of men, that we connect her with the human kind. The naked spires of primitive granite losing themselves in the clouds, the course of the river, the stratification of the soil, relate the revolutions of the globe, during successive ages. Tremendous convulsions are indicated by these tokens; but the accidents of inert matter are, perhaps, of less immediate interest, and certainly of less importance to us, than the events which raised the obelisk and the pyramid, the temple and the tower, the basilic and the hall. These are the memorials of human civilization, marking the progress of the mind, attesting man's power, his virtues and his crimes. Public buildings are compared by the Roman jurists to the human body, the habitation of his soul; they held, that no corporation could have a legal existence, unless some structure was appropriated to the use of the assembly. The analogy may be pursued, and we shall find, that the architecture of any people always forms one of the features by which we characterize it in our imagination. We cannot sever the Senate from the Capitol, nor the Orator from the Forum. The edifices which nations raise are inseparably associated with the deeds which they perform. Architecture forms a perpetual commentary upon the pages of the historian, who can ill dispense with the aid which the imagination thus receives. In vain do we attempt to view the countenances of the actors, or to listen to their voices, unless we can also duly decorate the glowing scene around them. We should not participate with such breathless interest in the triumphs of the Greeks, were we not able to follow the victors to the pure and glittering fane beneath whose frieze they hung the golden shields of victory; and we share with greater liveliness in the feelings of the conquered Saxon, on viewing the Norman dungeon towers which riveted his chains.

It is in Normandy, that the first pages of the architectural annals of this island must be read. According to our most judicious antiquaries, no one structure, scarcely any one fragment in Great Britain, is now in existence, that can be referred with certainty to the Saxon era. Neither can we quote any architectural examples



in Normandy of an earlier period than the eleventh century; at least, if we wish to guide ourselves in our researches with any degree of satisfactory evidence or conjecture. The duchy of Normandy does not possess the monuments of Neustria. The fury of the Northmen destroyed all the memorials both of Roman magnificence and of Christian piety, by which the province had been adorned when they wrested it from the Carlovingian empire. Nought remained but scathed and mouldering walls, and these were afterwards lost in the edifices raised by the piety of the converted subjects of Rollo. A few insignificant remains, a tomb at Lisieux, a crypt at Rouen, a chapel at Jumièges, which possibly ought to be dated before the Norwegian conquest, are of little moment in a general view of the subject, and do not connect themselves in the general series of specimens. It is useless to descant on relics of more dubious antiquity, which receive their date from untenable opinions; for the Norman archæologists, like our own, have often wrongly imagined that old age and ugliness must necessarily be synonymous. Thus the abbey church of St. Lo, on account of its clumsy sculpture, has been considered as a temple of Isis, a deity who in France appears to claim all antiquarian estrays; and the church of Bernières is sometimes attributed by the Norman antiquaries to the old inhabitants of the "Saxon shore," though the Marguilliers<sup>1</sup> of the parish with most reason are satisfied that it owes its origin to Duke William.

The principal features of the Norman style are sufficiently familiar. Originating in the attempts which were successfully made to adapt the architecture of Rome to the uses of a Christian community, the order, of which the Norman is merely a modification, acknowledges, in all its varieties, the parent stock from which it sprang. Mr. Gunn proposes to distinguish this style by the name of the Romanesque<sup>a</sup>. We approve of the term, for it is formed by a just analogy. An authority, however, which has not hitherto been quoted, shows that edifices built in this style may have acquired the appellation of Gothic, at least in Italy, at an early

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Gunn has created the term according to the following analogy: "A modern Roman, of whatever degree, calls himself Romano, a distinction he disallows to an inhabitant of his native city, whom, though long domiciliated, yet from dubious origin, foreign extraction or alliance, he stigmatizes by the term Romanesco. I consider the architecture under discussion in the same point of view. Adopting this term as a general appellation for the circular style, we should distinguish its classes as Norman Romanesque, Anglo-Norman Romanesque, etc."

period. There is a church at Ravenna<sup>1</sup>, built by the great Theodoric, which, in common language, was usually called "the Gothic Church<sup>a</sup>." As this edifice precedes those edifices usually called Lombard or Norman or Saxon, the denomination Gothic, improperly applied, as far as etymology is concerned, to the pointed arch, might, without great inaccuracy, be given to the order in question.

The missionaries, who taught the faith in Normandy, directed the construction of the fane. Flocking from the adjoining provinces of France, they bore the ground-plot of the abbey in the same chest with the missal and the psalter. The Norman style being marked by some minor peculiarities, which seem to distinguish it from the coeval modes of architecture used on the continent, it might be the subject of conjecture, whether the Norman buildings varied from their prototypes in consequence of any vestiges or reminiscences of the rude art of the first Norwegian settlers. Sacred structures were built in Scandinavia by the heathens. The flinty remains of the sacellum adjoining the cathedral church of Upsala<sup>2</sup>, which is thought to have been dedicated to the sanguinary worship of the "King of men," are perforated by round Roman arches. Peringskiöld has given a representation of this edifice; but if anybody chooses to dispute its original destination, we shall not be inclined to fight very strenuously for the authenticity of Odin's Temple. We are not in the number of those who swear implicitly by the books of Northern archæologists, which are generally fattened by erudition, at the expense of common sense and judgment. Timber appears to have been the material most usually employed by the Northmen, and therefore we are the more inclined to be sceptical with regard to the ruin at Upsala. Temples, splendidly decorated, were so framed previously to the conversion of the Scandinavians; after that event, the churches were still hewn from the neighbouring forests.

<sup>a</sup> One of the Gothic churches of Ravenna is noticed in the description of that city composed by Archbishop Raynaldus, who was elected in 1308. Muratori, *SS. Rerum Italicarum*, vol. i. p. 2, 575. "Item dictus Imperator Tiberius misit "duos cæmentarios solemnes quorum unus vocabatur Nicostratus, et alius "Apollonius, qui versus Portam Auream construxerunt quamdam domum "testudinatam ad modum montium contra æstum et gelu, cujus vestigia apparent "usque hodie. Et dicitur quod Gothi instauraverunt eam in ecclesiam quæ "usque hodie dicitur Ecclesia Gothica, id est Ecclesia Gothorum." An ancient annotator then adds: "Ista Ecclesia Gothica, quæ nunc est in Ravenna, non est "de qua facit mentionem, quia istam quæ nunc est, construxit Theodoricus "Ostrogothorum Rex sub anno Domini DXVIII."



The same fashion prevailed here. Greenstead church in Essex, which is thought to be Anglo-Saxon, is a log house built of the trunks of chestnut trees; and others of the same nature are described by the Anglo-Saxon writers. One very remarkable building thus constructed is yet in existence in Norway; it is the church of Hitterdal, in Lower Telemark, erected about the twelfth century. It is reared of barks of fir, now hardened and blackened by age, decorated with carvings of scales and lozenges. The Scandinavians, however, were not unpractised in stone cutting; many of the knots and chimerical serpentine animals, which bear the runic epitaphs of the departed warriors, are combined with dexterity and address. From their sculptures were imitated the interwoven crosses on the Gaelic tombs<sup>1</sup> both in Scotland and in Ireland. A tomb at Iona, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, bears a cross of this pattern, which might easily be taken for a monument of the ninth century. We mention this gravestone, because it ascertains a fact of some importance. It points out the manner in which antique fashions often became resident in secluded districts, or were retained in particular communities out of a reverence for antiquity, though elsewhere discarded or exploded. Unless we attend to this circumstance, we shall often ascribe an undue antiquity to manuscripts, statues and buildings.

We have stated, that the sepulchral ornaments of Christian Scotland were sketched by the Pagan Danes. Any particle of fact may very easily be expanded into a theory, and all theories command respect; we do not know, therefore, why we should not assume that the intricate and convolved knots which are frequently sculptured on the capitals and other architectural members of the buildings of the Normans may not have been derived from their Scandinavian ancestors. However, we will try to be honest; and, resisting the temptation of theorizing, state what we conceive to be the truth. The discrepancies between the Norman buildings and others of equal date in other parts of France, arise partly from the inferior skill of the stone-cutter, and partly from the influence of that inventive faculty, without which no architect can enjoy any pleasurable feelings in following his profession, though it is as often hurtful as useful. This same faculty is sometimes called by civil names, and sometimes by harsh ones;—taste or barbarity—fancy or whim—talent or caprice—appellations bestowed righteously by the judgment, or wrongfully by the prejudices or passions of the observer:

καὶ κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ κοτέει, καὶ τεκτονεὺς τέκτων.

When a distinct gradation of style is observable, it is natural to conclude, that these architectural varieties, emanating from one prototype, each clearly to be discriminated, yet dying into another by imperceptible shades, were successively developed at certain intervals of time. This reasoning, though it advances upon legitimate premises, may be fallacious, as is proved at Caen<sup>1</sup>, where three coeval churches, probably erected by the same architect, are distinguished by such remarkable modifications of the Norman Romanesque style, that were we not acquainted with the facts, we might well suppose that they marked the progress of architecture during three half centuries. St. Nicholas, the first of these edifices, was built by the monks of St. Stephen's abbey some time between the years 1066 and 1083. The original lines are characterized by simplicity and regularity. All the capitals of the columns, embedded in the side walls, are of one order; and the capitals of the pier columns, which nearly resemble the others, are equally uniform. The east end terminates by an apsis, of which the elevation resembles the exterior of the cathedral of Pisa. Three circular arches, supported by Corinthianizing pilasters, form the western portal. The original cross vaulting of the side aisles still remains; it is without groins, and of Roman construction, and the whole interior shows that the architect was endeavouring to recollect the models of the great city.

If we pass from hence to the adjacent abbey church of St. Stephen, erected at the same period, we shall observe that the conception of the architect is more Norman than in the church which we have quitted. The nave is divided into bays by piers, alternating with circular pillars of smaller diameter. The pier consists of a pilaster fronted by a cylindrical column, continuing to about four-fifths of the height of the roof. Two cylindrical columns then rise from it; so that from this point upwards, the pier becomes a clustered column; angular brackets sculptured into knots, grotesque heads and foliage, are affixed to the bases of the derivative pillars. A bold double billeted moulding is continued below the clerestory, whose windows adapt themselves to the binary arrangement of the bays of the nave; that is to say, a taller arch is flanked by a smaller one, on its right side or on its left side, as the situation requires; these are supported by short massy pillars; and an embattled moulding runs round the windows. These features are Norman; but in other portions of the church, the architect Romanizes again, as in St. Nicholas. The piers of the aisle arches are of considerable width; the pillars at each angle are



connected by an architrave, distinctly enounced, running along the front of the pier, and interposed between the capitals and the springing of the well-turned semicircular arch. The triforium is composed of a tier of semicircular arches, nearly of equal span with those below. The perspective of the building is grand and palatial. In the evening, when it is illuminated only by a few faintly burning tapers, the effect of the gleams of light, reflected from the returns of the arches and pillars, is particularly fine. Beyond the central arch which supports the tower, all is lost in gloom, except that at the extremity of the choir, the starlight just breaks through the topmost windows above the altar.

In the church of St. Stephen, the leading ideas of the architect were still influenced by the Roman basilica; a third and more fanciful modification is to be observed in the coeval church of the Holy Trinity. Here the piers are narrower; the columns supporting the aisle arches are consequently brought closer together, and the architrave is less prominent than at St. Stephen's. There the embattled moulding is confined to the clerestory; in the present church, it runs round the principal arches; and, instead of the lofty triforium which there surmounts the side aisles, the walls which we now describe are threaded by a gallery supported by misproportioned pillars, whose capitals exhibit every possible variety of grotesque invention. The bold archivolts beneath the central tower are chased with the Norman lozenge: they are circular, but the eastern arch, which runs higher than the others, is obtusely pointed, though it is evidently of the same date with its companions.

Within the Alps and the Rhine, the architecture of Constantinople does not appear to have been much studied, notwithstanding its influence in Italy. The gorgeous temples of the Byzantine architects derived their beauty rather from their decorations than from their arrangement; and the circular ground-plan, which they favour, is less manageable than the long-drawn aisle. In some instances, principally in the Rhenish tract, we find a species of qualified imitation of the Greek churches, the architect substituting five square towers in the place of the five domes of St. Mark. Perhaps the noble cathedral of Tournay is the most western structure, in which any marked resemblance to the Byzantine architecture is to be discovered; the transepts end in semicircular apses, roofed by a semicircular and ribbed vault, supported by a range of columns, all evidently suggested by the sections of St. Sophia. The north and south porches have horse-shoe pointed

arches surmounted by a row of diminutive round arches standing on twisted pillars. Other parts of this building closely resemble the Norman Romanesque. The Anglo-Norman style appears, in its native country, with slight variations. Generally speaking, the Norman doorway is much less enriched than the English portal, though it is of larger dimensions; and the same remark applies to the other parts of the front of the edifice. The windows are larger. No building now exists with a flat boarded roof, as at Peterborough and St. Albans, though it is possible that some may have thus been originally constructed. In such of the Norman buildings as bear the appearance of being built by the more scientific architects of the age, the arches spring from piers, except in the apses, and they are locked by a keystone. This construction shows that the architect did not forget the lessons of a better age. The masonry is always excellent; the stones seldom exceed a foot in length, with about a third of an inch of mortar in the joints. All ornaments composed of foliage or of mathematical lines are well sculptured; but the artist did not always succeed in zoography. Spires are not an uncommon feature in Norman architecture; we may instance the square pyramid at Vancelles, and in the suburbs of Bayeux. They are well built of stone, and invariably carved into an imitation of shingles. As we have no instance of the Norman spire in England, those examples are valuable. At St. Nicholas, the roof is wholly of stone, and the pitch is very high. Mr. Turner observes that "we have here the exact counterpart of the Irish stone-roofed chapels, the most celebrated of which, that of Cormac, in Cashel Cathedral, appears, from all the drawings and descriptions which I have seen of it, to be altogether a Norman building." The Norman Romanesque does not abound in ornament. It is rather characterized by plainness and simplicity. Very few sculptures ever adorned the exterior of the Norman buildings. We do not recollect any instance of whole length figures, except those at Jumièges, where caryatides in alto relievo are affixed to the pillars which support the arches.

The military architecture of Normandy offers many important specimens of the earlier periods. Falaise<sup>1</sup> is the most striking to the English traveller, as the birthplace of the Conqueror.

"The dungeon of Falaise, one of the proudest relics of Norman antiquity, is situated on a very bold and lofty rock, broken into fantastic and singular masses, and covered with luxuriant vegetation. The keep, which towers above it is of excellent



“ masonry: the stones are accurately squared, and put together  
 “ with great neatness, and the joints are small; and the arches are  
 “ turned clearly and distinctly, with the key-stone or wedge  
 “ accurately placed in all of them. Some parts of the wall,  
 “ towards the interior ballium, are not built of squared freestone;  
 “ but of the dark stone of the country, disposed in a zigzag, or,  
 “ as it is more commonly called, in a herring-bone direction, with  
 “ a great deal of mortar in the interstices: the buttresses, or rather  
 “ piers, are of small projection, but great width. The upper story,  
 “ destroyed about forty years since, was of a different style of  
 “ architecture. According to an old print, it terminated with a  
 “ large battlement, and bartizan towers at the angles. This  
 “ dungeon was formerly divided into several apartments; in one  
 “ of the lower of which was found, about half a century ago, a  
 “ very ancient tomb, of good workmanship, ornamented with  
 “ a sphynx at each end, but bearing no inscription whatever.  
 “ Common report ascribed the coffin to Talbot, who was for many  
 “ years governor of the castle; and at length an individual en-  
 “ graved upon it an epitaph to his honour; but the fraud was  
 “ discovered, and the sarcophagus put aside, as of no account.  
 “ The second, or principal, story of the keep, now forms a single  
 “ square room, about fifty feet wide, lighted by circular-headed  
 “ windows, each divided into two by a short and massy central  
 “ pillar, whose capital is altogether Norman. On one of the  
 “ capitals is sculptured a child leading a lamb, a representation,  
 “ as it is foolishly said, of the Conqueror, whom tradition alleges  
 “ to have been born in the apartment to which this window  
 “ belonged: another pillar has an elegant capital, composed of  
 “ interlaced bands.....

“ Talbot’s tower, . . . built by that general in 1430 and the two  
 “ subsequent years, is connected with the keep by means of a long  
 “ passage with lancet windows, that widen greatly inwards. It is  
 “ more than one hundred feet high, and is a beautiful piece of  
 “ masonry, as perfect, apparently, as on the day when it was  
 “ erected, and as firm as the rock on which it stands. This tower  
 “ is ascended by a staircase concealed within the substance of the  
 “ walls, whose thickness is full fifteen feet towards the base, and  
 “ does not decrease more than three feet near the summit. Another  
 “ aperture in them serves for a well, which thus communicates  
 “ with every apartment in the tower. Most of the arches in this  
 “ tower have circular heads: the windows are square. The walls  
 “ and towers which encircle the keep are of much later date; the

“principal gate-way is pointed. Immediately on entering, is seen the very ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Priscus, or, as he is called in French, St. Prix. The east end with three circular-headed windows retains its original lines: the masonry is firm and good. Fantastic corbels surround the summit of the lateral walls. Within, a semicircular arch, resting upon short pillars with sculptured capitals, divides the choir from the nave. In other respects the building has been much altered.—Henry Vth repaired it in 1418, and it has been since dilapidated and restored.—A pile of buildings beyond, wholly modern in the exterior, is now inhabited as a seminary or college. There are some circular arches within, which show that these buildings belonged to the original structure.

“Altogether the castle is a noble ruin. Though the keep is destitute of the enrichments of Norwich or Castle Rising, it possesses an impressive character of strength, which is much increased by the extraordinary freshness of the masonry. The fosses of the castle are planted with lofty trees, which shade and intermingle with the towers and ramparts, and on every side they group themselves with picturesque beauty. It is said that the municipality intend to *restore* Talbot’s tower and the keep, by replacing the demolished battlements; but I should hope that no other repairs may take place, except such as may be necessary for the preservation of the edifice; and I do not think it needs any, except the insertion of clamps in the central columns of two of the windows which are much shattered.”—Turner’s *Letters from Normandy*, vol. II, pp. 266–270.

Falaise seems to have furnished the model for most of the Norman strongholds in England. No one of these buildings ever possessed more magnificence in ancient days, or has retained its outward features more unimpaired in modern times, than the “Castle of Blanchefleur,” as Lord Coke terms the castle of Norwich, his native city. It will scarcely be believed, that the magistrates of the county of Norfolk, in whom the building is now vested in consequence of a grant from the crown, deliberated upon the expediency of demolishing this venerable pile; because they all knew that it was old, and some thought that it was ugly. From this fate, however, the castle has been rescued. It is intended to remove the anomalous mass which now conceals Bigod’s Tower, and to erect outworks in the pointed Gothic style; and if the tasteful plans lately proposed by Mr. Wilkins, are adopted by the county, the pile will be fully restored to its ancient dignity and grandeur.



In the Norman castles of Normandy, the square keep, so common in the Anglo-Norman fortresses, is of rare occurrence. The outworks are usually of great extent. The castle of Caen, as Monstrelet observes, is larger than the towns of Corbeil or Montferrand. Though the modes of attack and of defence were uniform throughout Europe, yet there are many diversities in the castellated architecture of different states. The Scottish peels and towers remind us of the baronial manoirs of Flanders. In Ireland, the "embattled battlements," which are found equally in ecclesiastical and military structures, seem to be copied from the Arabian mosque of Cordova. Battlements rarely cover the towers of France or Germany. They are covered by conical roofs, rising from a machicollated parapet, which projects very boldly. There are some instances in which the roofs are formed of horizontal layers of stone, after the fashion of the round towers of Ireland. Such is the tower attributed to Queen Bertha of Burgundy, at Orbe, in the Canton de Vaud. It bears an additional resemblance to the Irish towers in the position of the door, mid-way up the height of the building. The dungeon towers are not unfrequently of comparatively small diameter, but very lofty. Buffon's tower, at Montbard, which is of this description, is finely built, and in excellent preservation. At Provins, the native *habitat* of the Provence rose, the dungeon is surrounded at its base by a very massy circular wall, which the townspeople call *Le pâté des Anglois*, because it was "built by the English." The dungeon itself branches in the second story into four turrets, with a larger central tower.

In Spain, if we may judge from the views of Mr. Banks, who has drawn almost every remarkable building in the Peninsula, the old fortresses bear an unexampled appearance of chivalrous magnificence. Castellated palaces, such as held "*Miraguarda* and "*her meisney*,"<sup>1</sup> arose from the mixture of Gothic and Moorish architecture. Verandas supported by jasper pillars, richly wreathed and knotted, jut from the sides of the towers, the angles are broken by bartizans whose roofs are swelling domes, and the walls are encircled, instead of battlements, with ranges of emblazoned shields, hung out, as it were, in perpetual defiance. The castle of Benevente, in Galicia, which realized the most fanciful descriptions of romance, was destroyed by Buonaparte. He slept there, and on the following morning, in return for the hospitality which he had received from the Countess, he ordered it to be fired. The building was of no importance as a military position, and its

destruction could only result from the wanton barbarity which the French ever display.

A history of the civil and domestic architecture of the middle ages is yet a desideratum. Unless this task is soon accomplished in England, the opportunity will be lost for ever. The halls of Elizabeth's days are almost worn out. The mansions of the time of Charles the First are falling apace, and in every quarter of a century a class must disappear, by the conjoined operations of repair and decay. The towns of England perhaps afford the worst and poorest specimens of the dwelling-house; the best and richest are found in the Netherlands. We can hardly qualify this assertion by recollecting the magnificent range of palaces which bordered the Strand in the reign of Henry VIII. Our old dwelling-houses are usually composed of timber frames filled in with plaster. Troyes, in Champagne, is built entirely in this fashion, every street is the perfect "counterfeit" of old Cheapside. Beauvais is built in the same manner, but the houses are profusely varied with carving, and a good artist might employ himself there for a twelvemonth. Many of the ancient houses at Caen are of chestnut timber. The Abbé de la Rue supposes that they were built by the English, after the place was taken by Henry V. in 1417. His "bombards" destroyed a great part of the town during the siege; and after he had regained possession, he granted the sites of the demolished tenements to his English subjects. In choosing this material, they may have been guided partly by choice, as being a domestic fashion, and partly by necessity; for the use of stone was restricted by Henry to the building and repairing of "eglises, "chasteaulx, et forteresses." The king by letters-patent declared that the "quarries of white stone" were to remain to him and his heirs for ever. This monopoly proves the value in which the Caen stone was held.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, a new order of architecture was invented in France, which was first applied to civil purposes. Soon afterwards, however, it affected ecclesiastical architecture. To this order we give the name of the "Burgundian";<sup>1</sup> because, until we find proofs to the contrary, we shall suppose it originated in the dominions of Philip the Good. No distinct example of it can be dated anterior to his reign, and buildings bearing its characteristics are found in all the states which were united under his authority. Its peculiar features are displayed in Philip's palace at Dijon. The aspect of the great presence-chamber is in unison with the spirit of the people, and seems to declare the



lusty character of the prince who held his court there. Splendid and comfortable, rather than grand and impressive, it was intended rather for the disports of the courtiers of the duke than the assemblage of his barons. The roof is not timber-framed, as in the English halls, but flat, and composed of well squared beams and joists. Large and lofty windows range along the north side of the chamber; they are square-headed, and divided into squares by one perpendicular stone mullion and two horizontal transoms. The archivolt is ribbed and reeded. Delicate pillars support the arch. The bases of the pillars, and the plinths beneath the bases, occupy almost a third of their height; and the octagon base unites with the plinths by a kind of spur, which it is not very easy either to draw or to describe. The basement stories are vaulted; circular groins spring out from a central pillar, like the branches of a tree, and rest at the angles of the room. On the exterior, we shall find the building characterized by the surbased pointed arches of the doors. The arch is surmounted by an ogee label, which breaks into a few large foliated crockets, and spreads at the apex into a very tall finial. Instead of battlements the walls are surmounted by a pierced balustrade.

Many of the manuscripts of this century (we may instance the Froissart from whence Mr. Johnes made his tracings) contain representations of the interior and exterior buildings of this style, showing most of its peculiarities with tolerable accuracy. Our English architects appear to have been pleased by some of the features of the Burgundian style. Probably the increased intercourse between England and the good towns of Flanders facilitated its transmission. At Bristol, the porch of St. Stephen's church is completely Burgundian. When adopted in this country, this Burgundian order assumed the well-known and familiar aspect of our Tudor style. Gothic architecture lost much of its pristine beauty under this modification, though we must acknowledge that the French architects understood the way of making it work well. With graceful caprice, they frequently united it to pure pointed architecture, and sometimes it combines with the luxuriant Italian style, which was then just introduced under the patronage of Francis I.

A fine specimen of French domestic architecture, at Rouen, is commonly called the *Maison de la Pucelle*, but the mansion has no right whatever to that denomination, though it is now used as a boarding-school for young ladies.

"The entire front is divided into compartments by slender and

lengthened buttresses and pilasters. The intervening spaces are filled with basso-relievos, evidently executed at one period, though by different masters. A banquet beneath a window in the first floor, is in a good *cinque-cento* style. Others of the basso-relievos represent the labours of the field and the vineyard; rich and fanciful in their costume, but rather wooden in their design: the Salamander, the emblem of Francis I., appears several times amongst the ornaments, and very conspicuously. I believe there is not a single square foot of this building, which has not been sculptured. On the north side extends a spacious gallery. Here the architecture is rather in Holbein's manner: foliated and swelling pilasters, like antique candelabra, bound the arched windows. Beneath, is the well-known series of bas-reliefs, executed on marble tablets, representing the interview between Francis I. of France and Henry VIII. of England, in the *Champ du Drap d'or*, between Guisnes and Ardres. . . . These sculptures are much mutilated, and so obscured by smoke and dirt, that the details cannot be understood without great difficulty. The corresponding tablets above the windows are even in a worse condition; and they appear to have been almost unintelligible in the time of Montfaucon, who conjectures that they were allegorical, and probably intended to represent the triumph of religion. Each tablet contains a triumphal car, drawn by different animals, one by elephants, another by lions, and so on, and crowded with mythological figures and attributes. It is probable that the subjects are either *taken* from the Triumphs of Petrarch, or *imitated* from the triumphs introduced in the *Polifilo*. Graphic representations of allegories are susceptible of so many variations, that an artist, embodying the ideas of the poet, might produce a representation bearing a close resemblance to the mythological processions of the mystic dream. . . .

"The gallery sculptures are very fine, and the upper tier is much in the style of Jean Goujon. It is not generally known that Goujon re-drew the embellishments of Beroald de Verville's translation of the *Polifilo*; and that these, beautiful as they are in the Aldine edition, acquired new graces from the French artist. I have remarked, that the allegorical tablets appear to coincide with the designs of the *Polifilo*: a more accurate examination might, perhaps, prove the fact; and then little doubt would remain. The building is much dilapidated; and, unless speedily repaired, these basso-relievos, which would



“adorn any museum, will utterly perish. . . . In the adjoining house, once probably a part of the same, but now an inn, bearing the sign of *La Pucelle*, is shown a circular room, much ornamented, with a handsome oriel conspicuous on the outside. In this apartment the Maid is said to have been tried; but it is quite certain that not a stone of the building was then out of the quarry.”—Turner, vol. i, pp. 198–201.

In the middle ages it was seldom that any building was expressly set aside for the reception of courts of justice. The pleas were held in the Palace of the King, in the Hall of the Corporation, at the gate of the castle. The noble Palais de Justice, at Rouen, is almost a solitary exception to this remark. Mr. Turner has described it minutely, but not with more detail than this historical edifice deserves.

“Amongst the secular buildings of Rouen, the Palais de Justice holds the chief place, whether we consider the magnificence of the building, or the importance of the assemblies which once were convened within its precinct. . . .

“The palace forms three sides of a quadrangle. The fourth is occupied by an embattled wall and an elaborate gateway. The building was erected about the beginning of the sixteenth century; and, with all its faults, it is a fine adaptation of Gothic architecture to civil purposes. . . . The windows in the body of the building take flattened elliptic heads; and they are divided by one mullion and one transom. The mouldings are highly wrought, and enriched with foliage. The lucarne windows are of a different design, and form the most characteristic feature of the front: they are pointed and enriched with mullions and tracery, and are placed within triple canopies of nearly the same form, flanked by square pillars, terminating in tall crocketed pinnacles, some of them fronted with open arches crowned with statues. The roof, as is usual in French and Flemish buildings of this date, is of a very high pitch, and harmonizes well with the proportions of the building. An oriel, or rather tower, of enriched workmanship, projects into the court, and varies the elevations. On the left-hand side of the court, a wide flight of steps leads to the hall called *la Salle des Procureurs*, a place originally designed as an Exchange for the merchants of the city, who had previously been in the habit of assembling for that purpose in the cathedral. It is 160 feet in length, by 50 in breadth.

“‘In this great hall,’ says Peter Heylin, ‘are the seats and desks of the procurators; every one’s name written in capital

“ ‘letters over his head. These procurators are like our attornies;  
 “ ‘they prepare causes, and make them ready for the advocates.  
 “ ‘In this hall do suitors use, either to attend on, or to walk up and  
 “ ‘down, and confer with their pleaders.’—The attornies had similar  
 “ ‘seats in the ancient English courts of justice; and these seats  
 “ ‘still remain in the hall at Westminster, in which the Court of  
 “ ‘Exchequer now holds its sittings. The walls of the *Salle des*  
 “ ‘*Procureurs* are adorned with chaste niches. The coved roof is  
 “ ‘of timber, plain and bold, and destitute either of the open tie-  
 “ ‘beams and arches, or the knot-work and cross-timber which  
 “ ‘adorn our old English roofs.... Heylin, who saw the building when  
 “ ‘it was in perfection, says, speaking of the *Great Chamber* (in  
 “ ‘which the parliament held its sittings), ‘that it is so gallantly  
 “ ‘and richly built, that I must needs confess it surpasseth all the  
 “ ‘rooms that ever I saw in my life. The palace of the Louvre  
 “ ‘hath nothing in it comparable; the ceiling is all inlaid with gold,  
 “ ‘yet doth the workmanship exceed the matter.’ The ceiling  
 “ ‘which excited Heylin’s admiration still exists. It is a grand  
 “ ‘specimen of the interior decoration of the times. The oak, which  
 “ ‘age has rendered almost as dark as ebony, is divided into com-  
 “ ‘partments, covered with rich but whimsical carving, and  
 “ ‘relieved with abundance of gold. Over the bench is a curious old  
 “ ‘picture, a Crucifixion. Joseph and the Virgin are standing by  
 “ ‘the cross: the figures are painted on a gold ground; the colours  
 “ ‘deep and rich; the drawing, particularly in the arms, indifferent;  
 “ ‘the expression of the faces good. It was upon this picture that  
 “ ‘witnesses took the oaths before the revolution; and it is the only  
 “ ‘one of the six formerly in this situation that escaped destruction.  
 “ ‘Round the apartment are gnomonic sentences in letters of gold,  
 “ ‘reminding judges, juries, witnesses, and suitors, of their duties.  
 “ ‘The room itself is said to be the most beautiful in France for its  
 “ ‘proportions and quantity of light. In the *Antiquités Nationales*,  
 “ ‘is described and figured an elaborately wrought chimney-piece  
 “ ‘in the council-chamber, now destroyed, as are some fine Gothic  
 “ ‘door-ways, which opened into the chamber.’—Turner, vol. I,  
 pp. 189–194.

Normandy contains much Gothic architecture of transcendent beauty. Taken all in all, the abbey church of St. Ouen claims the pre-eminence. We shall always regard this noble minster *con amore*, and view its porches, and buttresses, and tracery, with as much affection as it is possible to bestow. Amongst many other recollections which justly endear St. Ouen to us, is the miracle



which it hath worked of almost converting a very distinguished Grecian heretic<sup>1</sup> to the orthodox Gothic faith. Travelling homewards from Attica, after a long and studious journey, enriched with the products of his diligence, he yet found leisure to linger in the Norman abbey. Prepossessed as he was against all barbaric art, and with the classic glories of Greece fresh in his recollection, he could not remain insensible to its merit, and he acknowledged that it was a master-piece of symmetry, in which the architect, who profited by all the models of his predecessors, had exerted the utmost skill, power and invention.

“It is impossible to convey by words an adequate idea of the  
“lightness, and purity, and boldness of St. Ouen....The flying  
“buttresses end in richly crocketed pinnacles, supported by  
“shafts of unusual height. The triple tiers of windows seem to have  
“absorbed the solid wall-work of the building. Balustrades of  
“varied quatrefoils run round the aisles and body; and the centre-  
“tower, which is wholly composed of open arches and tracery,  
“terminates, like the south-tower of the cathedral, with an oct-  
“angular crown of fleur-de-lys. The armorial symbol of France,  
“which in itself is a form of great beauty, was often introduced  
“by the French architects of the middle ages, amongst the orna-  
“ments of their edifices; it pleases the eye by its grace, and satisfies  
“the mind by its appropriate and natural locality....

“The perspective of the interior is exceedingly impressive:  
“the arches are of great height and fine proportions.—If I must  
“discover a defect, I should say that the lines appear to want  
“substance; the mouldings of the arches are shallow. The  
“building is all window. Were it made of cast iron, it could  
“scarcely look less solid. This effect is particularly increased by  
“the circumstance of the clerestory-gallery opening into the  
“glazed tracery of the windows behind, the lines of the one  
“corresponding with those of the other. To each of the clustered  
“columns of the nave is attached a tabernacle, consisting of a  
“canopy and pedestal, evidently intended originally to have  
“received the image of a saint. It does not appear to have been  
“the design of the architect that the pillars of the choir should  
“have had similar ornaments; but upon one of them, at about  
“mid-height, serving as corbel to a truncated column, is a head  
“of our Saviour, and, on the opposite pillar, one of the Virgin:  
“the former is of a remarkably fine antique character. The capitals  
“of the pillars in this part of the church were all gilt, and the  
“spandrels of the arches painted with angels, now nearly effaced....

“Round the choir is a row of chapels, which are wholly wanting to the nave. The walls of these chapels have also been covered with fresco paintings; some with figures, others with foliage. The chapels contain many gravestones displaying indented outlines of figures under canopies, and in other respects ornamented; but neglected, and greatly obliterated, and hastening fast to ruin....

“These large circular windows, sometimes known by the name of rose windows, and sometimes of marigold windows, are a strong characteristic feature of French ecclesiastical architecture. Few among the cathedrals or the great conventual churches, in this country, are without them. In our own they are.... occasionally found in the transepts, as at Canterbury, Chichester, Litchfield, Westminster, Lincoln, and York, but they are comparatively of small size, with little variety of pattern. In St. Ouen, they are more than commonly beautiful. The northern one.... exhibits in its centre the produced pentagon, or combination of triangles, sometimes called the pentalpha.—The painted glass which fills the rose windows is gorgeous in its colouring, and gives the most splendid effect. The church preserves its original glazing. Each intermullion contains one whole length figure, standing upon a diapered ground, good in design, though the artist seems to have avoided the employment of brilliant hues. The sober light transmitted through these storied windows harmonizes with the grey unsullied stone-work, and gives a most pleasing unity of tint to the receding arches.”—Turner, vol. i, pp. 175–179.

Saint Ouen was founded by Abbot Rousel or Russel, in the year 1118. Alexander de Berneval the freemason, who planned, and began the church, lies buried in the Chapel of St. Agnes. When he died, the building had only advanced as far as the transept, and it was not brought to its present state until the prelacy of Abbot Bohier, who died in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Notwithstanding the time which elapsed whilst the structure was thus slowly completing, each new arch and window was raised in perfect unison with the precedent portions. The original drawings, probably those of Alexander de Berneval, were carefully preserved in the archives of the abbey, and by these the successive architects were guided. Berneval intended, it appears, to flank the western front by two magnificent towers, ending in a combination of open arches and tracery, corresponding with the outline and fashion of the central tower<sup>a</sup>. The position of the western towers is singular;

<sup>a</sup> Pomeraye has given an engraving from the drawings, in his history of the



but they produce a fine and novel effect. Their bases, which are now raised only to the height of about fifty feet, jut out diagonally from the angles of the façade, and a lofty and florid porch of three arches was to have extended between them. Such a porch is yet to be seen at Rouen, though on a smaller scale, in the Church of St. Maclou; and it appears elsewhere in France. Peterborough is the only English church possessing a similar feature, which adds greatly to the magnificence of the building. During the Revolution, the lofty and elaborate Rood-loft or Jube was demolished, but the architectural perspective of the church gains by its absence; in other respects, the church is at present quite perfect. How long it will continue so is uncertain. Within the last three years, the municipality of the good city of Rouen determined to pull it down for the purpose of enlarging the *place d'armes*; by great good fortune, no purchaser having offered for the materials, the expense of demolition alone prevented these Vandals from carrying their plan into effect. There was certainly no reason why St. Ouen should not share the fate of so many splendid structures which have been ruined since the Revolution. St. Nicaise, at Rheims, which escaped the reign of terror, has lately been levelled with the ground. Of the cathedral of Avranches, nothing remains but a single pillar. It was bought by a shoemaker for 3000 francs, and he sold the walls by piecemeal. From its position on a lofty rock, this cathedral was exceedingly picturesque. This is the value which the French place upon the monuments of art, which call forth the admiration of the stranger<sup>a</sup>.

The Cathedral of Rouen, less chaste than the rival abbey, is equally impressive by its magnificence.

abbey; the engraving is very clumsy, but the details may be made out by comparing them with the centre tower.

<sup>a</sup> Our withers are not quite unwrung. The churchwardens of the parish of Saint James, at Bury, were inclined to pull down the unique Norman gateway of Saint Edmund's abbey, which unluckily is used as a belfry, because they fancied in their wisdom, that it would tumble down. Mr. Wilkins, by removing a heavy timber roof, has, however, relieved them from their apprehensions. More mischief, however, has been done in this country by kindness than by violence. The liberality of the dignified clergy deserves every encomium, but the architects whom they employ do not always fulfil the intentions of their employers. The havoc committed by the late Mr. Wyatt is irreparable. All cements are the bane of ancient architecture. No other material but stone should ever be employed. The restoration of Henry VIIIth's chapel, and of the front of Westminster Hall, will fully show that our modern workmen are in no respect inferior to their predecessors. York and Winchester are instances of the most judicious repairs, and we hope that the examples afforded by these cathedrals will not be lost.

“Open screens of the most elegant tracery, and filled, like the pannels to which they correspond, with imagery, range along the summit. The blue sky shines through the stone filagree, which appears to be interwoven like a slender web; but, when you ascend the roof, you find that it is composed of massy limbs of stone, of which the edges alone are seen below. . . . The basement story is occupied by three wide door-ways, deep in retiring mouldings and pillars, and filled with figures of saints and martyrs, ‘tier behind tier, in endless perspective.’ The central portal, by far the largest, projects like a porch beyond the others, and is surmounted by a gorgeous pyramidal canopy of open stone-work, in whose centre is a great dial, the top of which partly conceals the rose window behind. This portal, together with the niches above on either side, all equally crowded with bishops, apostles, and saints, was erected at the expense of the cardinal, Georges d’Amboise, by whom the first stone was laid, in 1509. . . .

“There is a peculiarity in the position of the towers of this cathedral, which I have not observed elsewhere. They flank the body of the church, so as to leave three sides free; and hence the spread taken by the front of the edifice, when the breadth of the towers is added to the breadth of the nave and aisles. The circular arched windows of the tower which look in the court, are perhaps to be referred to the eleventh century; and a smaller tower affixed against the south side, containing a staircase and covered by a lofty pyramidal stone roof, composed of flags cut in the shape of shingles, may also be of the same æra. The others, of the more ancient windows, are in the early pointed style; and the portion from the gallery upwards is comparatively modern. . . . The roof, I suppose, is of the sixteenth century. . . .

“The northern transept is approached through a gloomy court, once occupied by the shops of the transcribers and caligraphists, the *libraires* of ancient times, and from them it has derived its name. The court is entered beneath a gateway of beautiful and singular architecture, composed of two lofty pointed arches of equal height, crowned by a row of smaller arcades. On each side are the walls of the archiepiscopal palace, dusky and shattered, and desolate; and the vista terminates by the lofty *Portal of St. Romain*; for it is thus the great portal of the transept is denominated. The oaken valves are bound with ponderous hinges and bars of wrought iron, of coeval workmanship. The bars are ornamented with embossed heads, which have been hammered out of the solid metal. The statues which stood on



“each side of the arch-way have been demolished; but the pedestals remain. These, as well as other parts of the portal, are covered with sculptured compartments, or medallions, in high preservation, and of the most singular character. They exhibit an endless variety of fanciful monsters and animals, of every shape and form, mermaids, tritons, harpies, woodmen, satyrs, and all the fabulous zoology of ancient geography and romance; and each spandril of each quatrefoil contains a lizard, a serpent, or some other worm or reptile. They have all the oddity, all the whim, and all the horror of the pencil of Breughel. Human groups and figures are interspersed, some scriptural, historical, or legendary; others mystical and allegorical. Engravings from these medallions would form a volume of uncommon interest.—Two lofty towers ornament the transept, such as are usually seen only at the western front of a cathedral. The upper story of each is perforated by a gigantic window, divided by a single mullion, or central pillar, not exceeding one foot in circumference, and nearly sixty feet in height. These windows are entirely open, and the architect never intended that they should be glazed. An extraordinary play of light and shade results from this construction. The rose window in the centre of the transept is magnificent.”—Turner, pp. 138–144.

Gothic architecture in France<sup>1</sup> does not exhibit that regular gradation which is found in England, where we can place the simple arches of Salisbury at the extremity of the vista, and terminate it by the gorgeous turrets of the sepulchral chapel of Henry VII. The Gothic architects of France, however, had greater merit than their English rivals. We agree with Mr. Whittington in this assertion, though we see our friends frowning around, and though we well know that all comparisons of beauty, even of the charms and graces of towers and steeples, are somewhat odious. We will readily acknowledge, that the rich vaulting of our latter Gothic is unrivalled on the continent. As features in the edifice, the English cloister and the English chapter-house attained a degree of magnificence unknown amongst our continental neighbours. A remarkable purity of conception is observable in the English tabernacle work and internal tracery; and in the “early English style,” the clustered columns have generally more grace, particularly in the capitals. This may be instanced by comparing the nave of Amiens with Salisbury. But the merits of English Gothic are chiefly found in parts.

The French Gothic includes several distinct schools of various

characters. If we take a general view of the best French styles, it will be seen that the French Freemason arranged his plan with a more comprehensive feeling of architectural design and unity. The elevation is well based, and stands gracefully and firmly; the cathedral rises in the boldest and most commanding masses: the western front of York could be placed beneath the roofs of the choirs of Beauvais or Amiens. It is not however by magnitude alone, that the French architects produced a powerful effect. The various features are pronounced by powerful management of light and shade, and by judicious arrangement and proportion; the porches stand back; the buttresses advance; the masses are broad, fresh and distinct. All the divisions and openings are narrower, loftier, more graceful, more pyramidical, than amongst us: they guide the sight upwards to the high pitched roof, which, rising from the entraced parapet, is itself crowned with the serrated ranges of fleurs-de-lys, setting themselves off against the sky. The free tracery of the French buildings is seen nowhere in England except in the choir of York, and there on a very meagre scale; and their filagree towers, such as that of Saint Ouen, have no counterparts in England. Many of these remarks apply to the cathedrals on the Rhine. Had that of Cologne<sup>1</sup> been completed, it would have been the eighth wonder of the world. Beauvais, which is also a glorious fragment, greatly resembles the Basilic of the Three Kings in its principal lines, and is nearly equal to it in size. One of our most skilful architects is of opinion, that, in its way, it is more remarkable than St. Peter's at Rome.

It is not generally known, that the working drawings of many of the finest continental cathedrals were preserved in their respective archives. Some have escaped the general wreck of the Revolution. Sulpice Boisserée discovered the original drawing of the west front of Cologne, nailed against the door of a barn. It had been stolen from the library. It is drawn upon a skin of vellum, with uncommon neatness and precision. More of the Cologne drawings were afterwards recovered. Boisserée, who is not a Frenchman, and whose zeal in the good cause is highly praiseworthy, has published engravings from them, which form a most useful and splendid work. The drawings of Strassburg remain in the archives of the cathedral. Mr. Porden is now in possession of tracings from them. The elevations are correctly made out, and in the ground-plans, the complicated risings and off-settings of the elevation are distinguished with great minuteness; he could rebuild the church from these details. In



the royal library at Paris, in the Italian archives, and in some of the German collections, there are other drawings of this class<sup>a</sup>. Such documents are of singular importance to the architectural antiquary. They afford surer data for the history of the art than the edifices themselves, where it is often impossible to distinguish between the subsequent additions and the original plan. Mr. Gunn has thus settled all doubts respecting the antiquity of the Gothic adornments of the Baptistery and the Campo Santo at Pisa. When Mr. Smirke, who first published the designs of these buildings in the *Archæologia*, maintained, that they were coeval with the Romanesque portions, his assertion was much controverted, and by able antagonists, whose opinions at length generally prevailed. Mr. Gunn, however, was inclined to maintain their authenticity; he applied to a friend at Pisa, and the result has been the discovery of the original designs, in which the Gothic tracery and ornaments appear as they now stand: the question is therefore set at rest<sup>b</sup>.

Gothic architecture continued more steady in France than in England. Of the effect produced by the Burgundian style we have already spoken and the fashions of each age are clearly to be distinguished; yet there appears a perpetual recurrence to more

<sup>a</sup> Müller has given engravings from the working drawings of Ulm, and of a nameless church, in his pleasing specimens of "Alt-deutsche Baukunst." Sandrart gave the intended spire of Malines from a similar source. We believe this spire would have excelled Strassburg both in height and beauty.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Gunn's account of this singular discovery must be given in his own words. "A mistrust of my opinion made me desirous of more extensive information than that by which it was formed, and I in consequence applied to a friend who has passed the greater part of his life within fourteen miles of Pisa, and whose researches have been devoted to the higher branches of liberal science. I commissioned him to engage experienced workmen carefully to examine the construction of these edifices, and pronounce if apparently to them the parts styled Gothic were comparatively recent." The investigation took place under the direction of Toscanelli, a very eminent architect of Pisa, and the result was as follows:

"Informatomi da diversi architetti, e segnatamente dal Signore Antonio Toscanelli come il più istruito in questa città, tutti, ed in spece quest' ultimo, mi dicono che, senza principio di dubbio, il Batistero e il Campo Santo di Pisa sono stati fino dal loro principio fabbricati come si trovano attualmente, e tutti i frontoni e ornamenti si lavoravano nel tempo medesimo, che si faceva la fabbrica. Il detto Toscanelli, che ha più volte disegnate con precisione le mentovate fabbriche, ha riscontrato nel pubblico archivio l' abozzo e il completo disegno di ciascuna di dette fabbriche; e l' esecuzione delle medesime corrisponde esattamente. Il che prova sempre più, che tutto fu fatto nel tempo medesimo, ciò e fabbriche e ornamenti, come di presente esistono, senza veruna aggiunta posteriore."

ancient forms and models. Even at the moment, when Gothic architecture was in its total wane, the acute arches and the simple mouldings of the earliest prototypes were still employed. In the fourteenth century, towers surmounted by lofty octangular spires of stone, became a common appendage to the churches of Normandy. These are bold and well understood. The spire of St. Pierre, at Caen, built in 1308, is nearly as lofty as Salisbury, and perhaps of greater elegance. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the ornaments were more and more attenuated; their Gothic filagree became a web and woof of stone. The bosses of the key-stones spread around the groins in large roses and circles, perforated and filleted in various patterns of extraordinary delicacy. Saint Maclou at Rouen is a good example of this stage of art. Italian architecture, when first introduced into France, was so united with the Gothic, as to produce an harmonious effect, notwithstanding its incongruity. Arabesques wave around the pointed arches, and the acanthus entwines itself amongst the pinnacles and tracery; and the entire structure shows considerable attention to effect, for the architects retained much Gothic feeling, even till the total fall of the style and order.

Most of the ancient sepulchral monuments of Normandy are destroyed. Much mischief had been occasioned before the Revolution, by the violence of the Calvinists, and the tastelessness of the clergy and the Jacobins. Mr. Stothard, whose work on the Sepulchral Monuments of England needs no commendation of ours, journeyed onwards with true antiquarian enthusiasm, to the abbey of Fontevraud, to ascertain whether the tombs of any of our ancient monarchs, who were buried in that celebrated sanctuary, were yet in existence. The conventual church is unimpaired, though desecrated and converted into a prison; but the chapels, in which the tombs originally stood, were destroyed during the Revolution. We can easily estimate his satisfaction when he beheld the objects of his search. The statues of Richard Cœur de Lion<sup>1</sup>, of Henry II. and his Queen, Eleanor of Guyenne, and of Isabella of Angoulême, the wife of King John, were all discovered by him, somewhat mutilated it is true, and removed to a cellar in the adjoining abbey, but still valuable and intelligible. Had they continued much longer there, they would have been reduced into shapeless masses, as the prisoners, who came down twice a day for the purpose of drawing water from the well, had already found great amusement in knocking off their noses and fingers. When Mr. Stothard returned to England he represented to govern-



ment, the propriety of rescuing these memorials from destruction, and of transporting them to England, in order that they might be deposited with the other royal tombs in Westminster abbey. Application was accordingly made to the French government, but ineffectually; in consequence (as Mrs. Stothard conjectures) of the request being conveyed through an official channel. Had it been made in the first instance by his Majesty to Louis XVIII. it would, she thinks, have proved successful. Mr. Stothard's interference has however preserved the monuments. The Minister of the Interior has ordered them to be deposited in a sepulchral chapel, where we trust they will long remain uninjured. Sir Olivier de Clisson<sup>1</sup> owes almost equal gratitude to Mr. Stothard. In the church of Josselines, he discovered the headless trunk of the knight and his lady, and the marble slab upon which they were placed—round it is the following epigraph in the black letter, "Chi gist noble et puissant Seigneur, Monseigneur Olivier de Clisson, jadis connestable de France, Seigneur de Clisson, de Porthorvet, de Belleville et de Lagernache, qui trespassa en Apuril le jour Saint Jorge lan mcccc et vii. Pries Dieux pour son ame amen." As the head of this renowned warrior was not to be found in the church, Mr. Stothard took great pains to recover it; after many inquiries he succeeded, and discovered the venerable bust of the constable in the possession of a tobacconist, who had stuck it up as the ornament of his garden. The head possessed a very fine character, and Mr. Stothard, who obtained it from the dealer in mundungus, piously rejoined it to the body.

Druidical monuments, as they are called, must be ranked among sepulchres. These abound in the Celtic provinces of France, but they have never been yet accurately figured or described; it is therefore with much satisfaction that we copy Mrs. Stothard's account of the great work of Carnac, which, as far as we can ascertain, has never been visited by any other English travellers. The French antiquaries who have treated upon it, have displayed their usual inaccuracy and love of exaggeration; and Mrs. Stothard deserves well of the literary world, for the spirit which supported her during a most unpleasant journey to this extraordinary memorial of the primitive population of Gaul. Inferior to Stonehenge in point of art, and perhaps of labour, it is unique in plan and in extent. Mr. Stothard's drawings explain his wife's descriptions.

"I must now recur to the excursion of this morning, although "it has been a source of some terror to me, as I expected every

“moment the voiture would be upset, by the broken fragments of rock, over which we were obliged to pass in the road. We made our excursion, for the purpose of visiting *Carnac*, a stupendous remain of antiquity; and were so much interested by viewing this monument, most probably of Celtic history, or superstition, that I shall here give you a correct and particular account of it, derived from local observation; and you will find it by no means agrees with the exaggerated prints of Monsieur Cambray’s book, published in 1805, entitled, *Monumens Celtiques*. Perhaps the singularly happy faculty that gentleman possessed, of seeing things in a new and extraordinary way, might have greatly magnified, in his eyes, these Celtic remains, so that the stones grew in proportion to his imagination; for certainly they never were so seen, before or since; and the figures he introduces in the prints to show by comparison the proportional height of these antiquities, appear creeping about no bigger than mice at their base.

“Monsieur Cambray, like all great men, apparently must have been constantly looking upwards, or have passed blindfold over the ground of *Carnac*, when he declares that not a fragment of stone or a flint is to be found upon its site. What wonderful nothings do such learned gentry find out! Had M. Cambray chanced to break his shins over some of the large and innumerable pieces of rock or stone, that literally strew the ground, he might perhaps have given another account. Monsieur Cambray is likewise a great lover of tracing the progress of improvements, etc.; but he forgets that the first step to all improvement lies in truth,—a thing probably too vulgar for so great a mind. How much are we indebted to him, for his so ingeniously comparing the English to that nation of paper lanterns, the Chinese! How kindly does he remind us of obligations, and vast benefits we never knew! According to the liberal abuse this gentleman bestows on the English, we are indebted to his nation for all our arts and sciences. The Count de Laborde has, since M. Cambray, published some engravings of *Carnac*, representing the stones much larger than they really are, but they are mere dwarfs compared with those of his predecessor.

“We hired a cabriolet, and left Auray early this morning; besides the driver, a man accompanied us, who walked by the side of the voiture, in order to render his assistance in preventing it from being upset by the large, loose, and broken rocks that strewed the way, and lie in confused heaps about the road. After



“travelling three leagues through a desolate and wild country, we  
 “arrived at a spot about a mile from the sea-shore, where this  
 “curious Celtic antiquity remains a monument at once of the  
 “power and insufficiency of man; for his own stupendous work  
 “has long outlived all memory of its founder or its history. Carnac  
 “is infinitely more extensive than Stone Henge, but of a ruder  
 “formation; the stones are much broken, fallen down, and dis-  
 “placed; they consist of *eleven rows*, of unwrought pieces of rock  
 “or stone, merely set up on end in the earth, without any pieces  
 “crossing them at top. These stones are of great thickness, but  
 “not exceeding nine or twelve feet in height; there may be some  
 “few fifteen feet. The rows are placed from fifteen to eighteen  
 “paces from each other, extending in length (taking rather a  
 “semicircular direction) above half a mile, on unequal ground,  
 “and towards one end upon a hilly site. The semicircular direction  
 “was probably accidental; as, from their situation, it was not  
 “possible to see all the ground at once, in order to range them in  
 “a straight line. When the length of these rows is considered,  
 “there must have been nearly three hundred stones in each, and  
 “there are eleven rows: this will give you some idea of the im-  
 “mensity of the work, and the labour such a construction required.  
 “It is said that there are above four thousand stones now re-  
 “maining.....I have been informed...that the word *Carnac*  
 “signifies, in the Breton language, *a field of flesh*: if this be the true  
 “meaning, it would lead one to conjecture that these stones were  
 “placed in memory of some great battle.”—Mrs. Stothard, p. 250.

No one of the many enigmas which vex the spirit of the antiquary has elicited a greater diversity of opinions than the questions involved in the theories which have been promulgated, in attempting to discover the origin of Gothic architecture. All the conflicting parties now agree, that neither the Ostrogoths, nor the Visigoths, nor the Mœsogoths, nor any other of the old tribes of the great Scythian family, had any real share in discovering the pointed style, and therefore we may safely use the term Gothic, incorrect as it sounds to the critical ear, without prejudice to the cause of truth; knowing that it was formed according to an erroneous hypothesis, it ceases to convey any erroneous idea, and becomes correct by its conventional application. The toleration of etymological inaccuracy, by which a derivative becomes a radical and obtains a new primitive meaning, is one of the most ordinary processes of the formation of language.

According to an hypothesis sanctioned by the Society of

Antiquaries, as a body, and defended by individuals whose opinions ought to be canvassed with the greatest deference, the pointed gothic was invented and matured in this country. Hence the favourite appellation of "English Architecture." Dr. Milner lays down three positions:—"First, that the whole style of pointed architecture, with all its members and embellishments of clustered columns, converging groins, flying buttresses, tracery, tabernacles, crockets, finials, cusps, orbs, pinnacles, and spires, grew by degrees out of the simple pointed arch, between the latter end of the twelfth and the early part of the fourteenth centuries.—Secondly, that the pointed arch itself was discovered by observing the happy effect of those intersecting semicircular arches, with which the architects of the latter end of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth centuries were accustomed to ornament all their principal ecclesiastical edifices.—And thirdly, that we are chiefly indebted for both these discoveries, that is to say, both for the rise and the progress of pointed architecture, to our own ancestors, the Anglo-Normans and the English."

In support of this theory, it is supposed that the earliest specimens of the pointed arch in England, are the clerestory windows of St. Cross<sup>a</sup>, built by Henry of Blois, between the years 1132 and 1136: and the choir of Canterbury (1176–80) and Lincoln (1202), and the cathedral of Salisbury (1220–58), are quoted as proofs of the "discovery."

Windows, however, formed by intersecting circular arches, are found in the triforium story of St. Stephen at Caen (1060); and an attentive examination of them will leave no doubt but that they were parts of the original structure. Intersecting arches also appear in the singular church of Graville. In both these instances, the piers bend into arches without any impost, and the returns are quite plain. In addition to these examples, an arc ending in a point is found, as we have before mentioned, beneath the central tower of St. Stephen; so that the English claim to the priority of the "invention" cannot be sustained.

Further investigation would probably discover many other instances of similar openings, both in France and in other parts

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Porden, who has examined this church with great attention, is of opinion, that the masonry clearly shows that the pointed arches were cut up to the intersections, after the building was completed. Dr. Milner observes, that without these windows the choir would have been quite dark. True; but he forgets that there may have been an original row of windows with circular heads.



of the continent<sup>a</sup>. Such arches, however, do not form Gothic architecture, even supposing that they constituted its elements. Of this the English advocates are well aware. In order that we may form a right conception of the rise of pointed architecture in this country, they refer us to Canterbury choir, the first complete development of the "Early English"; and they urge that a style thus "adopted in the first metropolitical" church of the kingdom, was copied in the suffragan cathedrals, as soon as any of them stood in need of rebuilding or repairing. If we ask whose talents produced this model of the "early English style," we shall perhaps be a little surprised to learn that it was William of Sens, a Frenchman. And as this structure, which called forth the admiration of his contemporaries on account of its unwonted magnificence, does not contain a single member of Saxon architecture, except the "main arches of the basement story," we should think it most natural to conclude, that the foreigner, who built in this unusual style, had only introduced the order to which he was already accustomed in his own country, and which was then new in England. Indeed, the prototypes were widely dispersed on the continent; and many a noble structure was already raised, exhibiting the acute arches, slender pillars and vaulted roof of our "First order of English architecture." We need not travel out of the bounds of Normandy, in quest of the proofs required. The earliest are perhaps found in the cathedral of Coutances<sup>1</sup>. This fine building was begun under the episcopacy of Robert, who was elected to the see in the year 1025. The Duchess Guennore<sup>2</sup> was considered as the patroness, and she was assisted by the liberality of the canons of the Church, of her barons, and of the parishioners<sup>3</sup>; for at that period, cathedral churches were parochial. But the building advanced slowly, and the see was poor. Gaufridus I. who was elected bishop in the year 1048, travelled into Apulia and Calabria, in order to appeal to the piety and liberality of Robert Guiscard and his Norman barons. His journey was not fruitless; and he returned, as it is stated in the Black Book of the cathedral, with an ample store of gold and silver, and gems and silken stuff, and phials filled with

<sup>a</sup> As yet we have but few data towards the history of continental architecture during the middle ages. On the continent, the subject, till very lately, was deemed quite unworthy of notice; and our architectural travellers have neglected it. Now, however, much attention has been excited. Domenico Quaglio has published a curious collection of early examples, taken from the southern parts of the kingdom of Bavaria. The works of Müller and Boisseree have been noticed. Mr. Joseph Woods has also made a very considerable collection towards the history of French, Italian and Sicilian Gothic and Romanesque.

the purest opobalsamum. Enriched by these gifts, he proceeded to build, or to rebuild, the church; and the chronicle indicates, that he finished the extremities of the nave and transepts. The great western towers were built by him from the foundation, and he raised a third tower, of admirable workmanship, in the choir.

The records of the cathedral do not contain any account of the subsequent rebuilding of these portions of the church, or of any extensive and expensive alterations in it. If we therefore assume, that the towers and transepts, as they now exist, are the original structure of Gaufridus, they will prove that the pointed Gothic was completely formed in the eleventh century. The centre tower, an octagon rising out of the four main arches of the intersection, is exceedingly light and bold; the interior is formed into two tiers of open arcades, one above the other, supported by delicate pillars. The transepts are uniform, and each is lighted at the extremity by five narrow and lofty lancet-headed windows. The western towers are divided into panels, by narrow pilasters running upwards to the top, as now seen on the belfry of St. Mark; but the small arches conjoining them are pointed, and not circular, as at Venice. All the arches in the church are pointed, except the blind arches which are turned in the walls of the nave behind the triforium for the purpose of strengthening it. These can only be seen by going under the roof of the side aisles. The clerestory windows of the choir bear a near affinity to those seen in the Egyptian mosques. They consist of two lancet lights, with a trefoil opening between them, the whole being inclosed within a shallow pointed arch. In general arrangement, such a window resembles an early Gothic window; but when examined with attention, it will be seen that the masonry between the openings cannot be called a mullion, but that it is the unperforated wall. The spandrels of the arches within are ornamented with circular ornaments, some in basso-relievo, others pierced, resembling the pateræ, if they may be so termed, seen in Oriental architecture. Within each transept is a deep well, as if intended for the purpose of furnishing water for ablutions. In the side aisles, much tracery of the fourteenth century has been introduced. The spires on the western towers, and the lady-chapel, are perhaps of the same date. With these and some other minor exceptions, the church seems to offer the unaltered conceptions of the first architect. The singularities of its style cannot be well expressed by description; and it will be sufficient to observe, that it is very uniform, very simple, and nearly denuded of all ornament.



If Gothic architecture was first "discovered" in England, some traces ought to be discoverable of its radiation throughout Europe from this island as its central point. If the pointed style was formed by the gradual development of the Norman style in England, there would be many distinct instances of the transition style. If the intersecting arches of the Romanesque converted themselves simultaneously throughout Europe into Gothic, each country ought to exhibit many varieties of transition styles. But it is to no purpose that those suppositions are severally introduced by the peace-making particle, because none of them can be supported; and if they are not true, then the baseless fabric of the English hypothesis vanishes. We must forfeit the creation which we claim, and the assumption that the Gothic is the natural progeny of the Anglo-Norman Romanesque will be rendered more than dubious. Dr. Milner, in advocating the English "discovery," observes, that the received tradition throughout all the "northern provinces of France, is, that almost all their grand churches were built by the English...the churches of Nostre Dame, Amiens, Beauvais, Rouen, and St. Nicaise, being attributed to English architects." It is certainly true that the French consider these edifices as English; but we cannot agree in admitting, that their belief "proves the high reputation in which English architects were held in France at the time of the introduction of pointed architecture." Much as we respect tradition, we must confess that we fear it may be an unfaithful guide when applied to visible objects. The impetuous victories of our old monarchs impressed themselves so forcibly upon the imaginations of the people over whom they strode, that in succeeding generations, every sumptuous, or extraordinary structure, was attributed to these barbaric conquerors. "Mademoiselle," exclaimed the sacristan at Louviers, as he was showing the fine tombs in the old church there, to an English party, "vous devez connoître ce tombeau, car il y a un Roi de votre pays enterré là." The lady naturally inquired after the name of this English king; upon which the sacristan answered, with great gravity and composure, "Mais c'est le roi Nabuchodonosor." Some humble doubts were expressed by the strangers, as to the accuracy of this information; but the worthy sacristan was not to be outreasoned. Everybody in England, as he maintained, ought to know that Nebuchadnezzar had reigned there, and everybody in Normandy now knows that he is buried at Louviers. We may smile at the simplicity of the sacristan; but his creation of an Anglo-Assyrian monarch is a pretty fair

sample of architectural tradition. To the common observer, every object which is older than his grandmother is a piece of antiquity—he leaps over centuries, and annihilates both time and space.

We have ocular demonstration that the French masons neither learnt, nor sought to learn, any lesson from their English brethren. The discrepancy between the styles of the two countries indicates that they borrowed nothing directly from England. A few portions of some of our buildings resemble the French style, Canterbury choir, for instance; but no entire building is found in France, which can be likened to an entire English building. In the arrangement of the structure, in the style of the ornaments, in the elevation, in the section, in the plan, in short in some part, portion or feature, a diversity will always be found, which, without destroying the genuine Gothic character, designates a specific class<sup>a</sup>. Gothic architecture uses the same language both in France and in England, but the style in each country speaks in a different dialect; it possesses distinct idioms, it is pronounced with a national accent, and in a national tone.

The hypothesis of the formation of the Gothic from the Norman arches, which intersect each other at St. Cross, has not been maturely considered. A pointed opening formed by the intersection of the two semicircular arches is not a pointed arch; a pointed arch ending in a key-stone, excavated into a cusp, is not a Gothic arch. The essential character of the Gothic arch is derived from the absence of the key-stone, and from the presence of the perpendicular joint or opening in the centre, where the archivolts rest against each other; until we find this feature, Gothic architecture does not exist.

Sir Christopher Wren sought for the origin of Gothic architecture in the east. This hypothesis has been strenuously combated by the English party. It has been ably supported by Lord Aberdeen; and amidst the difficulties which surround us, it best accords with the history of Gothic architecture. "We find," says Lord Aberdeen, "the Gothic style, notwithstanding the richness and "variety which it afterwards assumed, appearing at once with

<sup>a</sup> The continental churches all terminate, we believe without any exception, in a semicircular or polygonal apsis<sup>1</sup>. Westminster and Canterbury are the only Gothic churches in England built on this plan. The foreign churches have often four and sometimes six side aisles. Of this magnificence we have no instance in England. As the churches thus became very broad, the extremities of the transepts usually range within the walls of the side aisles, instead of projecting beyond them.



“ all its distinctive marks and features, not among one people,  
“ but very nearly at the same period of time, received and practised  
“ throughout Christendom. How will it be possible to account for  
“ this general and contemporary adoption of the style, but by a  
“ supposition that the taste and knowledge of all on this subject  
“ were drawn from a common source, and where can we look for  
“ this source but to the east, which during the crusades attracted  
“ a portion of the population, and in a great degree occupied  
“ the attention of the different states of Europe? This result  
“ receives confirmation from the circumstance of there being no  
“ specimen of Gothic architecture erected in the west, before the  
“ period in question. . . . If a line be drawn from the north of the  
“ Euxine, through Constantinople to Egypt, we shall discover in  
“ every country to the eastward of this boundary, frequent  
“ examples of the pointed arch, accompanied with the slender  
“ proportions of Gothic architecture; in Asia Minor, Syria, Arabia,  
“ Persia, from the neighbourhood of the Caspian, through the  
“ wilds of Tartary, in the various kingdoms and throughout the  
“ whole extent of India, and even to the farthest limits of China.  
“ It is true that we are unable for the most part to ascertain the  
“ precise dates of these buildings: but this in reality is not very  
“ important, it being sufficient to state the fact of their compara-  
“ tive antiquity, which, joined to the vast diffusion of the styles,  
“ appears to justify our conjecture. Seeing then the universal  
“ prevalence of this mode in the east, which is satisfactorily  
“ accounted for by the extensive revolutions and conquests in  
“ that part of the world, it can scarcely appear requisite to discuss  
“ the probability of its having been introduced from the west.”  
Nor could it.—Since Lord Aberdeen wrote, we have become  
better acquainted with Arabian architecture; and the pointed arch  
is ascertained to exist in the mosque of Omar at Damascus, and  
in the cloister of Mecca.

Besides the general intercourse with the east, occasioned by  
the crusaders, and in which all the nations of Europe participated,  
there were other causes facilitating the transmission of Arabian  
taste into particular districts. Venice sent forth the Argosies  
which returned to the lagoons after anchoring in the port of the  
Egyptian Caliph. Saracen vassals bowed before the sword of a  
Norman conqueror. The Arabian maiden wove the rich sendal  
of silk and gold, which arrayed the Christian pontiff when he  
prayed before the altar; and the graven casket which enshrines  
the relics of the Norman Regnobert, the patron saint of Bayeux,

bears the invocation addressed to the Deity by the followers of Mahomet<sup>a</sup>. Saracen artificers, obeying their Norman lords, may have also travelled to the duchy; and the pointed arches of the cathedral were thus, perhaps, traced out by the builders of the mosque and of the bath.

Some powerful cause, however, must have been brought into action, by which Gothic architecture was propelled throughout Europe, preserving everywhere the same intention, modified only in those minute characters which do not affect its main and leading idea. We see the works of one sect of architects, whose productions differ in their various Congregations or Dioceses, because they were independent even in their dependence; because, although they yielded obedience to one pervading principle, they did not work in concert with each other. The Romanesque style presents one market aspect in every part of Western Europe. The members of the Roman hierarchy, who directed the construction of the sacred structures, drew their art from one common, we might almost say, one sacred fountain; their science, like their learning, was derived from the capital of the Latin world. But the Gothic style, when spreading far and wide, was not thus diffused by the priesthood; they were not bound to propagate this new architectural order, borrowed from the hated followers of Islam. It would surely never have been transmitted from nation to nation, merely by accident. The intercourse between the various states of Europe was hazardous, desultory, and unfriendly. Supposing that we could indicate the native seat of the Gothic style, it could scarcely have been expanded in every part of Christendom by the taste of the wayfaring traveller.

<sup>a</sup> Father Tournemain, the Jesuit, is of opinion that this box was taken by the French troops, under Charles Martel, in their pillage of the Saracen camp, and that they afterwards presented it to Queen Hermentruda, who made an offering of the gift to the shrine of Saint Regnobert. But this is wholly conjectural. In the treasury of the abbey of Saint Maurice in the Valais, there is a most singular vase of Saracenic workmanship, presented by Charlemagne. It is covered with figures in various coloured enamel, the outlines of which are formed by gold wires, like the amulet of King Alfred. This abbey is hardly ever visited by travellers, though it is in a town on the high road to Italy, and though the treasury is a perfect museum of ancient art. A crozier preserved there reduces the pastoral staff of William of Wykeham to comparative insignificance. It forms a spire of gold. The niches are filled with figures not exceeding an inch in height, but so delicately worked that the vizors of the armed knights lift up, and show the faces beneath. Two chalices, one of gold, the gift of Charlemagne, and another of silver, the gift of Sigismund, the Burgundian king, are equally remarkable. We notice these particulars in order to invite further investigation.



Sir Christopher Wren tells us, "that the holy war gave the Christians who had been there an idea of the Saracens' works, which were afterwards imitated by them in the churches, and they refined upon it every day as they proceeded in building. The Italians, (among whom were yet some Greek refugees) and with them French, Germans and Flemings, joined into a fraternity of architects, procuring papal bulls for their encouragement, and particular privileges; they styled themselves Freemasons, and ranged from one nation to another, as they found churches to be built. Their government was regular, and when they fixed near the building in hand, they made a camp of huts. A surveyor governed in chief; every tenth man was called a warden and overlooked each nine; the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, either out of charity or commutation of penance, gave the materials and carriages. Those who have seen the exact accounts in records of the charge of the fabrics of some of our cathedrals, near four hundred years old, cannot but have a great esteem for their economy, and admire how soon they erected such lofty structures." Sir Christopher, in this outline of masonic history, has blended conjecture and tradition; he was a good craftsman and wise. We have never been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries of the lodge; Jachin and Boaz have never received our homage. Yet it appears to us that Sir Christopher has erred not on the side of vainglory, but of self-denial; and that he has diminished the antiquity of the Fraternity instead of enhancing it. St. Alban and King Alfred may or may not have been patrons of the brotherhood, but masonic language may be traced in the reign of Charlemagne. In a preceding era, there are reasons for conjecturing its existence. Subsequent ages afford presumptive evidence that the Freemasons were the architects of the proudest Gothic piles. Some have maintained that until the statute of 3 Henry VI. c. i. which greatly impaired their organization and prosperity, by prohibiting them from meeting in their chapters, they enjoyed a kind of building monopoly in this country. In an indenture of covenants, made in this reign, between the churchwardens of a parish in Suffolk and a company of Freemasons, the latter stipulate that each man should be provided with a pair of white leather gloves and a white apron; and that a lodge, properly tiled, should be erected at the expense of the parish, in which they were to carry on their works. It has been suggested that the members of this ancient society enwrapped themselves in mystery, in order to conceal the method of cutting the archstones, the

*trait des pierres* as it is termed in French, from the profane multitude. Whether their rites may not have also veiled doctrinal mysteries, we shall perhaps have another opportunity of examining; at present we must content ourselves with observing, that it seems probable that about the time when they borrowed the pointed arch from the east, they also became grafted into the vast congeries of the Manichæan sects, which flourished in the middle ages.

Disclaiming, as we are compelled to do, the honours unduly claimed for the English and the Anglo-Normans as the inventors of Gothic architecture, we shall yet insist upon the praise to which we are fairly entitled. It is the English alone who labour to preserve the memory of the structures of Normandy, which are doomed to neglect and destruction by the disgraceful sloth and ignorance of the French. We are not at all disposed to set an undue estimate upon our English topographers. Very unequal degrees of merit must be assigned to these writers, from the quaint and antique Lambarde, down to the elegance and learning of Whitaker; many of them are woeful triflers, often mistaking the shell for the kernel, but good or bad, they could not have flourished anywhere except amongst a people who loved their homes, and whose affection caused them to value every iota of information connected with the history and institutions of their native soil. To the French, all memorials of former times seem hateful; and, from the general absence of the desire of knowledge in that country, no work which supposes a disposition for rational curiosity in the common reader, can possibly meet with favour or encouragement. The task of illustrating the ancient monuments of France has thus devolved upon us. We did not raise or plan these relics of piety and magnificence; but whilst the owners of such noble structures are dull to their beauties, and incapable of appreciating their value, we have made them English property, like the Alhambra and the Parthenon, the rock-temples of Ellora and the sepulchres of Thebes, the mosques of Delhi and the ruins of Palmyra. Abandoned by their possessors, the fields have become our own, by the tillage which we have bestowed upon them.



## THE FINE ARTS IN FLORENCE.

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1. LE OPERE DI GEORGIO VASARI, *Pittore e Architetto Aretino*. Firenze, 1838.
2. STORIE DEI MUNICIPI ITALIANI, *illustrate con documenti inediti*,... da CARLO MORBIO, Membro della Regia Giunta Sarda di Statistica. Milano, 1838.
3. STORIA DELLE FAMIGLIE CELEBRI ITALIANE, del Conte Pompeo Litta. Milano, 1819-1839. Fascicolo XVII.

AMONGST the various classes of books, two are prominent,—those which everybody praises and nobody reads, and those which everybody talks of and everybody dispraises. To the latter species, at least so far as the word is in the mouth of critics and historians of art, the long-established standard work of Georgio Vasari<sup>1</sup> belongs. Errors, inaccuracies, mistakes, and false judgments, are the continual subjects of fault-finding with the "Vite degli "Artefici." Yet, in all investigations of art, the work must, and always does, form the substratum of our inquiries.

Vasari must be put into the witness-box. The judge cannot dispense with his testimony; and to those who are willing to accept his collections of facts, opinions, anecdotes, and even legends, in its true character, it is a manual from which the greatest pleasure and information will be derived. Vasari may be termed the Herodotus of art. Living just at the termination of its triumphant and palmy age, he preserved those materials for its history, which, had he delayed his labours but a little later, must have perished. But for him we should have been in the same perplexing doubt and uncertainty concerning the authors of the works of art and monuments still adorning Italy, as we are with respect to the Gothic architects and sculptors of France and England. Vasari has not merely individualized the artists, but he also identifies a large proportion of their production. He connects the works with their authors; and in tracing the progress and mutations of Italian art, as embodied in most of the best subsisting examples, we can

examine the painting, or the structure, or the statue, with a knowledge of the studies or models which led to its conception, and of the circumstances under which it was produced. It is from this identification, this connexion of the object with the hand which gave it shape and form, that so much of the pleasure imparted by Italian art arises. Possibly some portion of the amusement and interest with which you pace the aisle or walk the gallery, may be traced to the national and characteristic earnestness with which the custode tells his tale. How much cleverness there is in his epithets! And then, the expressive modulation of his tone, varying from the sonorous confidence with which he commands you to worship the unquestionable Raphael, down to the considerate tenderness with which he introduces you to the dubious specimen, unwilling either to deceive you or to let you be undeceived. “Questo quadro *vuol’ essere* di Correggio—ma, ha patito molto nel “tempo de’ Francesi!”—spoken in an under-voice, and as if he wished to spare the feelings of the chalky Magdalene, by not letting her hear any implication against her legitimacy. But abstracted from all such extraneous considerations, our author possesses unparalleled recommendations.

He lectures, so to speak, surrounded by the apparatus and specimens upon which he discourses, and always with the greatest fulness and glee. His command and flow of language, savoured with idiomatic raciness, add also, if not to the absolute value of his lectures, still very much to the pleasure with which they are listened to. It is droll to hear him talk away.

Vasari was brought up to the honest calling of a goldsmith. His application to the pursuits now termed “the fine arts” arose out of his trade, a circumstance of very common occurrence in the lives of the Tuscan artists, and upon which we shall hereafter enlarge. He became an excellent architect. In this branch of art, the Uffizij, the building containing the Medicean gallery, is a fine example of his skill. As a painter, he was far above mediocrity; and there is often much ingenuity conjoined to cleverness of conception in his compositions. But he was very hasty in his execution, and, as is so often the case in things of more consequence than painting, he was a man who loved himself for being in the wrong; he prided himself upon his faults, glorying in his undue rapidity; and his colouring is hard and inharmonious. When his frescoes in the cupola of Sta. Maria del Fiore were uncovered, all the virtuosi in Florence were up in arms to criticize them; and whilst the multitude talked and sneered, the profligate Lasca



lampooned the painter in his madrigals. The demerits of the paintings, however, are by no means such as to deserve all the vituperations which they received; and we shall probably not be very far from the mark, if we diminish the value of contemporary criticism by a good round discount, "quoted," as stockbrokers do in the "share market," from  $33\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$  per cent., in consequence of Vasari having had the good or ill fortune to stand high in the favour of the Medici family, and more particularly of the Grand Duke Cosmo I. Placed in the position of a court favourite, he had to suffer the usual tribulation in a very liberal degree of detraction from those whom the sun of royalty did not gild by its rays.

Vasari's chief claim upon posterity, however, should be sought in the part which he has performed, not by the pencil, but by the grey-goose quill. It is not Vasari the painter, but Vasari the author of the "*Vite degli Artefici*," who will be so long recollected with honour. The plan of the book was suggested in a familiar conversation which took place at Naples, somewhere in the year 1544, at a supper in the house of the Cardinal Farnese<sup>a</sup>. Amongst the company was one not very worthy personage, who shows by his writings that he forgot he was a bishop; his memory must hold us excused if we forget his episcopal character also.

This was Paolo Giovio<sup>1</sup>, who had then composed his well-known work, the "*Vitæ Illustrium Virorum*." The book does not appear to have been published, but it had probably been circulated in manuscript, as was then much the custom in the literary world. Giovio wished to append a biography of artists from the time of Cimabue, upon whose productions, as Vasari says, he began to discourse with judgment and knowledge of art, making, however, terrible mistakes with respect to the artists themselves, confounding names, surnames, birthplaces, and specimens. In reply to a question put by the Cardinal, Vasari replied that such a biography would be very instructive, if compiled with accuracy; and the company, amongst whom was Annibal Caro, joined in urging Georgio to undertake the task of giving a better outline to Giovio. This he did. And he performed his task so satisfactorily, that, when the sketch was presented to Giovio, the latter declined using it, and advised Vasari to complete the book for himself.

Vasari ever since his youth had been collecting materials for

<sup>a</sup> Vasari quitted Naples in 1548; and the first edition of his book is said to have been published at Florence in 1549, or 1550.

such a work, yet the instinct of authorship was not strong upon him. Before the existence of the advantage, if it be one, stingily, grudgingly, and unthankfully yielded to men of letters, by the creation of literary property, writers were not urged by the yearning of realizing the worth of their productions in hard cash, or paper as good as gold. And in Italy, moreover, the approbation received from a small and chosen number of judicious readers, to whom, as we have just said, the works were communicated, was more than equivalent to the pleasures now derived from wide-extended popularity. Vasari hesitated—asked advice—a rare thing in authors—and what is more rare in the said race of authors, he took it (they never will do so from us, let it be ever so good); and his advisers were sound;—Annibal Caro, Molza, Tolomei; and he worked diligently, until, being urged by Cosmo to bring it out, the first edition was printed at the grand ducal press, and under the special auspices of his patron. In this first edition he inserted no life of any contemporary, excepting that of Michael Angelo, who received the presentation copy with great pleasure, testifying his gratitude by a sonnet, a thing like most complimentary poems, a column of fine words, containing an infinitesimal quantity of meaning. Therefore we will let it alone. Still the sonnet was a high token of approbation, and it increased the intimacy subsisting between them; and this friendship enabled Vasari to profit the more by the verbal information received from Michael Angelo, as well as by his correspondence. Other valuable materials Vasari obtained from the manuscripts of Ghirlandajo, Ghiberti, Raphael d'Urbino, and many more who are not named. It was the custom in Florence for the heads of families to keep a book of remembrances—"ricordi," as they were termed—of the events happening to themselves, their children, and kindred; and from these memorials he gleaned abundantly. Vasari was also well versed in the general and particular history of Tuscany and the adjoining states; but besides these sources, all the traditions of art were yet rife and lively, and much information of the greatest importance had been handed down from mouth to mouth. The chain of tradition, if once broken, can never be replaced. Interesting as such traditions of art may be in relation to the personal anecdotes they preserve, they were perhaps even more important with respect to the knowledge which they imparted of the mechanical proceedings employed by the artists, the identification of the portraits introduced in historical subjects, and the meanings of allegorical compositions, without which many would have



remained unintelligible mysteries—enigmas to be gazed at, and nothing more—like hieroglyphics of which the key is lost. For example, the great fresco of Simone Memmi in the ancient chapter-house of Santa Maria Novella, representing the Church Militant, in which the portraits of Petrarch and Laura are introduced, would, without this aid, be completely inexplicable.

Very much more might be said upon Vasari, were we discussing the fine arts scientifically. Such, however, is far from our object, and beyond our province; at present, we only propose to offer a few observations upon their connexion with history, and with what, in the phrase of the day, is termed the progress of civilization—aspects suggested by the other works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, and which, in their different ways, are of much value, though but little known to English readers, by whom, as a whole and on the whole, Italian literature is most strangely neglected. “How does it happen,” said we to a respectable importer of foreign books, “that your stock of Italian is so scanty, particularly since, in the Sardinian States, in Austrian Italy, and in Italian Switzerland, so many good new historical books, and cheap editions of standard works have been recently produced?”—“Why,” replied he, “scanty as our stock is, we have more than we can sell; a few novels, Metastasio, Tasso, Ariosto, and a Dante now and then, is all that people ask for.” But this by the way.

The truly classical work of Count Litta<sup>1</sup>, as the “*Famiglie celebri Italiane*” may be justly designated, is a genealogical history of Italy, illustrated by monuments. It consists of pedigrees of the principal families, in which are incorporated ample historical and biographical memoirs, written with great clearness and ability. Litta’s style is pure and nervous; his views, philosophical, without affectation of philosophy. The main drawback from the utility of his text is the awkward typographical form which it has assumed. Instead of composing the pedigrees according to the usual fashion, of the names of the individuals, and giving references to the biographical and historical notices, these are included in the tables or pedigrees. Hence, though printed in a very small type, they are spread over the broadsides in a way most inconvenient to the reader; and the troublesome manner in which they present themselves to the eye will be appreciated, from the statement that the matter of two *Tavole*, reprinted by Morbio (in the work next noticed) as an introduction to his Chronicle, fills 50 octavo pages.

These genealogies are illustrated by the most important and significant memorials existing of each family—tombs, statues, portraits, medals, shields of arms. When needed, the plates are coloured, and splendidly, by hand; the work thus becomes an historic gallery. It contains many excellent representations of the best works of the finest period; but it is perhaps still more interesting as exemplifying the progress of pictorial design, of sculpture, and, in some degree, of architecture, from the first revival of the arts in Italy to the present day. The work is printed under the direction of Count Litta, at his palace in Milan. No expense or labour has been spared in the decorations, which unite excellent execution to the greatest accuracy (a most rare quality in continental drawings); and every means has been taken to ensure this most important element. Thus, in order to obtain true drawings of the sepulchres of the Scaligeri at Verona, Count Litta caused casts to be taken from these magnificent shrines; an operation, which, from the complication and delicacy of the sculptures and ornaments, was attended with great cost and difficulty, it having been necessary to build scaffolding completely round them. There is no mode of following history more pleasantly than through the guidance of biography; and, deducting the one drawback arising from its form, we have rarely met with any biographical work abounding with so much solid and useful information as that which we now describe.

Carlo Morbio belongs to a school of writers who, under the auspices and encouragement of the Sardinian government, are now cultivating history and statistics with great success. The "*Storie dei Municipj Italiani*"—of which, besides the volume now before us, the parts or volumes relating to Ferrara, Pavia, Novara, Faenza, Piacenza, Milan, Urbino, Castro, Reggio, Bergamo, Lodi, Aosta, and Vercelli, are either published or in the press—is a work which, without being a complete and systematic municipal history, throws much light upon places and periods of which little was known before. The collection, however, is not of an uniform character. In some cases Morbio has given historical essays or dissertations, in others, he depends upon hitherto inedited documents. The principal piece in the present volume consists of a Chronicle of Florence, extending from 1548 to 1652, and which appears to have been composed contemporaneously. It is written by many hands, and the manuscript displays various corrections. It contains the news, sometimes the scandal of the day. Many notices relating to public structures and the fine arts are inter-



persed, but its principal merit consists, as the editor truly observes, in exhibiting the characters of the Medici of that period in their true light, and under their real deformity.

The sarcastic phrase attributed (as what *not* is not?) to Talleyrand, that "history is grounded upon a general conspiracy against "truth," never, we suspect, came nearer to the fact, than with respect to those who have treated upon the Medici family; Sismondi and Litta being perhaps the only writers who have had moral courage enough to represent them as they lived, and not according to the ideal portraits by which we have been deluded.

When we consider the individual history of the Medici, so much praised in prose and in verse, it really becomes difficult to understand how the world has so long sat easy under the *prestige* of their name. Without placing too much dependence upon physiognomy, look at them as they salute you in and about the gallery, from the spurious mulatto Alessandro, and the hard, pitiless statesman, Cosmo I., to the profligate buffoon Giovan Gastone, in whom the line expired in 1737, and ask yourself if there is one among them whom you would trust. The stranger usually rushes first to the Tribune—but, fair and softly,—if he would appreciate the price which Florence paid for these treasures, let him first visit the huge Fortezza da Basso, which cuts into and defaces the old ramparts of the republic, the castle founded by Clement VII. for the purpose of keeping the city in the obedience of his base-born and supposititious nephews, whom he declared as its sovereigns. The first stone of this monument of tyranny, for there is no mincing the matter, such is the real word to be employed, was laid by the hands of the astrologer who cast its horoscope. In one year it was completed; and when you look upon this sullen pentagon, in whose dungeons the tortured Strozzi expired, you may consider whether the chains and fetters forged by the Medici did not well outweigh the toys and trinkets which they bestowed.

But the Medici were in a manner called upon to usurp these powers. As naturally as the blossom sets into the fruit, so does a republic mature, sooner or later, into absolute despotism or tyranny. The democracy of Florence was founded in the Piazza of Santa Croce; and the year of this remarkable event, being the exact middle of the thirteenth century (1250), may easily be retained in the memory. The government of the state had been vested by the Emperor Frederick II. in the Ghibelline nobles, to the exclusion of all others. This oligarchy, selected out of an

aristocracy, imposed taxes, considered, as all taxes are, burthen-some by those upon whom they were imposed. But there was a real cause of complaint in the *morgue* of the nobility, and the Uberti in particular had given great offence by their pride. A sudden tumult arose; and "the good men," as they are styled by Villani, assembled before Santa Croce, with the determination of taking the power into their own hands, an enterprise which they accomplished without the slightest opposition or resistance. Having "made themselves *people*," according to the expressive term of the chronicles, a proceeding forcibly rendered by Hallam as a "resolution of all derivative powers into the immediate "operation of the popular will," they elected Uberto di Lucca as *Capitano del Popolo*, appointing at the same time twelve military chiefs or *Anziani del Popolo*, the leaders in arms of the citizens.

Up to this period the Florentines had rendered a real, though not onerous subjection to the Emperor; but with the revolution of 1250 began an era of pure self-government, varied by those vicissitudes of turbulence, faction, and despotism, which led her great poet to compare the republic to the sick man, who, unable to find repose upon his weary couch, seeks, by change of position, a temporary release from pain:—

"Firenza mia, ben puoi esser contenta  
 Di questa digression che non ti tocca  
 Mercè del popol tuo, che si argomenta.  
 Molti han giustizia in cuor, ma tardi scocca,  
 Per non venir senza consiglio all' arco:  
 Ma il popol tuo l' ha in sommo della bocca.  
 Molti rifiutan lo comune incarco;  
 Ma il popol tuo sollecito risponde  
 Senza chiamare, e grida: l' mi sobbarco.  
 Or ti fa lieta, che tu hai ben onde:  
 Tu ricca! tu con pace! tu con senno!  
 S' io dico ver, l' effetto nol nasconde.  
 Atene e Lacedemona, che fenno  
 L' antiche leggi, e furon sì civili,  
 Fecero al viver bene un picciol cenno,  
 Verso di te, che fai tanto sottili  
 Provedimenti, ch' a mezzo novembre  
 Non giunge quel che tu d' ottobre fili.  
 Quante volte del tempo, che rimembre,  
 Leggi, monete, ufici, e costume  
 Hai tu mutato, e rinnovato membre?  
 E se ben ti ricordi, e vedi lume,  
 Vedrai te simigliante a quella inferma



Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,  
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma<sup>a</sup>."

*Purgatorio*, c. vi. 127-151.

About 200 years after the foundation of the republic, it virtually expired under Cosmo de' Medici, to whom the epithet of Pater Patriæ seems to have been given in irony—"Meglio città guasta *che perduta*," was the cool reply of this "Pater Patriæ" to the remonstrance that his proscriptions had ruined the commonwealth. A father he may have been to the arts, to the sculptor, the painter, the man of letters, the poet, the courtier, the courtesan, the buffoon—but to his fatherland Cosmo was a parricide. The nominal existence of the republic after the age of Cosmo was a continued agony. No tragedy, however worked up by dramatic skill, can be more affecting than the last scenes of Florentine history, from the election of Capponi as Gonfaloniere (1527), to the accession of the venomous mulatto Alessandro as first duke, by virtue of an imperial decree (1531). The bold spirit, the cleverness of the Florentines, attach us to the people as to an individual; and when the fatal catastrophe of the republic comes on, it is like the death of an old friend, leaving a void which cannot be supplied.

<sup>a</sup> "My Florence! thou may'st well remain unmoved  
At this digression, which affects not thee:  
Thanks to thy people, who so wisely speed.  
Many have justice in their heart, that long  
Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow,  
Or ere it dart unto its aim: but thine  
Have it on their lips' edge. Many refuse  
To bear the common burdens: readier thine  
Answer uncall'd, and cry, 'Behold I stoop!'  
"Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now,  
Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-fraught!  
Facts best will witness if I speak the truth.  
Athens and Lacedæmon, who of old  
Enacted laws, for civil arts renown'd,  
Made little progress in improving life  
Tow'rds thee, who usest such nice subtlety,  
That to the middle of November scarce  
Reaches the thread thou in October weav'st.  
How many times within thy memory  
Customs, and laws, and coins, and offices  
Have been by thee renew'd, and people chang'd!  
"If thou remember'st well, and canst see clear,  
Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch,  
Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft  
Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain."

*Cary.*

Florence could boast of every worldly gift and every human talent, in which statist and politician find the sources of the power and prosperity of nations;—commerce, philosophy, art, literature, courage, policy; and, to all these, add a still more powerful and influential safeguard, patriotism in its true sense, in the sense in which our political economists and politicians now despise it, that is to say, love of our country because it is our own. All these Florence possessed in overflowing measure. But she possessed one thing more,—a government entirely founded upon the quicksand of unmixed and unbalanced popular sovereignty, and whose principles exhibited, as we are told by the most honest and sincere of our modern historians, Sismondi, the fullest development of the purest and most exalted democracy. He calls upon us to venerate a community in which all power exercised over the people proceeds from the people—all authority derived from the people returns periodically to the people—and all who exercise such authority are responsible to the people for the exercise of the same. Such was the government of Florence—and under this government she succumbed.

But we must now revert to the lessons which Florentine art opens to our consideration. In these, there is much of practical application, not merely with respect to the actual product, whether painting or statue, the design, the colour, and the form, but to that question, now much agitated, both here and on the continent, of diffusing the love and knowledge of the imitative arts as a portion of the education of the people. Academies for the cultivation of the higher branches of art have long existed—schools of design have been instituted for the lower orders—and it has been considered that the fine arts should be rendered an element of national education in the widest sense of the term. Most beneficial indeed would it be to us, if, in our artificial, convulsed, and overburthened state of society, any means could be found of giving useful and healthful cultivation to a people, who, self-applauding, are rapidly losing, in their supposed advance, all the qualities by which the real wealth of nations is bestowed. But there is no real art, except when it bears the impress of the artist's mind; and it is certain, that whenever any of the three sister arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture have become poetical in the true sense of the term, they have been, like all true poetry, the result of the feelings of the people, not their cause,—manifestations of the pre-existing mind and temper of the community,—interpretations of the sentiment of the age, and not its pedagogues. The fine arts



have ever been the consequences of the teaching of the intellect, never its teachers. Necessity is the mother of invention; and the fine arts, whenever they have truly attained excellence, have, to use a familiar expression, followed the lead of society, rather than acted as a promoting cause. They have existed because the human intellect demanded these high and transcendent sources of enjoyment; it was the speaking forth of the fulness of the heart, and, if we advert to the process by which art has been evolved in the period of bright youth and nourished in vigorous adolescence, we shall find that the development was effected under circumstances differing as widely from those by which it is now attempted to be artificially fostered, as the growth of the vine, waving between elm and olive on the sunny height of Montepulciano, does from that of the same plant trained beneath the panes of glass, and flourishing merely by constant care; proving, it is true, how much can be effected by money and labour, but ministering merely to luxury, and giving, in the stove-heated graperies, no one pleasure to the heart.

At the era of the revival of art in Tuscany, artists were artificers in the strictest sense of the term. It was not in the academy that their genius was nurtured, but in the workshop. The "Arte degli Orefici," the goldsmith's craft, was the chiefest school. Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Orcagna, Luca della Robbia, Massolino, Ghirlandajo, Pollajuolo, Botticelli, Verrochio, Francia, Finiguerra, Andrea del Sarto, Baccio Bandinelli, Benvenuto Cellini, Salviati, Lione, Vasari (as before mentioned), and a host of other inferior names, all were brought up in this good trade, which some practised to the end of their lives. Painters were chiefly employed in church imagery and ornamentation, as decorators of houses and furniture. The articles which gave occupation to their pencils were of various descriptions. The most costly seem to have been the ponderous well-lined chests in which the *trousseau* of the bride was conveyed to her new domicile, or in which the opulent citizens kept their robes and garments of brocade and velvet, no small portion of their inheritance. Bedsteads, screens, cornices, and other portions of the rooms, were adorned in like manner. Subjects for these decorations, when not devotional, were borrowed from the classical legend or the romance, the illustrations of the popular literature of the age. Here also were exhibited the amusements of the world. Tilts and tournaments, the sports of the chase, and the pastimes of wood and field, were often particularly chosen; and upon such works, says Vasari, the most excellent painters

exercised themselves without any shame. Even in Vasari's time, when the altered spirit of the pursuit had rendered painting a profession, it was still talked of as a trade. It was in the *bottega*, the shop, and not in the studio, that the painter was to be found. The statutes of the company of St. Luke, or the "Arti de' Dipintori," at Florence, 1386, show that, as in London, they were a mere guild of workmen or tradesmen; and although this document mainly relates to their character as a spiritual fraternity, yet in their civil capacity they had no doubt existed long before,—it was a dedication of their worldly calling to heaven. There were the like fraternities at Bologna and at Venice; and all were equally comprehensive—admitting as their members, trunk-makers, gilders, varnishers, saddlers, cutlers, in short all workmen in wood and metal whose crafts had any connexion with design—however little that might be.

Most, perhaps all, of what we should now term the easel pictures of the older masters, have been detached from articles of ecclesiastical or civil furniture; and indeed, before the sixteenth century, it may be doubted whether any cabinet pictures, that is to say movable pictures, intended merely to hang upon the wall and be looked at as "gays," without any objective application, ever existed. It was the use of pictures which gave strength and nutrition to art. Painting was not a mere *appliqué*, but an essential element. Upon the walls of the choir or beneath the arches of the cloister, the magnificent solid masses of fresco, each compartment of which would seem to demand years of toil, were included in the conception of the building, and rendered necessary as the adjuncts of architecture. The altar-piece was not suspended as an adventitious ornament, which may be put up or taken down, but it appears as part of a solid structure, in which the venerated forms fill up the golden arches, which represent the façade of the fane. The portraiture is not drawn simply to preserve the likeness; it has to perform a duty. You behold the individual kneeling at the foot of the cross, or otherwise introduced into the groups of history. Painting was therefore in this stage always utilised. There was a certain standard which even mediocrity was sure to obtain; and this removed the temptation to extravagance and affectation, constituting the rant and bombast of art. But the conditions under which art was practised answered a further and much higher end; and, plebeian as the station of the artist may have been when viewed under this aspect, his character as a workman really ennobled him by contributing mainly to his intellectual



improvement. It is our civilization that has degraded the artisan by making the man not a machine, but something even inferior, the part of one;—and above all, by the division of labour. He who passes his life in making pins' heads will never have a head worth anything more.

Of course there is no branch of the plastic or graphic arts which can be followed, unless the professor is, to a certain degree, a workman. But the connexion between *æsthetics*—we use this somewhat pedantic term out of pure necessity—and the craft was, so long as the habits or opinions of mankind did not run counter to it, of singular efficacy in the training of the man, giving to the artist a discipline which is now wholly irretrievable. Taste was called into constant action, without being talked about, or thought of. In the daily manipulations of the *artefice*, his genius was constantly called out upon matters of practical application and need. All the higher modes of intellect, all that cleverness and sensibility of hand, quite as essential as inventive genius, were called into action, elicited, taught, by the calling in which he gained his daily bread. These are advantages which we have lost, and for ever, by the vast improvements which modern days have effected in machinery.

The means of multiplying elegant forms by punches, squeezes, moulds, types, dies, casts, and like contrivances, enable us to produce objects with a sufficient degree of beauty to satisfy the general fancy for art or ornament, but so as to kill all life and freedom. A permanent glut of pseudo-art is created; the multitudes are over-fed with a superabundance of trashy food, and their appetite will never desire any better nutriment. Without pursuing the remark into the finer branches of art, let any one compare the iron gates of what men call the Police Station at Hyde Park Corner—in the language of the gods, the Triumphal Arch—with the bronze net-work and foliage of Verrochio, which seems to grow and spring like living vegetation round the porphyry sarcophagus of Pietro de' Medici, in the basilica of San Lorenzo, or even with the iron gates of the choir of St. Paul's. Even in the latter, coarser example, there is that boldness and freedom which truly enable us to consider it a work of art, whilst the elaborate and showy park-gates are capital *Brummagem*, and nothing more.

Truly does the old Scottish proverb say “the *saugh* kens the “basket-maker's thumb.” Grasped by man, the tool becomes a part of himself; the hammer is pervaded by the vitality of the hand. In the metallic work brought out by the tool, there is an

approximation to the variety of nature; slight differences in the size of the flower, in the turn of the leaf, in the expansion of the petal. Here, you have the deep shadows produced by undercutting; there, the playful spiral of the ductile tendril. But in the work produced by the machinery of the founder, there can be nothing of all this life. What does it give you? Correct, stiff patterns, all on the surface;—an appearance of variety, which, when you analyse it, you find has resulted only from the permutations and combinations of the moulds. Examine any one section or compartment, or moulding, or scroll, and you may be certain that you will find a repetition of the same section or compartment, or moulding, or scroll, somewhere else. The design is made up over and over again of tales already twice-told. The most unpleasant idea you can convey respecting any set of men is to say that they seem all cast in a mould; and whatever is reproduced in form or colour by mechanical means, is moulded—in short, is perpetually branded by mediocrity, sometimes tame, sometimes ambitious, but always mediocrity. Nor must it be supposed that the effect of Brummagem art does not extend beyond the Brummagem article. In art, in literature, as in morals—in short, in all things—the tone is taken from those which you live amongst and which you copy, whether you will or no; and the same stiffness and want of life which is the result of mechanographic or mechanoplastic means, in paper, silk, cotton, clay, or metal, is caught more or less in every branch of art. All ornamentation, outline, design, form or figure produced by machinery, whether the medium be block, mould, type, or die, may be compared to music ground by a barrel-organ;—good tones, time well observed, not a false note or a blunder, but a total absence of the qualities without which harmony palls upon the ear. You never hear the soul of the performer, the expression and feeling, speaking in the melody. Even in that branch which is considered by many as art itself, engraving, the best judges all declare that, so far from benefiting art, the harm it has done has been incalculable, substituting a general system of plagiarism in place of invention<sup>a</sup>; and if such was the

<sup>a</sup> “Sarebbe un problema da discutersi se la straordinaria voga che in quest’ epoca ha avuto in Italia e dappertutto l’ incisione, abbia apportato maggiori danni, o più sensibili utilità alle arti. Ognuno certamente noterà come con questo mezzo ingegnoso siasi diffuse maggiormente le invenzioni e composizioni che possono avere servito a migliorare il gusto, rendendo di pubblica ragione ciò che era soltanto oggetto di privata ricchezza, e risparmiando agli studiosi il far lunghi viaggi per formarsi un’ idea delle esimie produzioni degli uomini in tutti i luoghi, in tutte le età. Ma d’ altronde l’ originalità delle invenzioni, ha



opinion of Lanzi<sup>1</sup> and Cicognara<sup>2</sup>, who only knew the processes of wood and copper engraving, what will not be the result of the means of multiplying the metallic basis, and fixing the fleeting sunbeam, which are now opening upon us by means of chemical science? Steam-engine and furnace, the steel plate, the roller, the press, the Daguerreo-type, the Voltaic battery, and the lens, are the antagonist principles of art; and so long as they are permitted to rule, so long must art be prevented from ever taking root again in the affections of mankind. It may continue to afford enjoyment to those who are severed in spirit from the multitude; but the masses will be quite easy without it. Misled by the vain and idle confidence which we place in human intellect and human faculties, we strive with childlike ignorance, though not with childlike simplicity, to unite the qualities of different, even discordant stages of society. We wish to possess the native energy of a simple state, and the luxury of the highest grade of civilization; but we strive in vain; the assigned bounds cannot be overpassed. We must be content with the good we have; and, whilst we triumph in the "results of machinery," we must not repine if one of these results be the paralysis of the imaginative faculties of the human mind.

Whatever may have been the case in other parts of Italy nearer to the dominions of the eastern emperors, the influence of Byzantine art in Tuscany was of no great moment in essentials. Its type may be traced in painting, though perhaps not so extensively as is usually assumed. The opinion, for example, that Busketto<sup>3</sup>, the architect of the Duomo of Pisa, was a Greek—arose, if the truth must be told, from our friend Vasari's inability to read and construe the inscription in front of the building.

Of Romanesque architecture, a style so splendidly and copiously displayed at Lucca and Pisa, only two examples of any importance now remain in Florence or its *contorni*. San Miniato al Monte<sup>a</sup>, one of these structures, was built about 1080. It should be visited early in the morning, when the singular, perhaps unique, "ella fatto in ciò alcun guadagno, o non ha piuttosto immensamente perduto per la troppa facilità con cui gli artisti hanno scorso sulle opere altrui? I quali talvolta per non mettere a prova le forze del proprio ingegno, sono caduti in vero plagio colla tranquilla persuasione d' aver imitato i grandi modelli," etc. Cicognara, *Storia della Scultura*, vol. VII. 28-30.

We quote textually from Cicognara, because his work is not of common occurrence. Lanzi, libro 1, c. 3, is equally decided in his opinion that the advance of engraving has been the cause of the decline of painting.

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Willis has given a scientific description of this curious building.

curiosity which it offers, the alabaster windows in the apsis, are illuminated by the rising sun; then they glow with rosy light—but when the sun ceases to dart on them, they are dull and obscure. The other is the Chiesa de' Santi Apostoli, which, according to the inscription testifying the facts, was built by Charlemagne after his return from Rome, and consecrated by Archbishop Turpin, in the presence of those two veracious witnesses, Rowland and Oliver. The church, a basilica upon a very small scale, is however of remote mediæval antiquity; and the very early tradition, attributing the structure to the "*Reali di Francia*," false as it is, proves that when the latter was adopted, the original time of its foundation had been long forgotten. The circular arches rise from pillars whose capitals display an imitation of the Composite order; and the stranger should examine it attentively and considerably, for we shall see hereafter how this rude model was destined to possess a great influence in the revival of art.

The pleasure which the mind receives from architecture is of a very complex nature. It is a sensation in which mere beauty of form is only one element; certainly one of great importance, yet by no means paramount. For it is as a memorial of the state and condition of the people, as the visible embodying of the moral and physical condition of the nation, that architecture possesses its chief positive value; and it is perhaps from these latter causes that the structures of Florence derive their principal charm. You can tell at once that they are natives; they possess appropriateness and originality, qualities which redeem almost every defect short of absolute absurdity.

It is impossible to imagine any object more lovely than the view of Florence, her palaces, her domes, her towers, from any of the heights by which the city is commanded; but when within, the epithet of "*La Bella*" may not appear so appropriate as many others which might have been chosen. "*L' Altiera*" would, perhaps, suit Florence better; for in the general aspect of the streets and buildings, the feeling which most predominates is that of stern and sober dignity. The streets are narrow, shaded by lofty and solid palaces, all partaking more or less of a castellated type. The walls of these buildings are very frequently raised in bosses or rustic work, a mode of masonry, which, if not absolutely invented by Brunelleschi, was yet so frequently employed by him and his school in these structures, as to become almost a characteristic of the Tuscan style. This is the term employed by Vasari, very expressive of the thing, but unfortunately sounding so like the



"Tuscan order," that it cannot be adopted without danger of ambiguity; and perhaps we may be allowed to designate as the Florentine style that peculiar character or aspect which the buildings present until the accession of Cosmo I., when they became more analogous to those of other parts of northern Italy. A profusion of iron work adds, in our eyes at least, to the prison-like appearance of the palaces, which is again increased by the comparative scarcity of the windows and the smallness of their apertures—a mullion, or pillar, very generally dividing their deeply recessed arched concaves. The Gothic churches are also ponderous, unrelieved by the arches of the flying buttresses or the varied outlines of foliated pinnacles, and partaking of the solid and massy character of the civil buildings. Very many of the façades are unfinished, displaying huge uncouth masses of dingy brick; and in the species of stone and marble generally employed, the prevailing tints, though always rich, are often of very dark and almost funeral hue. Yet the bright sky conquers all semblance of gloom. There is much appearance of age, but none of decay.

Modern Florence forms an irregular pentagon, unequally divided by the Arno, sometimes shallow and sluggish, sometimes rushing down from his mountains with irresistible fury. Three *quartieri* are on the north, and one on the south side of the river. The ancient city was wholly on the north, and an attentive observer may yet find indications of the successive enlargements which the municipal boundary has sustained.

The *Primo Cerchio*, or nucleus of Florence, was confined within narrow limits, forming nearly a rectangle, of which the frontage towards the Arno was comprised between two of the present bridges (Ponte Vecchio and Ponte della Trinità), a distance of about 400 yards, and extending from north to south about 600 more, the ancient church of the Apostoli being just without the ambit of the walls, and the Duomo or Cathedral (also called Santa Reparata or Santa Maria del Fiore) being just within. This was probably the precinct of the original Roman colony. The first distinct historical notice of Florence is found in the Annals of Tacitus, in relation to the embassy sent by the Florentines to Rome, A.D. 10, for the purpose of presenting their petition to the Senate against the proposed diversion of the Chiana into the Arno, a scheme devised for diminishing the then frequent overflowings of the Tiber, but by which operation the danger their district sustained from inundation would have been increased.

A few indications of the existence of Florence after the barbarian invasions can be traced, but the history of the city is exceedingly obscure. Modern criticism equally rejects the legends of the foundation of Florence by the Roman Senate upon the site of the camp of King Fiorino, after the destruction of Fiesole, and the tales of its desolation under Attila, and of its restoration by Charlemagne. It appears, however, to have continued increasing in prosperity under the government of the celebrated Countess Matilda; and Florence in that early age still retained, at least in the opinion of the poet, those virtues which abandoned her in the days of her prosperity. The passage in which Dante expatiates upon the simplicity of the "good old days,"—days which recede from us like the rainbow if we attempt to approach them—is singularly pathetic, its beauty not being in the least diminished by the homely quaintness of the picture drawn by the exile, speaking in the person of Messer Cacciaguida, his venerated ancestor.

"Fiorenza, dentro dalla cerchia antica,  
Ond' ella toglie ancora e terza e nona,  
Si stava in pace, sobria e pudica.

Non avea catenella, non corona,  
Non donne contigiate, non cintura  
Che fosse a veder più che la persona.

Non faceva nascendo ancor paura  
La figlia al padre, chè il tempo e la dote  
Non fuggian quinci e quindi la misura.

Non avea case di famiglia vote:  
Non v' era giunto ancor Sardanapalo  
A mostrar ciò che 'n camera si puote.

Non era vinto ancora Montemalo  
Dal vostro Uccellatojo, che, com' è vinto  
Nel montar su, così sarà nel calo.

Bellincion Berti vid' io andar cinto  
Di cuojo e d' osso, e venir dallo specchio  
La donna sua senza 'l viso dipinto:

E vidi quel de' Nerli, e quel del Vecchio  
Esser contenti alla pelle scoperta,  
E le sue donne al fuso ed al pennecchio.

O fortunate! ciascuna era certa  
Della sua sepoltura, ed ancor nulla  
Era per Francia nel letto deserta.

L' una vegghiava a studio della culla,  
E consolando usava l' idioma,  
Che pria li padri e le madri trastulla:

L' altra traendo alla rocca la chioma,  
Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia  
Dei Trojani e di Fiesole e di Roma.



Sarà tenuta allor tal maraviglia  
Una Cianghella, un Lapo Salterello,  
Qual or sarà Cincinnato e Corniglia.”<sup>a</sup>

*Paradiso*, c. xv. 97-129.

The indwellers of the *Primo Cerchio* are supposed to have been the Roman colonists, subjugated by the barbarians, but yet retaining what we should term their corporate existence. Many powerful and noble families from the adjoining country, principally, as it is thought, of Lombard lineage, or of the races of the conquerors, had, however, been from time to time settling themselves about the city, in the different *borghi* which grew up around it.

<sup>a</sup> We quote with pleasure from the excellent version of Mr. Merivale—why does he not attempt the grateful labour of giving us a complete translation?—

“Florence, inclosed within that ancient round,  
That calls her still to morn and even prayer,  
Sober and chaste, in pristine peace was found.  
Her dames nor carkanet nor crown did wear,  
Nor ’broider’s shoon; nor did the fair one’s zone  
Attract the gazer, than herself more fair.  
Nor yet a daughter’s birth made fathers groan  
With thinking of the marriage and the dower,  
Earlier in years, and more in measure grown.  
No houses then, in faction’s vengeful hour,  
Were desert made; no soft Assyrian wight  
Yet taught lascivious arts in lady’s bower:  
Nor yet the traveller saw a statelier sight  
In Arno’s vale, than Tiber’s: soon to be  
Lower in fall, as loftier in our height.  
Then might you Bellincione Berti see  
In bone-clasped leathern belt; and, from her glass,  
His dame, with face unvarnished, follow free;  
The lords of Nerli and of Vecchio pass  
In plain buff jerkin for their only wear,  
And arm’d with distaff every high-born lass.  
Thrice happy!—sure sepulchral rites to share  
In native soil, and none yet left to press  
A lonely couch, exchanged for Gallic air.  
Her cradled charge with matron watchfulness,  
One lull’d asleep to the selfsame strains that, troll’d  
From infant lips, are wont the sires to bless—  
Another at her wheel grave legends told,  
To entertain her circling family,  
Of Rome, or Fiesole, or Ilium old.  
It had been then far greater prodigy  
A shameless quean, or ermined knave, to meet,  
Than Cato or Cornelia now to see.”

Merivale’s *Poems*, vol. II. pp. 242, 243.

These appear to have been very small *vills* or knots of habitations, which were gradually aggregated to the community; and in 1078 it was decreed that the whole population should be included within the walls of the *Secondo Cerchio*, of which the Arno frontage extends from the Ponte alla Carraja to the Ponte alle Grazie, about double in length of the first enclosure.

In the *Primo Cerchio*, the narrowness and complexity of the streets, or rather of the alleys, mark the ancient condensation of the population, crowded round the fane of their tutelary San Giovanni; and the first and the second circles were both thickly studded with the towers of the nobility, varying from 120 to 150 *braccia* in height, at once the tokens of aristocracy and the means of abusing aristocratic power. Hence in the great revolution of 1250, which, as we have observed, established the democracy of Florence, it was ordained that all these towers should be reduced to the height of 50 *braccia*, an injunction which was rigidly executed; and these truncated dungeons were afterwards either demolished, or incorporated in other buildings. Very remarkable and noble towers of this description yet exist at Oneglia on the Riviera, and, above all, at San Gimignano<sup>a</sup>; bold, majestic, and crenellated, looking like an army of giants; whilst Florence only retains one, the Torre de' Girolami, situated at the angle of a street, near the Mercato Nuovo; and where, according to the popular belief, San Zenobio, the bishop of Florence, who flourished in the fourth century, was born; from which legend it is also called his tower. Antiquarian zeal has, as is often the case, bid higher than popular credulity, and this massy, Gothicized relic has been quoted as an Etruscan building; but it is very evidently not older than the twelfth century, with some alterations of a later date. It is sufficiently curious as one of the very few relics of the early republic which can now be discerned.

The *Terzo Cerchio*, or that of the existing walls, which include the oltr' Arno, was begun in 1299, and completed about 1327. Arnolfo, the most celebrated of the Gothic architects of Italy, gave the plans and designs. In the usual spirit of magnificence which distinguished the republic, it was decreed that at the distance of every 200 *braccia* there should be a tower 40 *braccia* in height<sup>b</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> San Gimignano is on the road from Certaldo to Colle, and will amply reward the traveller if he makes this digression from the beaten track. The towers of Pavia, and those of Bologna, the Garisenda, and the Asinelli, are of the same kind as those of Tuscany, but much less beautiful.

<sup>b</sup> The *braccia* is, inches 21-60: 100 feet are therefore about 55½ *braccia*.



intended as well for beauty as for defence; and some were much loftier. Giovanni Villani<sup>1</sup>, the historian, was director of the works; and he has described them with delight and pride. The aspect of the portion of the city in this last and outward zone differs much from that of the first and second circles. It wants their early historical monuments; but here are the convents of friars, whose orders did not rise or become of importance until after the building of the second circuit, and who, winning favour from great and small, here obtained the extensive sites which many yet enjoy. Instead of the narrow and tortuous lanes of the ancient city, you here find straight and well-planned streets, many of which, however, existed as *borghi* before they were taken into the town. Of these the Via Larga is the principal; yet even in this most modern portion, the character of the city is sober dignity rather than splendour. The citizens took a larger measure than they were able to fill; within the extensive circumference of the works there is yet much void ground; and in the *oltr' Arno* nearly half is occupied by the grand ducal garden of Boboli.

The walls, which mark this last enlargement of the city, continue entire and unbroken throughout the whole extent, excepting where the modern citadels of the Belvedere and the Fortezza da Basso have been inserted. Generally they retain their battlements; but unfortunately the towers which ornamented their circuit have generally been demolished, or lowered to the level of the curtain. In their original condition they were much more beautiful. "These towers," says the historian Varchi<sup>2</sup>, who had seen them in his younger days, "encircled the city like a garland." They were demolished in 1527, when the Florentines were menaced by the imperial army under the renegade Bourbon<sup>3</sup>. This was about the era when the modern system of fortification may be said to have been invented in Italy; and outworks being cast up by the celebrated engineer Antonio di San Gallo, it was thought that the ancient towers rather diminished than increased the defensibleness of the city. The most perfect are on the southern side of the *oltr' Arno*; and the walk beneath their shade, as they rise in great masses, winding along the brow of the hill, is full of picturesque beauty. Yet, even where the walls have lost their towers, they are not without grandeur, particularly when, as viewed from any of the adjoining heights, they are seen to divide and to mark out the city, severing its varied structures from the sweet and bright country by which they are surrounded.

There may be some doubts as to the names of the masters, but

there can be none as to the fact, that Gothic architecture, or rather a modification of the Gothic style, was introduced into Tuscany from Germany. *Tedesco* is the appellation which it bore and bears, and in all its concomitants it has the token of a sudden origin; for nothing in the nature of a transition style can be discerned. In the adaptation of this style, Arnolfo<sup>1</sup> attained greater excellence than any of his contemporaries. About the close of the thirteenth century, the Florentines, who had hitherto neglected the adornment of their city, became suddenly anxious to render its appearance a testimony of their increasing power and wealth. Arnolfo, appointed *Capo-Maestro del Comune*, was intrusted with the duty of rendering the city of the Lily worthy of the pride of her opulent and warlike children; and, by a *riformazione*, or decree, made in 1294, he was directed to make a model or design for the rebuilding of Santa Reparata, such that it should not be surpassed, either in size or beauty, by the production of any other man's industry or powers; and truly did they testify that, "by the wisest of the city, "it had been said and advised in public and private, that nought "should be attempted by the community unless the determination "were adopted with one heart and mind." As the building now stands, it is the result of the labour of successive architects; yet on the whole, it continues to bear the impress of the original design. Arnolfo sought not the complexity of the tramontane Gothic; and, as at Genoa, the general aspect of the building can leave no reasonable doubt but that the architect was in some degree influenced by the taste of the Saracenic buildings of Egypt and Syria. From them he borrowed the bands and compartments of coloured marble, so much censured by the popinjay tribe of hypercritics, and yet so truly splendid. A single mullion divides the lofty narrow windows; and throughout the building, the effect is produced by the size and importance of the parts, rather than by their decorations or multiplicity. Of the great members composing the edifice, the chief was to be the cupola, rising immediately from the central octagon. It is hardly necessary to observe that no such feature as a dome is found in any real Gothic cathedral; and the nearest model was perhaps the cupola of San Giovanni, the celebrated baptistery, close at hand. The original era of this latter structure is one of the most vexed questions of Florentine archaeology; but even the reverend shade of Theodolinda<sup>2</sup> (to whom it is attributed) must not tempt us to discuss such a theme. It is clear, however, that the plan of San Giovanni greatly resembled the Pantheon, and that when Arnolfo proposed to crown his structure with an



adaptation of this model, he anticipated Michael Angelo in his boldness as well as his fate; each master having sunk into his honoured grave without having completed his design. That Arnolfo could have fulfilled his intentions is indubitable; when he died, in 1300, he left a complete model of the whole building, including the cupola. This model is unfortunately destroyed; but representations of it are introduced in several ancient paintings, amongst others, in the frescoes of Simone Memmi<sup>1</sup> in Santa Maria Novella; and from these we can ascertain how nearly it corresponded with the present structure. The works, at various intervals, were resumed by those great masters, Giotto and Orcagna<sup>2</sup>; but the Florentines were delayed and hindered by other matters. The unanimous will, so emphatically counselled by the *riformalione*—a beautiful theory upon paper—can never subsist under a democracy. Sometimes money fell short, and sometimes a good heart to the work; and sixty years elapsed without any material progress having been made, till it became a proverb in Florence, “such and such a thing will be done when Santa Maria “del Fiore is finished.” The bright flame of popular enthusiasm was extinguished, until the one man arose by whom it was to be revived.

The interval produced individuals of the greatest talent, but who in architecture did not alter the general taste and feeling. As an architect, Giotto was of the school of Arnolfo; somewhat more elaborate and elegant, but not exhibiting any change of principle. Orcagna, who, like Michael Angelo, was painter, sculptor, architect, and poet, possessed more originality. Had the Florentine Gothic style continued to make progress, that invented by Orcagna would, as exemplified in Or’ San’ Michele, have borne the same relation to its predecessors that the florid Gothic does to the simple Gothic in England. The principal characteristic of Orcagna is the reintroduction, if indeed it can ever be said to have been abandoned, of the circular arch, employed with great effect in the Loggia de’ Lanzi; but all the ornament is *Tedesco*; and although in Orcagna’s works of painting and sculpture there is much more maturity of design than in his predecessors, still we cannot trace any influence of what is usually termed classical art<sup>a</sup>. He and they were attaining excellence through a

<sup>a</sup> Brunelleschi’s drawings for the centering are still in existence. They were first published by Nelli in 1753, and repeated by Bouchard and D’Azincourt. An architectural description of the Duomo, combining an actual survey, with the information to be derived from the documents, which exist in great abundance,

road of their own. This is peculiarly evident in the ideality of the allegories which they adopted, and which are so truly in keeping with the religion and with the opinions of the age. In this respect the conceptions of Giotto are pre-eminently poetical. Faith, trampling on a horoscope, and displaying the creed, is far more congenial to a Christian monument than any loan from the iconology of heathenism; but another impulse was about to be given, of which the first effects imparted vigour, though bearing within it the germs of premature decay.

"What man has done, man can do," is one of those fallacious truisms with which grown-up folks bore poor schoolboys, and think themselves very wise. They are usually administered in the horrible shape of "round-hand" copies; and it makes our knuckles ache to remember them. Man can only do "what man has done" when he has a mind to do it; and the study of the heathen idol as a model was so irreconcilable with the Christian religion, that it was impossible for any Christian man to bring himself to such a worship as the duty of art is supposed to require. In the earlier ages, the Church was literally founded upon the ruins of paganism. The most costly and graceful works of Grecian art were broken into fragments, and buried in the foundations of the basilica or the monastery. There is no reason to conceal or to extenuate these deeds, as if they were objects of regret or shame. It is a violation of truth to explain away or to censure this conduct on the part of the primitive Christian priesthood. Their duty was the propagation of Christianity. As long as the visible signs of heathenism remained, they would, while any remembrance of the false worship yet lived or lingered, be constantly the causes of apostasy and offence, delusions to the weak, sources of sorrow to the strong. And in the same manner as, in our age, the missionary in Polynesia is compelled to burn the hideous idol of the Morai, so was it imperative upon the bishop to cast down the Jove or the Venus, not less abominable, if tried by the only true test, or less

would produce a work of extraordinary interest and importance. Various selections and extracts from the records of the Duomo have been given by Richa and Bouchard; but in the present advanced state of archæological inquiry much more is required. The contracts are exceedingly curious. Although Brunelleschi had been already entrusted with the cupola, still the lantern was to be erected by competition. The competitors for this portion were six, and the models were referred to a committee composed of two architects, two painters, two goldsmiths, one "arithmeticus," and two citizens, who awarded, as was to be expected, in favour of Brunelleschi. It is a most amusing specimen of the *maccaronic Latin* dialect.



affronting to the glory of the Most High. So long as this sincere and pious feeling, or any tradition of it, subsisted, all study of the antique was repelled; but various causes had been silently concurring to effect that great change, which, about the middle of the fifteenth century, came over the human mind, by the development in Italy of the most ardent desire for classical literature, immediately followed by affection scarcely less ardent for classical art.

The first objects of antiquity to which any regard was paid, were engraved gems. They were useful as seals, and were also valued, if not for the workmanship yet for the substance, and as such were often employed, however incongruously, in the decoration of shrines and sacred vessels. The shrine of the Three Kings at Cologne is a remarkable instance of this practice; and not less are those in the treasury of Aix-la-Chapelle, where, by the side of Greek and Roman intaglios, are many Babylonian and Sassanian gems, gifts probably offered by the Caliph to Charlemagne. Others, particularly cameos, were prized on account of their supposed magical or medicinal properties. About the fourteenth century, the increasing propensity to the study of astrology and alchemy revived somewhat of ancient heathen iconology, though in a rude way. Apollo and Diana, proscribed as deities, were tolerated as types of the sun and the moon; and Mercury, bearing his caduceus, might be portrayed without any scruple at the head of the mystic formula of the *alcahest*<sup>1</sup>, although rejected as a demon elsewhere. A further and more generally popular advance towards a toleration of paganism was made by the adoption of classical imagery in vernacular poetry, either in narrative, or in the pleasant guise of allegory; familiarizing the reader with the attributes, and teaching him to seek for the forms, of the deities of Olympus.

But stronger and more effective than all these causes, was the inborn, traditional veneration, for the Roman name. We are only now beginning to understand the continuity of political existence, subsisting between the Roman empire and the kingdoms which sprang forth from the great Fourth Monarchy, the young stems sprouting from the old trunk with renewed vitality. When the barbarians subdued, or rather were absorbed by the Roman empire, they themselves submitted to the majesty of her laws. Her imperial monuments ruled their minds, and, for the first ages at least, furnished them with models, however imperfectly followed, for such structures as they raised. This adaptation, however, was principally confined to architecture; and the discovery of the

Gothic style, a phenomenon deeply connected with a new moral feeling in Christendom, partially drove back for a time the recollection of the Roman world, when new political sentiments arose, which again rendered ancient Rome present and living in men's minds, and led to the desire of investing their outward world in its costume. With us, the admiration we entertain for republican Rome is an artificial, school-bred enthusiasm, founded simply upon books, and without any congeniality. But, in the middle ages, it was unsought, the result of habits and opinions naturally germinating in men's minds.

These feelings were the more powerful in consequence of their arising from two opposite sources;—Ghibelline and Guelf—the partisans of lofty monarchy and of popular liberty participated equally in the sentiments which rendered Rome the culminating point of the aspirations of mankind. From the time of Frederick Barbarossa, the Emperors had been labouring to support and extend their authority by identifying themselves with the Cæsars<sup>1</sup>. In this attempt the jurists, men at once the organs and the despots of public opinion, powerfully supported them; and the institutions and policy of the Roman empire, or at least as far as the *corpus juris* preserved them, became interwoven in theory and practice with the constant and daily transactions of society. But not less active had these reminiscences become amongst the popular party. The great cities in southern Gaul traced their municipal institutions to the Roman age; and as their strength increased during the great republican developments of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they had become the prouder of their republican lineage. In the free cities of Italy the same reverence and affection subsisted; but the great revival of these sentiments was effected at Rome. Checked and restrained, but never dormant, and often obtaining a real and effective political existence, this seeking of the spirit of Rome expanded into the most gorgeous and enthusiastic character when Petrarch sat crowned with laurel on the Capitol, whilst the grey ruins echoed with the shouts of freedom—"Viva lo popolo Romano! Viva lo Senatore! Dio la mantegna in 'libertade!'"—and when the Tribune<sup>2</sup> unfolded his banner, displaying the effigy of the triumphant mistress of the world.

Now it was from such union of the reminiscences of Rome with practical politics that men began to take an interest in the remains of Roman art, which they never would have felt had they considered antiquities merely as objects of curiosity. Frederick II. impressed a close imitation of the imperial type upon his coins,



not because it was elegant, but because it was recommended to him as exemplifying the authority which he claimed. Rienzi built his house of fragments taken from the edifices raised by the people whose pre-eminence he attempted to revive. Petrarch formed the first collection of medals, as exhibiting the token of the power and intellect which he revered. A taste thus began to form itself for antiquity, not pedantic or extraneous, but arising from habits of thought, and which, when the era arrived, enabled, or rather compelled them to assimilate the architecture and arts of Rome with their state of society.

The rays—if we may employ this metaphor—which are to produce human invention and science, pass through the atmosphere without heating it, until the individual appears who is destined to collect them into a focus, and to kindle the pile. This individual, with respect to architecture, was Filippo di Ser Brunellesco di Lippo Lapi, born 1377. His father and his grandfather before him were notaries; but Pippo had no affection for the inkhorn which hung at their girdles, and he was placed as apprentice to a goldsmith, a craft which, in the manner before mentioned, he practised with great success. No one could set a gem with more taste and skill than Pippo. He also worked and chased many shrines and basso-relievos in silver, of which some specimens exist, the most remarkable being a portion of the fine altar-table in the cathedral of Pistoia. Filippo was exceedingly well versed in mechanics, and manufactured clocks, which were equally valued for their goodness and their beauty. Perspective, which hitherto was scarcely understood, he reduced to its true rules, so that he may be said to be the inventor of the science. Upon this point, Vasari is precise. Brunelleschi was a most eloquent expositor of the Bible. He excelled in that species of inlaying which is termed *intarsiatura*; and as a sculptor he exhibited extraordinary cleverness, but his main vocation he felt to be architecture, and upon this he concentrated his talent, making every other acquirement subservient to his favourite art.

Brunelleschi had two great and absorbing conceptions—"aveva in se due concetti grandissimi,"—the one was the restoration of ancient architecture, by which he hoped to gain as much honour as ever had been won by Giotto or by Cimabue; the other was the completion of Santa Maria del Fiore, which seemed to stand in mockery of all modern skill. He had repaired to Rome in company with Donatello, and he employed himself with the utmost diligence in studying the remains of Roman art, making

excavations in search of fragments, an employment which caused him and his companions to be considered as seekers of treasure by art geomantic, or adepts of the Dousterswivel breed. He not only drew every building of importance, but also the minuter and minutest details, carefully studying and examining their construction. But with the object which he had in view, his attention was most particularly directed to the Roman vaultings, especially to that of the Pantheon; and thus he learned the lessons which he soon practised with such wonderful skill.

Brunelleschi supported himself at Rome by working at his trade; but the air disagreed with him, and in a good hour his friends persuaded him to return to Florence, in the year 1407, where he was immediately employed, not in any new erections, but in repairing some buildings which were in an unsafe condition. In the same year the *operai*, or building trustees of the Duomo, thought about going on with the fabric, and a meeting was held of skilful workmen. Filippo gave in his plans, and declared boldly that, if they would allow him to follow his own course, he would undertake to finish the cupola; but the zeal of the *operai* slackened, and it was not till 1420, when they determined to resume the work in earnest, that a meeting (in masonic language, a chapter) was held of the principal masters, not only of Tuscany and Lombardy, but from beyond the Alps. The space to be covered by the cupola was so much larger than the spread of any vaulting which had yet been attempted, that the execution of Arnolfo's plan appeared almost impracticable; and various schemes for completing the fabric were proposed, some very idle. Brunelleschi suggested the centering which he afterwards carried into effect, and detailed his proposed mode of construction. As he proceeded, the worthy magistrates and other substantial citizens composing the building committee, cavilled and objected; and the more Brunelleschi tried to make them understand, the more teasing and irrelevant questions did they ask, and the more doubts did they raise. He grew angry, and so did they. They gave him his dismissal over and over again. Brunelleschi would not go, until, by an "order of the Board," the young men, the *donzelli*, or ushers, lifted him fairly off his legs, and carried him bodily out of the audience-chamber, as one who was crazed. The original account is so characteristic, that it must be inserted:—"Laonde, "licenziatolo parecchie volte, alla fine non volendo partire, fù "portato *di peso* da i donzelli loro fuori dell' udienza, tenendolo "del tutto pazzo." The immediate sequel to this adventure



proves the true grandeur of Brunelleschi's mind, even more than his stupendous powers in architecture. His ruling idea was the completion of the work to which he had devoted his talent. To everything else he was insensible. He was too proud to be offended. He scorned the scorn which he had encountered, worked more carefully at his designs, and, having obtained a hearing, he wrote a report, simply stating his plans, which he presented to the magistrates by whom he had been so slighted and affronted. They were conquered by his steadiness of purpose. The work was given to Brunelleschi, though not without encountering many difficulties from the bricks and stones, but far more from the flesh and blood with which he had to deal.

Every Englishman will assuredly begin by comparing the Duomo at Florence, and all similar edifices, with our metropolitan cathedral. Unquestionably none surpass, perhaps none equal, Saint Paul's in elegance of form and in effect of altitude. Wren's eye for harmony of proportion is unrivalled; but it must be recollected that the dome of St. Paul's is not a dome, but a roof of timber, shielded with lead, and built round a brick cone, exactly like a glass furnace. Skill for skill, our countryman is not inferior to Brunelleschi; but in the Florentine cupola we behold pure and scientific vaulting, and though the absolute height be less than St. Peter's, yet, as a dome, it is the largest in the world. This will appear from the measurements below<sup>a</sup>.

The finest and most characteristic view of the exterior is obtained from the south-west. Here the proportions of the dome, rising from amidst the smaller cupolas by which it is surrounded, can best be appreciated. The elevation of the cupola upon the drum which forms its base is the result of the boldness of Brunelleschi; for, according to the original plan of Arnolfo, the cupola was to have sprung from the arches within. The general combination of the smaller surrounding cupolas, the projecting bracketed balustrades, and the gay and varied compartments of the marbles which cover the walls, all concur in giving so Asiatic an aspect to the building, that it is difficult, as we have already observed, to resist the supposition that many of the ideas here embodied may have been borrowed from the Syrian Arabs or their disciples in the far East; thus much may at least be asserted,

	<i>St. Peter's.</i>	<i>Sta. Maria.</i>
	Braccia.	Braccia.
From the pavement to the top of the cross ...	227	202
Cupola, lantern, ball and cross ... ..	100	104

that the style approximates much more closely to the mosques of Egypt, and the Moslem edifices of Hindostan, than to any cathedral which Arnolfo could have seen on the borders of the Rhine. Over one of the south side doors is an Annunciation in mosaic by Orcagna, all glittering in the sun with its gold ground and brilliant blue and green and red colours; this is Christian of course in its design, but possessing an Alhambra gaiety and brilliancy.

Within the Duomo all is solemn and severe; plain, almost to nakedness—and dark—for the very fulness and richness of the brilliant painted glass adds to the gloom—a gloom doubly felt as you enter this shadowy pile with your eyes all dazzled by the bright hot sun; and the monuments and sculpture, though numerous in reality, seem scanty in proportion to the extent of the area. The impression of size is much enhanced by the vast proportions of the four arches which in three steps stretch along the whole length of the nave. But the great merit of Santa Maria consists in the impression given by the cupola of difficulties overcome; a sentiment which, quite abstracted from architectural beauty, always produces the strongest effect upon the observer's mind.

But we must now advert shortly to the productions of Brunelleschi as the restorer of Italian architecture. The great problem which he had to solve, was to retain the character which the rites and traditions of the spiritual church required in the material church, and yet unite this strict ecclesiastical character with so much as could be usefully borrowed from that of Roman art. This he accomplished with singular felicity, and his happy union of classical refinement and Christian feeling may justly entitle him to be considered as the Tasso of architecture. Taking the old Lombard or Carlovingian church of the Apostoli as his model of general arrangement, he formed his interiors of arches resting upon columns, with the entablatures squared and interposed. This disposition of members, found only in some examples of the Lower Empire, of course is not consecrated by rule. But Brunelleschi did not profess to be guided by rule—neither did Michael Angelo after him; all he sought was to imbibe the spirit and elegance of the patterns by which his taste had been formed.

Santo Spirito, belonging to the Austin Friars, is perhaps the finest of the works of Brunelleschi, though, having been continued after his decease, it does not entirely agree with his design. For, as Vasari observes, in his odd emphatic language, the *maledizione* of those who fancy themselves more knowing than artists, operated in needless change and departure from the original



design. Yet this appears to have taken place principally in some of the minor ornamental portions, and not to have affected the general conception, which is in the highest degree splendid and graceful. The plan of the interior forms a Latin cross; the side aisles, which are carried round the transepts, are formed by most elegant Corinthian columns, from which spring circular arches; a basilica of the middle ages, strictly catholic, but adorned by all the delicacy of work of Imperial Rome. In the plan there is a remarkable peculiarity and deviation from the usual proportions. The centre aisles of naves and transepts are double the width of the side aisles. Therefore, at the extremities of each arm of the cross, there are four windows instead of the usual number of three, so that, in viewing the compartments, the centre ends with a column, and not with an arch and an aperture beyond. And, however irreconcilable to rule, the combinations of perspective offered by this portion of the edifice are most magical in their variety.

As Santo Spirito now stands, the first column of the interior is supposed to have been raised in 1454; but much confusion has arisen in the history of the building in consequence of an older church which existed concurrently with the present one, and which was burnt in 1470—the fire being occasioned by some negligence in the management of the theatrical decorations of a mystery representing the descent of the Holy Ghost, a show exhibited upon the solemn entry of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan<sup>1</sup>. It is said that in this conflagration the autograph of the *Decameron*<sup>2</sup>, bequeathed by Boccaccio<sup>3</sup> to Fra Martino da Signa, and after his death to this convent, was consumed. Certainly this was a strange and not a very edifying legacy.

We must now quit, but with great regret, the ample field offered by Florentine architecture, and bestow a very few remarks upon the progress of sculpture in Tuscany. Pisa, that *vituperio delle genti*<sup>4</sup>, the rival of Florence in arts and arms, had in this branch of art the precedence both of time and skill. At a very early period, the Pisans became collectors, bringing home in their vessels various objects of ancient art from the shores of the Mediterranean, visited by them as merchants or as conquerors, characters they so successfully conjoined. Antique columns were thus largely imported by them; and, brought from the shores of Africa and Asia Minor, they formed those forests of shafts of rich marble or of more precious materials which deck the Baptistery, the Campanile, the Duomo, and other splendid churches by which

their city is adorned. Occasionally some of these objects seem to have been appropriated upon the supposition that they possessed a secret virtue or talismanic power. The Hippogryph, which has descended from the pinnacle of the Duomo to the cloister of the Campo Santo, and whose Cufic inscriptions still baffle the skill of the orientalist, belongs without doubt to this class. Such also are the two shattered shafts of oriental porphyry which flank the eastern gate of San Giovanni at Florence. It was believed that, when the Florentines (1117) assisted the Pisans by guarding their city whilst their forces were absent, during the expedition which terminated by the conquest of Majorca, the victors offered to their allies a choice of the trophies won in the island, certain bronze gates, or two splendid columns of porphyry. The latter, being chosen, were duly transmitted to Florence, covered with scarlet cloth; but, when the drapery was removed, they had lost all their beauty, for the rival republicans had spitefully passed the gift through the fire, ruining the polished and mirror-like surface; and hence, it is said, arose the proverb—"Fiorentini ciechi, Pisani traditori."<sup>a</sup>

In our age of civilization, when similar acquisitions are made, we build them up in artificial "ruins," or we place them as a show in a museum; but at that period men attempted, however ignorantly, to give back the fruits of their industry or success to the source which alone imparts industry or success to human faculties and energies.

Ancient sarcophagi, also, were copiously brought home by the Pisans. These they employed as sepulchres, adding an inscription on the verge, or within the wreath or tablet which had contained the epitaph of the Roman matron or senator. In the Campo Santo are several examples of tombs, thus employed as early as the eleventh century. At later periods, heraldic bearings and shields are introduced, forming strange combinations of mediæval and classical antiquity. Amongst the monuments so transported is one of a Greco-Roman sculptor, and of which the beauty is as

<sup>a</sup> This tradition which, like others that we shall have occasion to quote, is recorded by the Froissart of Tuscany, Giovanni Villani, was probably invented to account for the injured surface and dull hue of the broken shafts, which possibly were never polished at all. They are now encircled and kept together by iron bands: for the piazza being entirely filled with water during a violent storm in April, 1424, occasioned, as it should seem, by the bursting of a waterspout, conjoined to an inundation of the Arno, the columns were undermined, thrown down, and broken by the fall. Above are the rusty links of the massy chain, which, borne away from the Porto Pisano in 1362, was here suspended in triumph.



unquestionable as the subject is doubtful. Meleager and the Calydonian Boar, Hippolytus and Phædra, and Atalanta starting for the chase, have all been discerned by antiquaries in the bold but mutilated bas-reliefs by which it is surrounded<sup>a</sup>. This sarcophagus, in which the remains of Beatrice, mother of the celebrated Countess Matilda, are still deposited, became, as it is said, the favourite study of the artist known by the name of Nicolo Pisano<sup>1</sup>, whose first great work was the tomb of Saint Dominic at Bologna (erected about 1225), and who suddenly, as it were, and without any precursor, appeared to have imbibed the spirit of classical art. At this period, those whom we now denominate sculptors, were also architects, and formed, like the painters, a craftsmen's guild, as Master masons or *Lapididæ*. It is, therefore, almost superfluous to add that Nicolo practised in both callings. In architecture he became a pupil of the Tedeschi; witness the magnificent church of the Frari at Venice, and the still more sumptuous church at Padua, dedicated in 1231 to Il Santo, who, we need not say, is St. Anthony. Both these are Gothic, but with many peculiarities. In the latter is a very remarkable attempt to unite the cupolas of St. Mark with a pointed style; but it is to be observed that in none of his buildings is there any approach to that classical taste which so signally marks him as a sculptor. Probably the Italian Gothic, then in its vigour, and possessing a beauty of its own, though very different from the Transalpine, was sufficient to satisfy and fill his mind. Of his studies we know but little, nor much of his personal career, yet, if it be true that he was high in the favour of Frederick II., and employed by that emperor, we again find reason to ascribe some degree of his affection for Roman art to the political feeling of the age. The sculptures of the pulpits of Pisa and Sienna are the most splendid examples of his skill. In all his compositions there is a general similarity in the grouping to the best Roman works—as, for example, the Trajan column—and in some particular figures there is a direct adaptation of the antique; but he is never in the slightest degree fettered by it; all his conceptions are original. The cast of his characters is that of his own age, and yet, guided by a singular degree of tact, he avoids all uncouth combinations; even when in treating such subjects as the Last Judgment, he is not seduced out of the dignity of his art.

Nicolo, who died in 1264, was succeeded by his son and pupil, Giovanni, who often followed his father with no inconsiderable

<sup>a</sup> It has been removed from the Duomo to the Campo Santo.

success. He imitated, however, rather than invented; he worked after a receipt, and he could not always apply the lessons he had been taught. Giovanni is often coarse and careless; and instead of the happy colouring of classical antiquity which distinguished his father, we find in him the beginning of that servility of imitation, by which, in the subsequent age, art was overlaid. As an architect he was successful; and the beautiful oratory, or rather shrine of Santa Maria della Spina on the Lungo l' Arno of Pisa, is an evidence of his skill; but it is much less Gothic than the buildings produced by his father, and without the richness and boldness of Orcagna's style.

The art of sculpture which had hitherto flourished at Pisa, was now transplanted to Florence by that gifted individual, who, towards the beginning of the fourteenth century, is noticed in the account books of the Duomo of Pisa, and described as "Andreuccio, " the servant of Maestro Giovanni." This was between 1299 and 1305; but the man became his master's partner, and he afterwards settled at Florence, where the best of his works are found. Andrea Pisano<sup>1</sup> was also an excellent architect. It is not, however, an agreeable passage in his history to find that he was much patronized by the bitter tyrant, Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens<sup>2</sup>, who employed Andrea to convert the Palazzo Vecchio, the seat of the republican magistracy, into a species of dungeon, and also to begin another strong fortress, the better to restrain the unruly community. Andrea's demerits as an abettor of illegal despotism are now forgotten; and we value him by his most celebrated production, the brazen doors of San Giovanni, or the Baptistery, which, with the two others executed by Ghiberti, were declared by Michael Angelo worthy of being the gates of Paradise. They are certainly of extraordinary beauty; but, at the same time, we must also acknowledge that this, and many other laudatory remarks proverbially attributed to Buonarotti, are quite as much proofs of his own tact, as of the merit of the work which called them forth. Instead of attempting to raise himself by depreciating the performances of others, he taught the public to admire and not to criticize, being assured, as every artist of merit must be, that the more pleasure be taken in art in general, the greater will be the share which he in particular will obtain. In some respects, perhaps, these gates are now seen to greater advantage than in the time of Michael Angelo; for the gilding which then covered them is now entirely worn away, and we enjoy the undisturbed lights and shadows of the exquisite relief implanted upon the metal. And



let it here be observed, that no one who has only seen bronze sculpture corroded by London fog, clotted by the sooty deposit of London atmosphere, and saddened by the sickly rays of London sun, can possibly have any idea of the effect of the material under the bright sky of a more genial climate. The door executed by Pisano is the one towards the south; it was completed in 1330. Giotto, as we are told by Vasari, gave the designs for the bas-reliefs. Later authorities have doubted this fact, but apparently with no other reason than the pleasure of scepticism; for the figures, and particularly the allegorical personifications of Virtues in the lower compartments, are completely *Giottesque* in conception and design, allowing for the difference between relief in bronze and flat fresco wall. Hope, stretching forth her hands towards the celestial crown, may be instanced as an excellent example of Christian allegory. Above, are the principal events in the life of St. John the Baptist. When this gate was fixed and exhibited, the event was celebrated throughout all Tuscany as a festival. The Signoria, who never came forth from the Palazzo in state except upon the most important occasions, attended the first exposition of the work which they justly deemed the pride of their city. They were accompanied by the ambassadors of the then rival crowns of Naples and Sicily; and the rights of citizenship were granted to the Pisan, as the highest honour which could be awarded to him, by whom Florence had been thus adorned.

How unwise would it have been for Michael Angelo to have breathed a syllable detracting from the homage thus rendered to that art of which he was himself a professor; or, for the sake of displaying his own ingenuity in criticism, to have dispelled the traditionary illusion!

Not much less than a century elapsed before the northern and eastern gates were added (1400-1424) to the portal of Andrea Pisano, at the expense of the merchants' guild. The work was thrown open to general competition, and Ghiberti, Donatello, Jacopo della Quercia, Nicolo d' Arezzo, Francesco da Valdabrina, and Simone da Colle, all strove for the prize. In the casting and execution of the north gate, Ghiberti, who is said to have been only twenty years of age when he began his work, was assisted by his father, Bartoluccio, and by nine other artists, all of whose names are preserved in the annals of the wardens of the Baptistery. Upon this gate are displayed the principal events in the ministry of our Lord. The third, or eastern gate, and which is the most beautiful, represents in the compartments the most leading events

of the Old Testament, whilst the frame-work is filled with statues and busts of patriarchs, saints, and prophets of the Mosaic dispensation, in basso-relievo<sup>a</sup>.

The elegance of the design, especially (if any portion can be particularized where all is so fine) in the recumbent figures at the lower portion of the door, and the skill displayed in the projection of the foregrounds and the receding of the distances, is peculiarly remarkable. When seen at the proper time of day, no drawing in chiaro-scuro can be truer in the perspective. The statues and heads, all in "ronde bosse," are equally fine; as delicate and highly finished as a piece of jewellery, and yet exhibiting the utmost boldness and freedom.

The design of this gate was suggested, and the subjects chosen, by the celebrated Leonardi Bruni, surnamed Aretino from his birthplace, in a very remarkable letter addressed to the committee (as we should call them) to whom the arrangement of the work was entrusted. In this letter he insists upon the necessity that the artists should be well informed in the histories, so as to represent them with accuracy; from whence we can collect, not only that a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was more easily attainable than is now usually supposed, but also that there was a strong desire to render these representations the means of useful instruction, the only ground on which they can be defended. Indeed, not only in this but in the other gates, and in the greater portion of the earlier and coeval monuments of Florence, the simplicity as well as the truth of the subjects taken from the Bible is very remarkable, being neither degraded by mean conceptions nor adulterated by legendary fables, and evincing from the details a most thorough acquaintance with the text from which the scenes are portrayed. Could art be thus retained in purity, how gladly might it have been welcomed as a tribute to the sanctuary;—and most satisfactory and pleasant it is to be able to point out these, in some degree redeeming, examples of art, amidst the crowd of imagery which testifies only of its abuse.

The payments to Ghiberti and his assistants for the two gates amounted to 30,798 florins; a sum which, like most of the prices paid about this period, shows the exceedingly high standard by which such proficiency was measured in the market of labour.

We have noticed incidentally Donatello, the fellow-student of Brunelleschi, delving amidst the monuments of ancient Rome, and imbued with the same enthusiasm. He was the great rival of

<sup>a</sup> The statues of Miriam and Judith are particularly to be distinguished.



Ghiberti, in common opinion excelling him—an opinion which may perhaps require more examination than it has yet received; and his St. George, in the singular church of Or' San' Michele, is distinguished as best exhibiting the grandeur and living boldness of his style. Donatello was considered as forming the connecting link between ancient and modern art. One may begin to discern in him the transition, of which the general character in his successors is an increasing departure, from the ancient conventional or traditional types in religious subjects, and a more direct imitation of the antique in costume, and in no costume, i.e. the nude, until, as in Canova, the praise you give the work is wholly resolved into its vain rivalry of Grecian art. But if the distinguishing tendency of modern art is its slavish subordination to the spirit of classical antiquity, in this respect it may be confidently denied that Donatello compromised his independence, excepting in some very few examples. Grace was the peculiar gift of Donatello, but it was united to complete command of the chisel, and a thorough knowledge of all the resources of *chiaro-scuro*, in which perhaps no other sculptor attained an equal mastery. He worked *con furia*; and when he cried out to his *Zuccone*, or bald-head, representing his friend Cherichini in the character of St. Peter,—*Parla!* Speak! the exclamation was a burst by which the work and its maker were equally characterized.

Of Michael Angelo's skill, the most striking if not the most perfect specimens which Florence offers are to be found in the basilica of San Lorenzo. In the Sagrestia Nuova we have the rare union of architecture and sculpture arising out of one conception; the building planned for the monuments, and the monuments planned for the building which contains them. We here see sculpture in its true position, the handmaid waiting on the mistress, connected with and ancillary to architecture. That such is the real bearing of sculpture may be tried by a very easy test; did ever any statue produce a good effect without a back-ground? or at least some edifice near which it is placed, or out of which it arises?

Perhaps the strongest test of the talent of Michael Angelo is found, not so much in the perfect dignity and grandeur of the two prominent, finished statues, the pensive Lorenzo, and the hard, bold soldier, Julian<sup>1</sup>, half-rising from his seat, nor in the half-awakened Morn, and the Night, plunged in sweet slumber, as in the yet unfinished statues, the male figures allegorically denoting Evening and Day, and the incomplete group of the Virgin and Child in the same chapel. So completely did Michael Angelo

transfer his conception to the marble, as it took its shape beneath his powerful chisel, that, seen from the opposite side of the chapel, these sketches in stone are entirely effective; and it is only by a near examination that you discern the noble design to be merely indicated in the marble. Yet there is one fault which is very obvious; it is, that the allegory on the monument is neither very intelligible nor very appropriate; nor can any reason be assigned for thus bestowing the elements of mundane time upon the Princes to whom they are assigned. There is also, it may be said, rather too much individuality as opposed to ideal beauty, in the finished female figures. The muscles are displayed with a distinctness approaching to coarseness, as if the models had been selected from the working class. But, with every deduction, the statues have transcendent merit; and this merit was appreciated when first they appeared. They are praised in prose and in verse, and the *Notte*, in particular, suggested to Giovanni Battista Strozzi the elegant quatrain:—

“La Notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti  
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita  
In questo sasso, e perchè dorme ha vita:  
Destala, se nol' credi, e parleratti.”

Michael Angelo, well pleased with the compliment, replied with equal, perhaps superior, elegance:—

“Grato m' è 'l sonno e più l' esser di sasso;  
Mentre che il danno, e la vergogna dura  
Non veder, non sentir m' è gran ventura;  
Però non mi destar; deh parla basso.”<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> A living poet, unapproached for the delicacy of his taste, has these exquisite lines:—

“Nor then forget that chamber of the dead,  
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,  
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly,  
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon  
A twofold influence, only to be felt—  
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each,  
Both, and yet neither. There, from age to age,  
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.  
That is the Duke Lorenzo—mark him well.  
He meditates, his head upon his hand.  
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?  
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?  
'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,  
It fascinates, and is intolerable.  
His mien is noble, most majestic!  
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard  
At morn or eve.”

Rogers' *Italy*, pp. 194-5.



None of Michael Angelo's works are more beautiful than the unfinished group of the Virgin and Child mentioned above. The action of the Madonna is original without being strained, and her fine yet beautiful countenance bespeaks that sublime and noble, as well as tender character conjoined, in which few artists have succeeded.

As the year 1450 may be assumed in round numbers as the period of the revival of letters, so that of 1550 may be equally taken, in a general manner, as the decline of all the higher inspirations of æsthetic art, yet living on, in the person of Michael Angelo, and, with him, beginning to depart. Even as from the very point of the summer solstice, we enter upon the fall of the year, when the day ceases to lengthen, pauses, and then shortens with accelerated rapidity, until, passing through the brumal air of autumn, the season dies out in winter's gloom; so, in all these proud triumphs of human intellect, excellence is always inseparably connected with decay, not immediately visible, but developing itself as the fated catastrophe to the phases of the human mind. A great truth has been forcibly pointed out by Hallam; "there is only one cause for the want of great men in any period. Nature does not think fit to produce them. They are no creatures of education and circumstance." Yet circumstances modify intellect; and a cause, not unimportant, of the deterioration of sculpture was its separation from architecture. The first object of its intent and application was lost, and, instead of being a significant and living art, sculpture dwindled into the mere minister to the desires of the eye. The finest statue, carved only to serve as a decoration, is nothing else than a chimney-piece ornament on a larger scale. Furthermore, the general lowering of the intellectual standard of the art may be ascribed to the error so universally made, —the forgetting that knowledge is intended to afford the means of improvement, and not to be the end of education. The masters who renovated art did not take the antique as a normal pattern, but as a free auxiliary. So long as the remains of classical taste were consulted as the general models of grace and correctness, they imparted their merits to Italian art. But when, from being the type of beauty, the resemblance to the antique was prescribed as the only test of merit, invention became torpid; and historical sculpture in Italy became in art what Latin prize poems are in literature, compositions too respectable to be contemned, but at which no creature who can help itself will ever give a second glance. Look but once at the monuments of Alfieri and of Dante in Santa

Croce, and you will feel that Italian art is as empty as the cenotaph, and as dead as the bones and ashes in the sepulchre.

There is no dissenting from the opinion that the deterioration and ultimate destruction of the mediæval religious feeling, by the bigotry of modern classical taste, deprived the plastic and graphic arts of all their higher attributes and feelings. The talent became profane, inoperative and uninstructional, often tending to direct evil. Whatever may have been the faults and errors of the earlier Italian artists, they in their productions never sinned against decency—never displayed a figure which offended against propriety—never wanted in a group which could excite a loose idea—never pandered to the grosser passions of mankind. With the Greeks, how otherwise! The grave archæologist may allegorize, the virtuoso may burst out into ecstatic rapture; but there is no flinching from the fact, that the antique collections, the treasures which fill the Gallery or the Museum, the Vatican or the Louvre, which the aged are directed to venerate, the young to study for instruction, are pervaded by the most debasing sensuality, breathing in the marble and the bronze, and the more subtle and dangerous from the elegance and refinement which it assumes. It may not be agreeable to know the truth; but all that Winckelman and Visconti teach us to admire at Rome was denounced by the Apostle as the corruption of the divine glory. It may be said that no one believes in Leda's swan or in Danaë's shower; but the swelling outline and the forms rising from the glowing canvas, become a part of the mind into which they have been received. As to the consequences of the altered taste, not merely upon art but upon artists and upon mankind, it has been well observed by Mr. Henry Drummond, in his curious and interesting letter to Mr. Phillips, R.A., that

“Lorenzo de Medici did not add much to the enthusiasm of the artists, though he did all that in him lay to bring them back to paganism, when he required of one to paint for him the misfortunes of Vulcan; of another, the twelve labours of Hercules; of another, heathen gods and goddesses in all their accustomed nudity; and of another, repeated representations of Venus. So immediate was the degrading effect upon some of the painters themselves, that it is said of Pontormo, that when to please Cosmo de' Medici he painted for his mother, Donna Maria, the gods and goddesses, with corresponding allegorical figures illustrating the liberal arts, no one would have believed that this proceeded from the same pencil which had so lately before



“excited universal admiration. From the same period, too, may  
 “be traced an increased number of lascivious pictures under the  
 “pretext of Venuses, Danaës, Ledas, Didos, &c., until at length,  
 “towards the beginning of the last century, a total change in the  
 “morals of the people is declared by an historian in a very remark-  
 “able manner, although indeed he ascribes it to corruption by  
 “money: ‘*E qualche cosa di portentoso il vedere quel medesimo*  
 “*popolo, che pochi anni avanti era stato, al meno quanto all’ esteriore,*  
 “*un modello di modestia, diventure in un subito il più scostumato*  
 “*di Europa.*’—*L’ Osservatore Fiorentino*, i. 38.

“The effect of the arts in Italy since the period when they  
 “attained their greatest elevation, has been exactly the contrary  
 “of that produced by them up to that time. Instead of making  
 “holy men and women—*santi e sante*—they have tended to habi-  
 “tuate the eye and taste to scenes of indecency, which is one of  
 “the causes of the open dissoluteness of Italian society. The  
 “proportion of religious subjects painted now, in comparison to  
 “the number of those of an opposite tendency, is very small  
 “indeed, and although the direct intention of the picture may not  
 “be evil, still there is nothing to exalt or ennoble the feelings.”<sup>a</sup>  
 —*Drummond’s Letter* (1840), pp. 26, 27.

We most fully and cordially agree in the position that, by the  
 absence of religious feeling, art has lost its truest support. There  
 is indeed no production of the human intellect respecting which the  
 same truth may not be affirmed. Yet, at the same time, in re-  
 probating the pollutions of heathenism, we should equally avoid  
 the equally strange error into which, we regret to say, the very  
 pious and estimable individual whom we have just quoted seems

<sup>a</sup> To the same effect are the observations of M. Rio, in his excellent work,  
*De la Poésie Chrétienne*: “Le paganisme de la cour des Médicis, né de la corruption  
 “des mœurs autant que du progrès de l’érudition, n’avait rien de ce caractère  
 “grandiose qui, sur le forum, donnait à ce genre de tentation une force presque  
 “irrésistible. Que demandait Laurent de Médicis aux premiers artistes de  
 “Florence, quand il voulait exercer à leur égard ce patronage si éclairé, dont il  
 “est fait tant de bruit dans l’histoire? A Pollajuolo il demandait les douze  
 “travaux d’Hercule; à Ghirlandajo, l’histoire si édifiante des malheurs de Vulcain;  
 “à Luca Signorelli, des dieux et des déesses, avec tous les charmes de la nudité;  
 “et, par compensation, une chaste Pallas à Botticello, qui, malgré la pureté  
 “naturelle de son imagination, fut en outre obligé de peindre une Vénus pour  
 “Côme de Médicis, et de répéter plusieurs fois le même sujet avec des variantes  
 “suggérées par son savant protecteur.”—pp. 154, 155.

Without adopting the opinions of Rio upon the devotional employment of  
 images, we must bear the most willing testimony to the high moral tone of his  
 work and the sincerity of his feelings.

in danger of falling, that the excellence of the early painters was actually a direct inspiration, and attainable only by and through such doctrine as is embodied in the tenets of the church of Rome<sup>a</sup>.

This notion, indeed, with so many unsound opinions, has been imported from Germany; where, in belief, there seems to be no medium between the polar circle of neology and the torrid zone of enthusiastic insanity. "Such a work as this," said a sedate Berliner student to us, as we were standing before the Crucifixion by Frate Angelico, in the chapel of San Marco, "could only have been effected, *"durch die Kraft des heiligen Geistes"*"; and it is well known that Overbeck has passed over to the Roman communion, in the sincere conviction that otherwise he never could attain the devotional purity of design which he sought.

These opinions are not without such a degree of truth as to require a sober examination. Blake's drawings are, in some sense, psychological specimens. They are as truly the representation of the things which he had seen in his visions, as if he had taken them from the life in the model academy. In the same manner the compositions of Frate Angelico are unquestionably the transcripts of the countenances which appeared to his imagination, nurtured in the trances of mystic divinity and asceticism. They result from the double operation of the mind acting on the body, and the body on the mind. Had Santa Teresa painted her contemplations, her representations of holy things would have beamed with love and glory. So far may be conceded; but are we justified in substituting superstition for faith, in order to acquire pictorial skill? Admit with Mr. Drummond, that the "purity, modesty, and holiness of "a Madonna are the necessary fruits of purity and holiness"; and the next step (and it may be made quite unconsciously) will be the worship of the image, nay, the belief in its miraculous power.

Mr. Drummond is not likely to have many followers. But equally dangerous, or perhaps more dangerous, because addressing themselves to calmer temperaments, are the wishes manifested by some excellent and pious members of the Anglo-Catholic Church, anxious to introduce into the interior of our ecclesiastical

<sup>a</sup> It appears, at least to us, difficult to put any other construction on the following passage: "There is enough of spiritual power yet in the church of Rome, "if it were but rightly put forth, to produce again works which should be worthy "of its ancient greatness, notwithstanding the rubbish by which that power is "oppressed; but there is not enough power in Protestantism to put forth any "thing better than it does, for there never was; and it can never have in its "decrepitude, that which it wanted in its prime."—*Drummond*, p. 32. If, however, by Protestantism, Mr. Drummond means Puritanism, we have nothing to cavil at.



buildings the decorations of graven images and paintings, upon the principle which first recommended such adornments in the early ages of the Catholic Church. That religious paintings exhibited in places of worship may, in certain stages of society, become useful books for the unlettered, is unquestionable. A powerful, and, to peculiar dispositions, a sanctifying impulse may be given by them to the imagination. But, whatever may be the incidental cases in which the adoption of images has been mercifully overruled for good, when the ignorance has been excused and the intention sanctified, when the faith has been accepted and the superstition forgiven, still, even if the general question of the lawfulness of such ornaments were without great difficulty—which it certainly is not—its particular application must be determined, not by the pattern or usages of other churches, but by our own.

Now it is indubitable that the Anglo-Catholic Church merely tolerates painting and sculpture under certain conditions and restrictions, to which if we conform, having been sanctioned by usage and custom, they have ceased to give offence—but no further. So far as the Church has admitted images, paintings, or other visible symbols into her structure, we do right to continue them; but this is all that we can do without incurring very serious risks<sup>a</sup>. It is very true that the boundary-line drawn by the

<sup>a</sup> The sentiments of Queen Elizabeth (whom no one will accuse of puritanism), with respect to images, were most decided. The scene between her and Dean Nowell has been most curiously detailed by an eye and ear witness. She *applied herself* to the unfortunate dignitary in right earnest, and the mixture of character, the combination of scolding-wife and angry-queen temper exhibited by her, renders the dialogue singularly amusing.

“The Dean, having gotten from a foreigner several fine cuts and pictures, representing the stories and passions of the Saints and Martyrs, had placed them against the Epistles and Gospels of their festivals in a Common-Prayer book. And this book he had caused to be richly bound, and laid on the cushion for the Queen’s use, in the place where she commonly sat, intending it for a New Year’s Gift to her Majesty, and thinking to have pleased her fancy therewith; but it had not that effect, but the contrary: for she considered how this varied from her late open injunctions and proclamations against the superstitious use of images in churches, and for the taking away all such reliques of popery. When she came to her place she opened the book and perused it, and saw the pictures; but frowned and blushed; and then shut it (of which several took notice), and calling the verger, bad him bring her the old book, wherein she was formerly wont to read. After sermon, whereas she was wont to get immediately on horseback, or into her chariot, she went straight to the vestry, and *applying herself* to the Dean, thus she spoke to him:

“*Queen.* Mr. Dean, how came it to pass that a new Service-book was placed on my cushion? To which the Dean answered—

traditionary discipline of the Anglican Church, in this and similar matters, as settled when the present Liturgy was adopted, may be pronounced vague and arbitrary. Why, may it not be asked, do we without reluctance allow the gable, the steeple, or the dome to be crowned with the triumphant cross, when we refuse to place the sign of redemption upon the altar? Does the transparency of the painted glass excuse the sainted form which we condemn upon the canvas? If it be innocent to adorn the church with the ever-green holly when we celebrate the Nativity, why should we hesitate to hail the Resurrection by decking the sacred edifice in vernal flowers? The answer, we humbly think, is not far to seek. The

“*Dean.* May it please your Majesty, I caused it to be placed there. Then  
“said the Queen—

“*Q.* Wherefore did you so?

“*D.* To present your Majesty with a New Year’s Gift.

“*Q.* You could never present me with a worse.

“*D.* Why so, Madam?

“*Q.* You know I have an aversion to idolatry; to images and pictures of this  
“kind.

“*D.* Wherein is the idolatry, may it please your Majesty?

“*Q.* In the cuts resembling angels and saints; nay, grosser absurdities,  
“pictures resembling the Blessed Trinity.

“*D.* I meant no harm; nor did I think it would offend your Majesty, when I  
“intended it for a New Year’s Gift.

“*Q.* You needs must be ignorant then. Have you forgot our proclamation  
“against images, pictures, and Romish reliques in the churches? Was it not read  
“in your deanery?

“*D.* It was read. But, be your Majesty assured, I meant no harm when I  
“caused the cuts to be bound with the Service-book.

“*Q.* You must needs be very ignorant to do this after our prohibition of  
“them.

“*D.* It being my ignorance, your Majesty may the better pardon me.

“*Q.* I am sorry for it, yet glad to hear it was your ignorance, rather than  
“your opinion.

“*D.* Be your Majesty assured, it was my ignorance.

“*Q.* If so, Mr. Dean, God grant you his spirit, and more wisdom for the  
“future.

“*D.* Amen, I pray God.

“*Q.* I pray, Mr. Dean, how came you by these pictures? Who engraved them?

“*D.* I know not who engraved them. I bought them.

“*Q.* From whom bought you them?

“*D.* From a German.

“*Q.* It is well it was from a stranger. Had it been any of our subjects, we  
“should have questioned the matter. Pray let no more of these mistakes, or of  
“this kind, be committed within the churches of our realm for the future.

“*D.* There shall not.”



revival of any usage which has been entirely discarded, is, in fact, the introduction of a novelty; and whatever may be its abstract recommendation, or our regret that it has become obsolete, yet, if obtruded upon congregations to whom it is new and strange, it may be attended with most unhappy consequences. There is sufficient difficulty in defending the fundamental doctrines of the Anglican Church, merely because, having been long neglected, they go against the notions of many. With this difficulty many noble spirits are now grappling—and it is impossible not to see that wonderful success is opening on their efforts; but it is surely most inexpedient (at this critical moment especially) to employ ourselves in the labour of hewing stumbling-blocks, for the purpose of casting them in the path which truly leads to the sanctuary.

If it be thus a duty towards our own Church to refrain from giving needless offence, equally do we owe it unto those Churches which are yet unhappily so burthened by their corruptions. Whatever pardonable motives and steps may have led to the first adoption of images, the people in Italy know nothing of the nice distinction between *dulia* and *latría*, by which the doctor or casuist repels the charge of idolatry. The Romanists are, as Jeremy Taylor truly observed, full as much Marians as Christians. How thoroughly deluding is the influence exercised upon their minds through the medium of painting may be best understood by adverting to the admission of the amiable and accomplished author of the "Poetry of Christian Art," that images became "an integral portion of religious worship."<sup>a</sup> Such a subject as the "Coronation of the Virgin," which it is impossible to look at without pain and sorrow, is merely the last stage in the series of which the simplest Madonna is the first. And if we withhold from the Romanists the forcible testimony given by our abstinence from all approximation to these abuses in our places of worship, we deny them the best and most useful lesson which we can impart. It is by the silent protest or example, and not by mockery or scoffing, by fierce controversy and hard words and anger, by declamation on the platform, or vituperation in the newspaper, that the great schism which has rent the Church is to be healed.

<sup>a</sup> "Le nombre des tableaux des autels n'en allait pas moins se multipliant presque à l'infini pour satisfaire à la piété des fidèles, pour qui l'image du Christ et celle de la Madonna étaient devenues une partie intégrante du culte religieux."—Rio, p. 147.





## EDITOR'S NOTES

p. 1. 1. *Fortunatus*. Amalarius, Archbishop of Trèves under Charlemagne, and Amalarius, a deacon of Metz under Louis the Pious, were both called Fortunatus, and both wrote books, chiefly doctrinal or disciplinary. The books of each seem to have been attributed sometimes to the other.

— 2. *Saint Cæsarius*. Archbishop of Arles in the 6th century. Author of sermons which were printed by Baluze in 1667.

— 3. *Arbogast and Widogast*. See vol. ix, p. 611, note 2 to p. 337.

— 4. *Marculphus*. Apparently employed as a chaplain, and as what a later age would have called chancellor, to Frankish kings. Afterwards in a monastery. Flourished about 660. Wrote two books of Formulae, one called *Cartæ Regales*, the other *Cartæ Pagenses*.

p. 2. 1. *But for the lessons which they try to teach*, etc. Though neither Sismondi nor Hume may now stand at the head of historians of France and England respectively, there is a difference between their importance in history and that of the writers of Amadis and Palmerin. The events recorded by the former are in the main true, those recorded by the latter are all fictitious. They at least furnish materials from which other people may deduce lessons and enforce opinions. An absolutely impartial historian is the most useful there can be. Bishop Stubbs defied anyone to discover from his *Constitutional History* whether he was a Liberal or a Conservative.

p. 3. 1. *Henri, Comte de Boulainvilliers*. Author of *L'Histoire de l'ancien Gouvernement de la France*, written in the monarchical interest, 1727.

p. 4. 1. *Tyrell and Brady*, etc. Everyone it is true was a party man, but in their peculiar province the learning of Prynne and of Selden in legal antiquities was scarcely employed for party ends, if by party we understand actually existing political or ecclesiastical associations. Prynne got into trouble with Charles I, the Commonwealth, and Cromwell, and to a less extent with the Restoration Government. Selden was a party man in Parliament, but he was greater than any party, and washed his hands of them all for the last five years of his life.

— 2. *François Hotman* (1525–1590). As a Huguenot he was an enemy of the League; but the inconvenient fact that observance of the indefeasible hereditary right of the male line to the throne made the Huguenot Henry of Navarre lawful king, caused the League to entertain these very ideas of an elective monarchy, and of a king-controlling body of Estates, which Hotman expressed. His brother Antoine got into trouble with the League in Paris by upholding the right of the king by birth.

p. 5. 1. *Adrien de Valois* (1608–1692). A historian, worked in partnership with his brother Henri who was historiographer to Louis XIV.

— 2. *Louis Chantereau le Febvre* (1588–1658). Conseiller du Roi (Louis XIII), and author of Family Histories, as of the Houses of Lorraine and Bar, and of National History.

— 3. *Gilles Lacarry* wrote chiefly upon early French or Gallic history, from 1660 to 1680.

— 4. *François Eudes de Mézeray* (1610–1683). Author of a History of France in three volumes folio, and of many other historical works. Secretary to L'Académie.

— 5. *Henri d'Audigier* published a pamphlet criticizing Mézeray.

— 6. *M.R.I.A.* Member of the Royal Irish Academy.

— 7. *Thamas Kouli Khan*. The Turcoman adventurer who became sovereign of Persia as Nadir Shah, and sacked Delhi in 1739.

p. 5. 8. *Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz* (1646–1716). The famous German scholar, philosopher, and mathematician.

— 9. *Nicholas Fréret* (1688–1749). He hurt the feelings of the French by asserting the truism that the Franks were Germans. "He sought refuge in... Greece," etc. means that he turned to their history; not that he left France.

p. 6. 1. *the pays d'états*. Before the Revolution France was divided into *les pays d'états* and *les pays d'élection*. In the former, theoretically rather than practically, the local Estates had power in the imposition and assessment of taxation. The *pays d'états* were Languedoc, Bretagne, Bourgogne, Provence, Artois, Hainault, Cambrésis, Béarn et Pau, Bigorre, Foix, le pays de Gex, la Bresse, le Bugey, le Valromez, le Marsan, le Nebouzan, les Quatre Vallées (d'Armagnac), le pays de Soula, and le Labourd. Provincial Estates elsewhere had ceased to exist.

p. 8. 1. *Montesquieu* (1689–1755). That "he has scarcely left a page which really advances historical knowledge" (see above p. 10) is a rather too severe judgment. If knowledge includes reflection upon the subject, *L'Esprit des Lois* is not fruitless. He did contribute to the intelligent comprehension of history, though more critical knowledge may question some of his premises.

p. 11. 1. *Charlemagne who died at Roncesvalles*. A slip; not even the Romances slay Charlemagne at Roncesvalles, but only Roland and his peers. Yet Milton made the same slip; "Where Charlemain and all his peerage fell."

p. 13. 1. *Louis de Bréquigny* (1714–1795). The Roman Municipality scarcely continued its immemorial right in France, not even, it is now considered, in the extreme South, where its continuance was formerly supposed. This was not part of the true French kingdom till the 13th century, or later.

p. 17. 1. *St. Denis* was the French Westminster Abbey, the place of royal and of some noble burials. It was the French St. Albans, as the centre of mediæval historical writing and collections. But, after the French manner, the collection was official, not as at St. Albans independent.

— 2. *The capture of Belgrade*. This was not the capture, but the successful defence of Belgrade by Hunyades and the Hungarians in 1456, aided by some western crusaders. Mahomet II, the captor of Constantinople, was defeated with loss, and the Turkish conquest of Hungary postponed for about 70 years.

p. 19. 1. *Aimoinus*. Aimoin of Aquitaine (960–1010), Abbot of Fleury.

— 2. *Fredegarius* lived in the 8th century; he continued the Chronicle of Gregory of Tours.

— 3. *Guillaume de Nangis*, wrote life of St. Louis, about 1300.

p. 20. 1. *Lorraine...politically independent of France*. The duchy of Lorraine was independent; the bishopric of Verdun was annexed to France in 1552.

— 2. *Jean Mabillon* (1632–1707). Benedictine. Historian and theologian, trained under d'Achéry, some of whose works he published after the death of the latter.

p. 22. 1. *Jean Luc d'Achéry* (1609–1685). He published, among other things, the works of Lanfranc, and the Chronicle of Bec. The *Modus tenendi Parliamentarium* should be *Modus tenendi Parliamentum*. It is not "apocryphal" in the sense of "imaginary." It does not describe the Great Council of William the Conqueror, as it professes to do, but it is a fairly accurate account of the English parliament in the earlier part of the 14th century, when it was written.

p. 23. 1. *Angelbert*. Abbot of St. Riquier in Picardy, 9th century, wrote *Carmen de Karolo Magno*.

— 2. *Chrodegang*. Bishop of Metz, 8th century, died 766.

— 3. *Theodwulf*. Bishop of Orleans in 793, survived to celebrate Louis the Pious in verse.

— 4. *Etienne Baluze*. At one time librarian to Colbert, the minister.

p. 25. 1. *Jean Baptiste Colbert* (1619–1683). The great finance minister of Louis XIV.

p. 26. 1. *Chrétien Guillaume de Lamoignon de Malesherbes*, (1721–1794). Jurist. President of the *Cour des Aides*. Banished for supporting the law against the Crown, and guillotined for supporting the king against the injustice of the Revolution.

— 2. *Dom Bouquet* is a slip for Dom Brial.

p. 29. 1. *powers of the great peace-maker*. See *As You Like It*, v. 4, "If it is the only peace-maker, much virtue in an If."



- p. 31. 1. *Godfrey of Viterbo*, or *Geoffrey*, wrote an *Universal History*, brought down to 1186, well within his own time.
- 2. *Orosius*, a Spaniard of the 5th century A.D. Author of an *Universal History*. *Justin*, lived probably in the 5th century A.D. Author of an abridgement of an *Universal History*. *Eusebius*, bishop of Caesarea, 3rd and 4th centuries A.D. Author of an *Universal Chronicle*. These three, with *Josephus*, were perhaps the favourite authorities upon ancient history for mediæval writers. Alfred caused the first to be translated, or paraphrased.
- p. 33. 1. *Juliana's treason against her father*. Juliana, the natural daughter of Henry I. Her treason against her father was not unprovoked. See the story in *Ordericus*, or repeated by *Lingard*. It is too atrocious to repeat needlessly. See *History of Normandy and England*, vol. iv, bk. v, ch. vi.
- p. 35. 1. *Milo Crispinus*. The life of Lanfranc by Milo Crispin was printed by Migne, *Patrologia*, vol. CL.
- 2. *latinitas*. It was not unusual to designate a territory by the language used in it. So what we call the southern half of France was called *Langue d'oc*, and the northern part *Langue d'oïl*.
- p. 39. 1. *Hippocrates and Avicenna*. The Greek and Mohammedan exponents of medicine; the former died about 357 B.C., the latter translated his works, genuine or not, in the 11th century A.D. See below, p. 462, note 2 to p. 286.
- p. 41. 1. *Claude Gelée*, called *Le Lorrain* (1600–1678). The real objection to calling him a painter of the French school is that he learnt all the technique of his art in Rome, and painted Italian landscapes. Lorraine was not as unconnected with France, even politically, as with Brandenburg. The three bishoprics were subject to France. The rest of the duchy was French in manners and generally in language.
- p. 42. 1. *Paul François Velly* (1709–1759). French historian.
- 2. *Claude Villaret* (1715–1766). Historian, continued Velly.
- 3. *Voltaire* (1694–1778). Historian only as a philosopher who cannot resist drawing examples from human history. But his *Siècle de Louis XIV* is not without some value as history. It reflects the living impressions of the time on the age that followed it.
- p. 44. 1. *Necker*. The Genevese banker, made minister in France before the Revolution in hopes of averting the financial ruin which threatened the State.
- 2. The reference to Americans was inspired by the bad faith of certain American State Governments, not of the Federal Government, towards their creditors.
- p. 52. 1. *Count Plater*. Count Stanislas Plater, a Polish nobleman who served Napoleon, and who afterwards encouraged education in Poland. He edited Sobieski's Letters to his Queen and translated them from French into Polish to encourage Polish patriotism.
- p. 57. 1. *the present illustrious prime minister of France*. M. Guizot.
- 2. *François Juste Marie Raynouard* (1761–1836), author of the *Literary History of the Troubadours*, also of a defence of the Templars in a history of their suppression.
- p. 58. 1. *The Angevin dynasty in Naples* began with Charles of Anjou who accepted the crown from the Pope, and defeated and killed Manfred, son of the Emperor Frederick II, at Grandella in 1265.
- pp. 60. 1–61. 2. In a copy of this article preserved by the author there is an excision of half a page, removing the passages now printed p. 60, 1 to 2 and p. 61, 1 to 2.
- p. 77. 1. *the Exclusion Bill*, intended to prevent the succession of James II should his brother die before him. It was passed by the Commons and thrown out by the Lords in 1680. The debates upon it scarcely produced the Revolution, but gave the Revolution a safer direction. The principles of the Exclusion Bill were really revolutionary; it aimed at excluding James's children and would have made the crown purely elective on the head of a nominee of the Whigs, not on the heads of the next heirs accepted by both Whigs and Tories.
- p. 81. 1. The quotation is from the *Prelude*, not published as a whole till 1850.
- p. 85. 1. *Provence*. Not a feudatory of mediæval France. The Counts of Pro-

vence were not in any sense dependent upon the French crown till 1481, though French princes had held it since the 13th century.

p. 88. 1. For "Francis II to Charles IX, 1556-1589," read "Henry II, Francis II, Charles IX, Henry III, 1547-1589," for Francis succeeded in 1559, and Charles died in 1574. The period after Francis I is as corrected.

p. 98. 1. *Charles Buller* (1806-1848). M.P. 1830-1831 and 1832-1848, Secretary to the Governor General of Canada 1838, and probably the framer of Lord Durham's famous Report which founded responsible government in Canada. Chief Poor Law Commissioner the year before his death, which was a great loss to the country.

p. 100. 1. *Antonio Muratori* (1672-1750). The great collector and editor of the authorities upon Italian history, without whose labours neither Sismondi nor his successors could have written what they did.

p. 104. 1. *Chronology of History*, by Sir Harris Nicholas (or Nicolas). Published 1838, an expanded edition of his *Notitia Historica*, published 1824, and still a standard book of reference.

p. 105. 1. *beginning of the year*. See vol. ix, p. 613, note to p. 426.

— 2. *Yule, derivation of*. The connexion of the Teutonic word *Yule* with a Hebrew root belongs to a past age of philology. *Yule*, according to Professor Skeat has nothing to do with "wheel," or "volvère," but is connected with the idea of "making a merry noise," and if preserved in modern English at all has been preserved with a difference in the word "yawl."

p. 107. 1. *Bohordicum*. A sort of tilting with lances. French, *Bohourt* or *Behourt*.

p. 108. 1. *The services for Nov. 5th, Jan. 30th, and May 29th*, were discontinued in 1859.

— 2. *Almanac*, is Arabic possibly. *Al* = the, *manakh*, a word of uncertain meaning, but an Arabic-Castilian vocabulary of 1505 is said (*Encycl. Brit.* 11th ed.) to give *manakh* as = calendar. Facciolati gives Latin *manacus* = the ecliptic.

p. 109. 1. *certain festivals of Devotion still retained*. The 67 Black Letter days retained in the English Church Calendar were partly retained because they were in practice popular feasts in various places, the dates of fairs, markets, and dedication feasts of churches, or like St. Hilary's day a date for a legal term, or like Lammas a date in agricultural economy when meadows cleared of hay were thrown open to grazing. Partly no doubt they were retained as a manifesto of historical continuity with antiquity on the part of the reformed Church.

p. 110. 1. *The Stationers' Company* had a monopoly of Almanacs; all were supposed to be issued under their permission. They were often issued independently, in defiance of authority.

p. 117. 1. *St. Médard*, bishop of Noyon in the 6th century, began the great church, and founded the monastery which was raised by Pope Gregory the Great to the rank of the first monastery in the Frankish kingdom.

— 2. *Eltham*. For "episcopal hall" read "royal hall." The palace was built by Anthony Bek, bishop of Durham, in the 13th century, but was not an episcopal residence. It passed into the possession of the crown, and its former magnificence was royal not ecclesiastical.

p. 118. 1. *Isaac the Dutchman*. Isaac Vossius (1618-1689). Writer on ancient geography and chronology. Son of Gerard John Vossius. Came to England, and became a canon of Windsor.

— 2. *Taltarum's case*. The famous case of 12 Ed. IV, when a judicial decision established the power of alienation of entailed property by the collusive action called a Recovery.

— 3-4. *The cope and amice* were in use at Durham, and in some other cathedrals, Ely probably, but scarcely in all. Matins "at the true old canonical hour," may mean 6 a.m., the hour established in his archdeaconry by Denis Grenville, archdeacon and dean of Durham under Charles II. He was a high-churchman, and his ideal must not be accepted as the ordinary standard. Yet daily services were frequent under Queen Anne, and matins were early. But not at the old canonical hour, which had been from one minute after midnight to one minute before 3 a.m.

— 5. *bride cake*. Perhaps derived from the *Confarreatio*, the breaking of bread, one of the rites of Roman marriage.



- p. 119. 1. *the idol* probably did not exist at all in primitive Teutonic heathendom, except sometimes as a post, or a big stone. They did not make human figures.
- p. 120. 1. *Pierre Le Brun*. A learned French priest, who published, *inter alia*, *Histoire Critique sur les pratiques superstitieuses*, about 1694.
- 2. *War-wolves*. Wer-wolves commonly, sorcerers who assumed the form of a wolf. *Vampires and Vroukolakas*. The spirits of the dead, returning in visible form to do mischief to the living. Both widely-spread superstitions. See Sir James Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, ix, 153 (Vampires); x, 308–321 (Were Wolves); x, 284 and 344 (Vampires).
- 3. *Mistress Turner*. Anne Turner (1576–1615), said to be illegitimate daughter of Simon Forman the astrologer. Hanged for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in 1613.
- p. 121. 1. *John Baptist Van Helmont* (1588–1644) native of Brussels, a physician who followed Paracelsus. With the inevitable touch of mysticism of their ages, in the former especially, they may be considered to have been really the scientific pioneers of their profession in chemistry.
- 2. *Gas*. A word deliberately invented by Van Helmont. He no doubt had in his mind *gheest* (ghost), and meant to express a spiritual essence, but it is among the few coined words which have become established in universal currency.
- 3. *Cobold* is apparently merely the Greek κάβαλος, a scamp, or an imp (see Aristophanes, *Knights*, 635). How introduced into German mines is unknown, but it had been adopted into Latin as *cobalus* = a sprite.
- p. 122. 1. *Belludo; Caballo descabezado*. A monster, and a headless horse. The former is a variant from the Classical Latin *bellua*, any monstrous beast. They haunted the Alhambra among other places in Spain.
- pp. 122. 2–123. 1. *Zahories*. A Spanish variant of water and treasure finders. Delrio the Jesuit investigator of the marvellous, lawful or illicit, considered that they possessed natural gifts which enabled them to discover water and veins of metal, but that the devil taught them to discover hidden treasure and buried corpses. *The incombustible Spaniard* was a clever fire-eater who amused Paris under the Consulat.
- p. 125. 1. *maids of Helicon*. The Muses, who “Veiled in many a cloud, dance nightly uttering loveliest song,” Hesiod, *Theogonia*, vv. 9, 10.
- p. 126. 1. *Simætha*. The neglected lover, who uses magical love charms in the second idyll of Theocritus.
- 2. *Lex Cornelia*. The *Lex Cornelia de Veneficiis* was part of the criminal code of Sulla the Dictator, passed B.C. 79.
- 3. *Locusta*. The woman employed by Agrippina to poison Claudius, and by Nero to poison Britannicus, according to Tacitus, though it is open to doubt whether the former was poisoned at all. She is immortalized by Juvenal in his first satire. Dio Cassius says that she was executed under Galba.
- 4. *Martina*. The woman said to have been employed to poison Germanicus, who almost certainly died a natural death. She was sent to Rome for trial, but died on the way.
- 5. *Francis Torreblanca*, published a folio on the crime of the invocation of evil spirits, at Seville, 1618. The witch-mania does not appear to have become fully developed till the 15th century. See the article on “Superstition and Knowledge” above.
- 6. *Regner Lodbrok*. The Danish hero, mythical or historical. See Vigfusson and Powell, *Corpus Boreale*, II, 341, for the Ragnar song. Professor Aytoun published a spirited translation of the Death Song of Ragnar.
- 7. *Cymry...Belgic tribes*. The judgement of present historians inclines to believe that the Belgæ were Celts of the same branch as the Cymry of Strathclyde and North Wales. Palgrave held that the Belgæ of Gaul and Britain were Teutonic.
- 8. *Fal mam-y-drwg*. An evil (*drwg*) spirit; but Welsh scholars tell me that the form of the first part of the name is corrupted, and that they cannot restore it.
- p. 127. 1–3. *The Brocken*. The mountain in the Harz range, supposed to be the special rendezvous of witches. *Meru*; the fabulous mountain of Hindhu mythology. Joseph Glanvill (1636–1680), author of *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, 1666, the famous defence of the reality of witchcraft and apparitions. He appends to his later editions the story of the Swedish witches of Mohra, chiefly in the years 1669–1670,

an outbreak of witch-mania which led to many judicial murders, and was apparently in its origin largely the result of the imaginations of children with no sense of morality.

p. 128. 1. *Talleyrand*, the statesman, had been created Prince of Benevento by Napoleon. His principality was threatened by the then sitting Congress of Vienna.

— 2-3. *Romuald I* was Lombard duke of Beneventum, 661-704. *St. Barbatus* became bishop of Beneventum in 663. The walnut tree of Beneventum certainly survived *St. Barbatus*. It, or its successor, figures in popular stories of witches' sabbaths for centuries later.

p. 129. 1. *Monsieur Canton*. The Swiss valet of Lord Ogleby, in Colman's very popular comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*. It was brought out in 1766, but kept the stage a very long time.

— 2. *the council of Ancyra* was held in A.D. 314 to regulate the affairs of the Church in Asia Minor after the cessation of the last great persecution, and the publication of Constantine's Edict of Toleration. The canons are of great interest for their bearing upon early Church order, and in the main are genuine. See numerous references in the Index of *The Early History of the Church and Ministry*, ed. by Swete.

— 3. *ἡ Εἰσὸδία* is an epithet of Hecate, or of Artemis, because her statue stood by the way-side (*ἰσός*), sc. "Diana of the Cross Ways." The passage from the *Ion* of Euripides means "Einodia, Demeter's daughter, who rulest o'er night-haunting trances." That from the fragment of Sophocles; "Thou sun, (thou) lord, and holy fire of wayside Hecate." That Herodias should join in an infernal cavalcade needs no particular explanation, beyond the habit of the middle ages to press Biblical saints and sinners alike into celestial or diabolical service. Herodias is not corrupted from Hera-Diana, an impossible combination of a Greek goddess and a Latin who were never identified.

p. 130. 1. *Antonio Martin Del Rio* (1551-1608). A Spanish Jesuit born at Antwerp. He wrote a book upon magic, of the reality of which he was a staunch champion.

— 2. *Alfonso the Wise*. Alfonso X of Castile (1252-1284), astrologer and lawyer. See p. 462, note to p. 286.

— 3. *Guerino il Meschino*. The hero of an Italian novel.

— 4. *Francis Hutchinson* (1660-1739). Bishop of Down and Connor. Wrote *Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft*. The University of Paris, in 1398, was wiser than the majority of doctors a hundred years later; but a hundred years later the Parlement de Paris took a sensible view of the scandalous witch-mania in Artois, declaring the sentences illegal, and the judges iniquitous by an *arrêt* of May 20th, 1491. See Scott, *Demonology and Witchcraft*, Letter VII. France was more reasonable than England or Germany. Louis XIV suspended the laws against witchcraft altogether, and the offence disappeared with the law against it.

— 5. *Picatrix*. *Nom de plume* of a Spanish monk who translated Arabic astrological writings into Latin for King Alfonso.

— 6. *Peter of Abano* (1250-1316). A physician, philosopher, and astrologer of Padua, named from his place of birth in the Venetian territory. He was popularly supposed to keep seven spirits in a magic crystal, by whose aid he translated the languages of Jews and Moors. He was accused of heresy and magic, but died before trial.

p. 131. 1. *Niga* is, perhaps, corrupt. Possibly Pierre le Noir (Niger) is intended. He was a Dominican and a Hebrew scholar, contemporaneous with Innocent VIII.

pp. 131. 2.-132. 1. *Puncher; Tell*. Whether the historical existence of Tell be accepted or not his exploits as an archer are part of the ancient legends of the Hero or God archer, Egil or Eigil the brother of Weland, and appear in the *Wilkina Saga*, in *Saxo Grammaticus*, in *Jomsvikinga Saga*, and the ballad of William of Cloudelee. Grimm doubted the historical existence of Tell altogether, and it is now generally discredited.

p. 133. 1. *Wulfes-heafod*. A wolf-head, that is, an outlaw.

p. 134. 1. *Jean Bodin* (1530-1596). A famous French lawyer and writer on law and politics.



p. 135. 1. *Cornelius Loos* or *Callidius Cornelius*, canon of Gouda in the Netherlands, died 1595. Wrote *De vera et falsa Magia*, for which he got into trouble; but he was not actually under condemnation when he died.

— 2. *Ste. Aldegonde*. Philippe de Marnix Sieur de Mont St. Aldegonde (1538–1598). Born at Brussels, a leading counsellor and supporter of William the Silent, controversial writer on the Calvinist side, translated the Psalms into Flemish verse. Helped to defend Antwerp against the Spaniards in 1584.

— 3. *Reginald Scott* (1538–1599). Published in 1584 *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, which in reality exploded the whole body of the superstition, but seems to have had no effect in stemming the rising tide of popular folly and wickedness. It may have influenced Harsnett and Shakespeare. It is interesting to compare its general inefficiency with that of Glanvill's *Sadducismus Triumphatus* (see above, p. 453, note 3 to p. 127), in upholding what was then, 1666, a failing superstition. Neither book could stem a popular opinion.

— 4. *Meric Casaubon* (1599–1671), son of Isaac Casaubon the great French scholar, came to England with his father in 1611, and took English Orders. Theologian and classical scholar.

— 5. *Theodore Beza* (1519–1605). Born at Vezelay in France, lived in France and Geneva, where he succeeded Calvin. The most distinguished of the Calvinist scholars of his time.

p. 137. 1. *Don Manuel de Espriella*. *Nom de plume* of Robert Southey, who wrote, in 1807, *Letters from England*, professedly by a Spaniard.

p. 138. 1. *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger. *The Witch of Edmonton*, by Ford.

p. 141. 1. For *King Laurin*, the Dwarf King, see the *Heldenbuch* of Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and the *Nibelungen Lied*. See also art. on "Ancient German and Northern Poetry" above and p. 459, note 1 to p. 226.

p. 142. 1. *Pasquil's Palinodia*. Probably the work of Nicholas Breton, who lived circa 1545 to circa 1626. If it is his, no wonder need be felt at the harmony of the verses of the poet who gave Milton the hint for his metre, and some of his matter, in *L'Allegro*.

p. 143. 1. *Maypoles*. Maypoles outlived Sir Isaac Newton a long while. They were not uncommon in villages in the 18th century. The writer has in his possession a picture of Albury in Surrey, painted about 1800, with the Maypole standing. See also Wilkie's picture of the "Village Festival" exhibited 1811.

p. 145. 1. The last paragraph was added by Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

p. 148. 1. *Geroldseck*. The ancient castle in Tirol.

— 2. *the statue of the King of the Cherusci*. Arminius, the Cheruscan chief, not king, cut to pieces the legions of Varus in A.D. 9. Charlemagne, as champion of the Empire and of Christianity, overthrew the Irminsul, the holy pillar of the Saxons. But it is unhistorical to identify the conqueror of Varus with Irmin, or Ermin, the war-god or hero, and no statue was ever erected by the primitive Germans.

p. 149. 1. *Eginhart*. Eginhard was the sober historian of Charles the Great. The disaster at Roncesvalles, and the prowess of Roland (Rotland) and his death, are romantic accretions to the history.

— 2. *Amadis of Gaul, and Palmerin of England*. The former originated in a romance by Vasco Lobera, a Portuguese of the end of the 13th century. The book was very soon translated into French, and became very popular. *Palmerin of England* was a romance published in French in 1555. Southey made an abridgement of it in English, 1807.

— 3. *Morholt*. Mordred of the *Morte d'Arthur*

p. 150. 1. *Jormunrek . . . Ermenrich*. Hermanric, king of the Ostrogoths, and ruler at one time of wide dominions in the modern Hungary, Poland, and the Ukraine. That his kingdom reached to the Baltic, as Gibbon says on Jornandes' authority, is perhaps the exaggeration of a Gothic patriot. He died in A.D. 375.

— 2. *Dieterich of Bern*. Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, 455–526. He conquered Odoacer in Italy, and ruled there as king, not of Italy but of the Goths. Bern is Verona. The Latin name of Bern in Switzerland is *Verona in Montibus*. Theodoric near the end of his reign put to death the philosopher Boëthius and the orator Symmachus, for alleged conspiracy. The real cause for his legendary

condemnation, and real unpopularity in Italy, was that he was an Arian while his Italian subjects were Catholic. He was a great and on the whole a beneficent ruler.

p. 154. 1. *the celebrated Wolf*. Wolf popularized the idea that the Homeric poems were a collection of ballads, strung together. Ballad originals are almost inevitable, the absence of a master genius in the composition of the *Iliad* is an absurdity worthy of a German pedant.

— 2. *Henry William Weber* (1783–1818), of German family born at Petrograd, but domiciled for long in Scotland. Friend and amanuensis to Sir Walter Scott.

p. 155. 1. *Wolfram von Eschenbach*. A knightly minstrel of the 12th and 13th centuries. He outlived 1207, the date of the poetical contest at the Wartburg (not Würzburg as here written), and further the death of his patron Hermann of Thuringia in 1216. His greatest work is *Parzival*, the Grail Legend, still further spiritualized from its Celtic originals. He professed to have received it from Provence, and a version may have been made there.

p. 156. 1. *Hincmar*, Archbishop of Reims (845–*cb.* 882), was a contemporary authority for the history of Louis the Pious.

— 2. By the *Pseudo-Cædmon* is meant probably both the genuine and the attributed work of the Northumbrian Christian poet who flourished about 670; for though everything attributed to Cædmon is not his, the genuine remains and the rest are in the same metre with only slightly different handling. The present opinion appears to be that the poetic version of the Book of Genesis, attributed to Cædmon, includes a part A, Northumbrian and reasonably considered to be the work of Cædmon, which Bede knew, and a part B, which is either composed by an Old (continental) Saxon resident in England, or translated, or transcribed, from an Old Saxon original made on the continent at the command of Louis the Pious. See *Cambridge Hist. of English Literature*, vol. I, ch. IV.

— 3. *Junius*. Not to be confused with the pseudonymous political writer, but a man named François Du Jon (1589–1677), of French family, born in Germany, who lived in England. Librarian to the earl of Arundel, Anglo-Saxon scholar, editor of Cædmon, presented MSS. and books to the Bodleian.

p. 157. 1. *The victory gained*. . . . The song is usually known as *Ludwigslied*; it is in rhymed verse, like Otfried's rhythmical gospel. The alliterative metre, used by the Old Saxons, and in England, was being abandoned. It is printed in Max Müller's *German Classics*, p. 37.

p. 159. 1. *Thibault, King of Navarre* (1234–1253). A Frenchman by descent and son of Theobald, count of Champagne, descended from the elder brother of our king Stephen and great grandson of Eleanor of Aquitaine.

p. 160. 1. *The Emperor Henry*, that is, Henry VI. There were six not three Henrys.

— 2. *Conradine*. Grandson of Frederic II, executed at Naples by order of Charles of Anjou in 1268.

— 3. *Henry of Veldeck* (died before 1200). His *Eneit* is a love story culled out of the *Aeneid* of Chrestien de Troyes.

p. 163. 1. *Gottfried of Strassburg*. Wrote *Tristan*, the story of Sir Tristram and Iseult, one of the poems founded upon a Breton original, about 1205–1210. Sir Walter Scott when he edited the *Romance of Sir Tristram* assigned the authorship to Thomas the Rhymer, Thomas of Ercildoune, an historical person alive in Scotland in the latter half of the 13th century. The general vague notices of authorship attribute the story to a Thomas of Britain. The original may be entirely lost, but "Thomas" must certainly have been earlier than Thomas the Rhymer, and "Britain" may be Brittany not Great Britain. That does not exclude the possibility of Thomas the Rhymer having been the author of the version edited by Scott.

— 2. *the Lombard tongue*. A German was not likely to be very critical in his discrimination between the various Romance languages. Those of Northern Italy in the 12th century, of the Languedoc, and of north-east Spain, were not very far apart. Lombard poets deliberately adopted Provençal for poetical purposes. Sordello of Mantua wrote in Provençal. As a Frank or Gallic chronicler of the 10th century could say that Rolf the Norseman spoke English, because he spoke in Norwegian, or at any rate, neither in Frankish, nor Latin, nor the vulgar tongue



developing from Latin into French, so a German might say in the 13th century that a 12th century poem was Lombard because it was Romance of some kind.

p. 165. 1. *Conrad of Würzburg* (13th and 14th centuries). His *Trojan War* has the fatal drawback of containing 60,000 lines. Christians and Mohammedans take sides with Greeks and Trojans in it. Romance is stiffening into turgid quasi-historical narrative, without the merit of true history being included, and much of the rest of his writings is moral or didactic.

p. 169. 1. *St. Brandan* is supposed, by some people, to have discovered America. St. Brandan's Fairy Isle is in fact the legendary home of the dead beyond the sea, in Celtic mythology.

— 2. *Vincent de Beauvais*. A Dominican who died in 1264. Author of the *Speculum Maius*, a general treatise divided into three parts, the Natural, Doctrinal (including Arts and Sciences), and the Historical view of the World.

— 3. *Helinandus*. A Cistercian of the diocese of Beauvais, who died 1227. He composed a Chronicle of the World from the creation till 1204, in 48 books.

p. 174. 1. *Reynard the Fox*. Animal stories, not necessarily fables, are common to all mankind. The oldest extant German version of *Reynard the Fox* was made in the latter part of the 12th century by Heinrich der Glichezare, a native of Alsace, from a French version. It was followed by others, and one was printed in the Netherlands in prose in 1479. It was this which Caxton translated in 1481. The versified form was produced at Lübeck in 1498. It became immensely popular. No Count Reinhard need be imagined as a prototype for the fox; and if Isengrim the Wolf is named from an Austrian count the human original seems unknown to history. The Old High German Reginhart, strong in counsel, is contracted into Reinhart, and made a diminutive in Reineke.

p. 176. 1. *Tewdrannckh* (Theurdank). The Emperor Maximilian prepared a sketch of his own life as the foundation of a romance, and gave it to a secretary to be worked up. He did it badly, and gave it to another secretary, who did it worse, and added moral reflections. There was some romance in Maximilian's wooing of the orphan heiress, Mary of Burgundy, when her fortunes were at the lowest, and in her early death. There was little else romantic, and nothing moral, in the career of Massimiliano poco danaro, the penniless, as the Italians called him. Wolsey's diplomatic dealings with him illustrate the truth of the proverb, that it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

p. 177. 1. *Augusta Vindellicorum*. The Roman capital of Vindelicia, the modern Augsburg.

p. 180. 1. *the Noble Möringer* was translated by Scott. It was printed by Hagen in 1807, and is said to be taken from a MS. Chronicle by Nicholas Thomann, dated 1533, and therein said to be old.

— 2. *the battle of Sempach*. The Swiss victories over the Burgundians at Granson, Morat, and Nancy, their sudden overthrow of what had appeared to be almost the leading military power in Europe, comparable only to the German victories of 1870 in their reversal of a popular judgement, had far other and worse consequences than making them write patriotic songs. They inaugurated the period when the Swiss began to trade in their military prowess, and became the paid soldiers of Europe.

p. 183. 1. *W.S. of Abbotsford*. Sir Walter Scott added an account of the Eyrbiggia Saga to Weber and Jamieson's *Northern Antiquities*.

p. 185. 1. On children's books of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, with a retrospect upon earlier issues, see *Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. XI, ch. xvi.

— 2-3. *Sir Bevis of Southampton*, *Guy of Warwick*. The former was printed by the Maitland Club in 1838, the latter by the Roxburgh Club in 1840. Both are included in G. Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, an analysis only. They are in origin 13th century stories, the former Crusading, the latter mythical early English in their respective interests. Versions of both were common, in many forms.

p. 187. 1. *Charles's Wain*. Nothing to do probably with the name Charles. It is the Churl's Wain. (*Ceorl*, A.S., *Karel*, Swedish.)

p. 188. 1. *Mabinogion*, literally, Children's Tales. The standard edition is that of Lady Charlotte Guest, with translation and notes.

p. 190. 1. *Jacob and William Grimm*. The great German philologists, and the originators almost of Comparative Folk-Lore. The publication of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, in English, with Cruikshank's illustrations, 1823, is a landmark in the literary history of Fairy Tales.

p. 194. 1. *Gesta Romanorum*. Tales, collected and written in Latin in England, about the 14th century. They are of every kind of origin, many oriental.

— 2. *Tom Hickathrift*. Spelman (see above, p. 197, note) preserves a legend of a local champion of the commoners against their lord in Marshland in Norfolk of this name. He compares his exploits with his axle tree and wheel to those of the legendary ancestor of the Hay family in Scotland who routed the Danes with the beam of his plough. Whether the local champion became a general mythical hero, or a mythical hero gave a name to a local champion, may not be quite certain.

p. 195. 1. *Tamlane*. The identity of Tamlane, carried off by the fairies, with Tom Thumb is not proven, to borrow Tamlane's native language. He seems to belong to a different class of stories. *Tomt* means dwarf in Swedish. Tom Thumb is in English as old as Drayton's *Nymphidia*, 1627, and probably very much older.

p. 198. 1. *Jack the Giant Killer*. The particular exploits of Jack may perhaps be connected with the story of Corineus in Geoffrey of Monmouth's imaginary British History, bk. 1. Corineus was duke of Cornwall, and killing giants seems to have been his favourite sport. Jack's equipment of sword, shoes and cap, are of course out of the universal wardrobe of fiction. They were commonly worn before King Laurin, and before Weland. Perseus for example had the use of them.

pp. 200. 1–201. 1. *Velent... the Edda of Sæmund*. The Edda is erroneously ascribed to Sæmund. Velent is the Anglo-Saxon Weland, the Norse Völundr, the German Wieland, the French Galand, the mighty smith, son of Wada and brother of Egil the archer. Wayland Smith's House in Berkshire is called, in an Anglo-Saxon charter (Kemble, *Codex Diplomaticus*, No. 1172), Weland's Smithy.

p. 203. 1. *Bruno Seidelius*. A German writer of Latin poetry, *ob. circa* 1577.  
— 2. *Wylliam Copland*. English printer, who issued books between 1548 and 1561. It may be that the translation (see above, p. 204) was made by his predecessor in business, his elder brother perhaps, Robert Copland, who flourished about 1508–1547, for he was an author of more pretensions than Wylliam who did however compile a Herbal.

p. 204. 1. *Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales*, published 1777.

p. 205. 1. *Madame Garnier*. Possibly Charles Garnier is meant, who contributed to the Comtesse d'Aulnoy's Fairy Tales.

— 2. *Jean de Meung and Guillaume de Loris*. The reputed continuator and originator respectively of the *Roman de la Rose*, the famous allegorical French love poem of the 13th century partly translated by Chaucer.

p. 206. 1. *Grævius*, German; *Gronovius*, Dutch; both 17th century. *Rymer* and *Prynne*, English, 17th and 18th and 17th centuries. *Montfaucon*, French; *Muratori*, Italian; both 18th century. Antiquarians and historians, equally voluminous and indispensable.

— 2. *Albertus Magnus*. Albrecht Groot (1195 or 1205–1280). A Suabian of great reputation for learning; taught St. Thomas Aquinas. He became a Dominican, and was at the Council of Lyons in 1274. According to his epitaph, *Totum scibile scivit*, "he knew all there is to know."

p. 207. 1. *Joseph Ritson* (1752–1803). A scrupulously accurate, but very ill-tempered, English antiquary. Eminent for a then rare learning in old English literature, for want of taste and want of manners. Sympathized with the French Revolution, and died insane.

p. 209. 1. *Malleus Maleficarum*. Henry Institor and Jacob Springer, Dominicans, were appointed Inquisitors in the five Prince-Bishoprics of Germany in 1484. The same year they wrote *Malleus Maleficarum*, printed at Lyons, a compendium of the crimes of heresy and witchcraft.

p. 210. 1. *Dom Daniel*. See Southey, *Thalaba the Destroyer*. The caverns of Toledo were where Don Roderick saw the visions of the conquest of Spain by the Moors; see Southey's *Roderick*.

p. 212. 1. *Morgain la fay*. No doubt originally purely supernatural and mythological, but in the *Morte d'Arthur* daughter of Uther Pendragon, sister of Arthur, wife of King Urien. She was brought up in a nunnery, and clearly in



a very remarkable nunnery, for there she became "a great clerk of necromancy." Her name is connected with *mor* = sea, in Welsh.

p. 213. 1. *Oromanes*. Ahriman the destroying or evil principle of Magianism.

p. 214. 1. *The legendary Satan...the theological Lucifer*. So completely has Milton superseded his own materials that it needs thought to recall that the "sullen dignity of the fallen angel" belongs entirely to *Paradise Lost*, and not to the Old Testament. The legendary Satan of the Teutonic peoples is not derived from the Old Testament, much less from the New, but is developed, or diminished, from Loki in Scandinavian mythology.

p. 218. 1. *John Heywood* (1497-1580). Musician and jester, author of the morality called *The Four P.'s*. Was serious enough to become a Catholic recusant under Elizabeth.

— 2. *Oberon and Titania*. Oberon came from Auberon, Alberon, Alberic, Elberic, that is King of the Elves, and is a creation of mediæval romance, occurring in *Huon of Bordeaux*. Titania, a classical epithet of Diana, sister of Titan, the Sun, is apparently a name original to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* for the tiny fairy queen.

— 3. *Puck*. Generic, not personal really, a Bogey; cf. "as I am an honest Puck," Epilogue to *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The Pug, or Monkey, was named from his likeness to the popular conception of a funny little devil.

p. 220. 1. *Goblin or Gobelín*. Ultimately from the Greek *κόβαλος*; see p. 453, note 3 to p. 121.

p. 221. 1. *Pæcan*. Puck is not generally now connected with *pæcan*, or *πακύνειν* with either. This is originally connected with *ιάχειν* and *ἰή*; nor has *peccare* anything to do with either.

— 2. It was an open secret that Lawrence Templeton was Scott.

p. 222. 1. *Nikar, Hnikarr*. Nicor is the sea-god, or water-god, according to Kemble, *Anglo-Saxons in England*, bk. I, ch. XII, p. 390, an epithet or phase of Woden. The connexion with Nixies, in character with the Kelpie of Scottish rivers, and in name with old Nick, are obvious. The connexion with St. Nicholas is not so certain. St. Nicholas was unknown in the West till the sailors of Bari, in 1082, or of Venice in 1100, accounts differ, stole his relics from Asia Minor. He was patron of sailors because of his miracle in appeasing the storm. The once divine attributes of Nicor were out of date when the cult of St. Nicholas came in about the time of the first Crusade.

p. 223. 1. *Gervase of Tilbury*. An Englishman, lecturer in law at Bologna, who was employed by William II, King of Sicily, and Otto IV, the Emperor. For the latter he wrote, in 1211, *Otia Imperialia*, a miscellany of legendary tales and marvels, which draws copiously upon previous writers.

p. 226. 1. *Book of Heroes*. The *Heldenbuch*, a collection of stories possibly written in this present form in the 15th century, but ascribed in many cases to Wolfram von Eschenbach. See above, p. 456, note 1 to p. 155. King Laurin is the dwarf-king, who possessed the cap of darkness, and also had the convenient power of making himself a giant if a too big adversary appeared against him. However he met his match in Dietrich of Bern, Theodoric the Goth, of Verona, whose historical date, if we may press chronology into a fairy tale, being A.D. 455-526, scarcely agrees with the era of Gideon and Ehud. This story, very well told, is attributed to Heinrich von Ofterdingen, a contemporary of Wolfram.

p. 228. 1. *Harold Gormson* was King of Denmark, not Norway, 935-985. He is known as Harold Bluetooth (Blaatand). He is said to have sent a fleet against Iceland from anger at the satire of an Icelandic poet against himself.

p. 231. 1. *Robert Waithman* (1764-1833), was a City politician, a violent radical who opposed the French war. He was alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without, Lord Mayor in 1823, and at one time a member for the City.

p. 232. 1. *Richard Fearnought, duke of Normandy*. Son of William Longsword.

p. 233. 1. *Pierre Matthieu* (1546-1621). An *avocat*, not a Jesuit, wrote a history of Henri IV, introduced by the reigns from Francis I onwards.

— 2. That the great man never dies, might have been illustrated by further examples after this was written. Many people in France would not believe that Napoleon was dead, and some votes were probably given in favour of his nephew in 1852 under the belief that the voter was supporting the great Emperor. It was

gravely asserted that Lord Kitchener was not drowned in the loss of the "Hampshire," 1916. The instance quoted by Sir Francis Palgrave of Frederic Barbarossa (see above, p. 234) is a well-known one; but the Frederic who died in Apulia, who was suspected of being a Mohammedan, an atheist, or a heretic, was not he, but Frederic II, his grandson. The false Frederics mentioned personated Frederic II, but the Emperor who sits in the cavern under the castle, and whose red beard has grown through the table, is Frederic Barbarossa. The two are confused here all through the passage. Barbarossa was drowned in Asia Minor while marching on the third Crusade. His death so far away no doubt lent force to the belief in his future return.

p. 235. 1. *Dousterswivel*. The German impostor in Scott's *Antiquary*.

p. 237. 1. *Henricus Cornelius Agrippa* (1486-1535). A native of Cologne, died at Grenoble. Theologian, physician, and jurist, employed by the Emperor Maximilian, the Duchess Margaret, sister of Charles V, and Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I, with whom he quarrelled. Wrote on occult subjects, and kept a large black dog, for which reasons he was popularly considered a magician. Really a versatile rather than very learned man.

p. 238. 1. *Remigius*. Nicholas Remy, author of *Demonolatriæ*, Lyons, 1595. An argument for the genuineness of witchcraft from the confessions of about 90 persons who suffered in Lorraine.

p. 245. 1. *Michael Scott*. A genuine historical person, to whose name a multitude of marvellous legends became attached. He lived during the last part of the 12th century and the first half of the 13th. He was alive after 1230. He must not be connected with the Border family, whose yet greater wizard son has preserved his name for most people, nor is it likely that a man employed in Italy and Germany was buried at Melrose. He was a Scot by race, who studied at Oxford, and at Toledo, where he became acquainted with the Arabic versions of Aristotle. He translated one of Aristotle's treatises, and like all natural philosophers of his time dabbled in alchemy and astrology. He was employed by Frederic II the Emperor, who, was popularly supposed to be a heretic, or worse. He was perhaps his official astrologer. As early as Dante's time he had become a magician (*Inferno*, c. xx).

p. 246. 1. *The Manichæans*. The heresy of the Manichees, in its beginning in the 3rd century, was not a heresy but a rival religion to Christianity, borrowing from Christianity, but more essentially a corrupt Zoroastrianism. Various sects however were more or less infected by Manichæan teaching upon the two opposed Good and Evil Principles, rival Gods in effect. The Paulicians were among these, and they flourished upon the Danube, whence their teaching spread by the overland trade routes into northern Italy, and the countries of the Langue d'ooc, and Burgundy, and further.

p. 248. 1. *delectable dialogue of King James*. James VI, *Demonologia*, written 1597. In his collected works, edited by Bishop Montague, 1616.

p. 250. 1. *harden to be jumps for them*, i.e. the refuse of flax (hards) to be wraps for them.

p. 251. 1. *witch-laws repealed*. The law making witchcraft a capital crime was repealed in Great Britain in 1736.

p. 253. 1. *St. Walburga*. A learned abbess of the 8th century. Why her eve, Feb. 24th, was a favourite night for magical *réunions* I do not know.

p. 254. 1. *Francis Hutchinson*. See above, p. 454, note 4 to p. 130. A greater than Hutchinson was in a somewhat similar state of uncertainty about witchcraft. Addison wrote, "When I consider the question whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it." The article in the *Spectator*, No. 117, goes on to speak of Sir Roger de Coverley and the reputed witch, Moll White.

p. 255. 1. *Sir George Mackenzie* (1636-1691). King's Advocate in Scotland, called "the Bluidy Mackenzie," from his actions towards Covenanters. Retired from public life after the Revolution. A man of learning, and as his attitude towards the witch-mania shows, not without humanity as well as common sense. Founded the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.



p. 257. 1. *Kubla Khan* of Coleridge; composed under the influence of opium.  
— 2-3. *The Runic Hecate. The White Lady of Avenel*. See Scott, *The Pirate* and *The Monastery* respectively. The latter is the only prose tale by the greatest master of mediæval superstitious lore in which the supernatural plays even a minor part in the development of the story.

— 4-5. *Canidia*. See Horace, *Epodes* v and xvii, and *Satires*, bk. i, viii. She there is celebrated as a witch. It is said, by the Scholiast, that she was a real Neapolitan woman named Gratidia. *Armida* is an enchantress in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

p. 258. 1. *Gabriel Naudé* (1600-1653). Librarian to Cardinal Mazarin, author of an immense number of forgotten works, including *Defence of Great Persons accused of Magic*, and *The True History of the Rosicrucians*. His general attitude was to defend occult studies as legitimate.

p. 260. 1. *Gnostic or Basilidian gems*. The Gnostics were adherents of a system of mingled Christianity, Neoplatonism, and oriental thaumaturgy. The Basilidians were a sect of Gnostics of the 2nd century.

p. 263. 1. *Pamphila... the three wine sacks*. Both in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, the Platonic philosopher and satirist of the 2nd century A.D. *The Golden Ass*, a lively satire worthy of a Frenchman, is undoubtedly intended to ridicule thaumaturgic pretensions. Thessalian witchcraft was proverbial.

— 2. *Dr. Finn*. A Scottish wizard who was burnt in 1591. His especial crime was raising a storm with intent to drown James VI on his return from his wedding in Denmark.

— 3. *Tregetour*. Not a proper name, but a generic name, meaning conjuror. See Cott. MS. Nero, C. viii, f. 86, Household expenses of Ed. II and Ed. III, payments to "le tregettor."

p. 264. 1. *Jean Bodin* (1530-1597). French doctor of laws, politician, and author. Accused Naudé (see above, note 1 to p. 258) of condoning sorcery.

— 2. *Regiomontanus*. John Muller (1436-1476), called Regiomontanus from his birthplace, Königsberg in Franconia. A celebrated mathematician and astronomer; taught at Vienna. The Emperor whom he entertained at Nuremberg was Frederick III, not Charles V.

— 3. *Giovanni Battista della Porta*. Neapolitan physician, died 1615. Author of *Magia Naturalis*. It is not the fact that the pagan Teutons had any images, much less mechanical figures.

— 4. *Jerome Cardan* (1501-1576). Doctor of medicine and mathematician, born at Pavia.

— 5. The Anglo-Saxon *wiglere* is a diviner. Professor Skeat has no doubt that juggler is the French *jongleur*, Latin *joculator*.

p. 265. 1. *Richard Bovet*. Author of *Pandaemonicon, A blow to modern Sad-duceism*, 1684.

p. 267. 1. *Eyrbiggia saga... vampires*. See above, p. 457, note 1 to p. 183, and p. 453, note 2 to p. 120.

p. 271. 1. *Reasoned high*, etc. *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii, 558-561.

p. 274. 1. *King Riance*. For King Ryence and his magic glass made by Merlin, see Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii, canto ii.

p. 275. 1. *Friar Vandermast and Friar Bungay*, with whom Bacon is associated in Greene's play, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*. The latter was a genuinely historical English Franciscan.

p. 277. 1. *Athanasius Kircher* (1601-1683). Born in Germany, a Jesuit. He wrote voluminously on ancient Egyptian subjects amongst others, of which he could know little or nothing.

p. 285. 1. *Astrology*, ἀστρολογία, merely means the science of the stars, as geology means the science of the earth. The classical Greeks were not astrologers in the usual sense, and that a word equivalent to astronomy should have come to mean the science of divination is an instance of the retrogression of human intelligence.

— 2. *Doctor Moore*. Francis Moore (perhaps 1657-1715), a doctor of medicine, published an almanac with prophecies of the weather, and advertisements of his pills, in 1699. In 1700 he published *Vox Stellarum*, a more ambitious forecast of the future, continued to this day under the title of *Old Moore's Almanac*. It has its believers still.

p. 286. 1. *Alfonso X*, of Leon and Castile, King (1252-1284). See vol. ix, p. 612, note 3 to p. 357. His wisdom was really exhibited in his legislation, his learning in his studies of the supposed science of his time, his unwisdom in accepting election as Emperor. He was deposed in favour of his son Sancho IV, and taking refuge in Seville allied himself with a Mohammedan king in Morocco, as many other Christian Spaniards did at various times. He did not succeed however in recovering his throne.

— 2. *Avicenna* (Abou 'Ali al 'Hosein ben-Abd-Allah Ibn Sina, 980-1037), was of a Persian family born near Bokhara. He wrote on medicine, and most other subjects, but his real work was the translation and elucidation of Aristotle. "Our western parts," is Alfonso's description, for Avicenna never came into the West himself. See above, p. 451, note to p. 39.

— 3. *Ptolemy*. Claudius Ptolemæus of Alexandria, mathematician, astronomer, and geographer. He observed in A.D. 139, and was alive in A.D. 161. The *Almagest* is probably an Arabic corruption of the last word of the title of one of his works, *σύνταξις μαθηματικὴ μέγιστη* (the greatest treatise on mathematics). He was a man of extraordinary genius and learning, and, like Avicenna, deserves a higher fame than a share in affording materials for astrological fancies, or deceptions. The other names are those of Arabic and Jewish astrological or astronomical writers.

p. 287. 1. *Bonaventure*. Saint, and Cardinal (1221-1274). A Franciscan, a native of Tuscany. The condemnation of astrology by all three (Tertullian, St. Basil and St. Bonaventura) may be conclusive as to the mind of the Church, but the two former condemned heathen diviners, the last condemned the presumption of professing Christians who pretended to read a future which God had not thought fit to reveal.

— 2. *seventh Partida*. See vol. ix, p. 612, note 2 to p. 358. The *Partidas* were the Alfonsine Code of Castilian law.

p. 288. 1-2. *Jacob's staff*, and the *Astrolabe* were instruments of astrology.

— 3. *Haly*. Haly Habenragel, the *nom de plume* of the author of *La grande et vraye prognostication générale pour tous climatz et nations, nouvellement tradlatée d'Arabien*. Late 15th or early 16th century.

p. 291. 1. *Hick's Hall*. Hicks' Hall, built as a Sessions House for the Middlesex magistrates in 1612, by Sir Baptist Hicks, Bt., afterwards Viscount Campden. It was in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell. It was pulled down in 1782, and superseded by the Clerkenwell Sessions House.

p. 292. 1. *Mercurius Anglicus*. The name of the newspaper with which Lilly was connected was *Mercurius Britannicus*; he did not write it himself, but supported it. See *Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. vii, ch. xv, p. 357.

pp. 293. 1-294. 1. *the Dun cow*. A badge of Henry VII, because he claimed descent from the mythical Guy of Warwick, who slew the Dun Cow. The Bear was the badge of the Beauchamps, and so of Warwick the King Maker who married the Beauchamp heiress. The Horse was the badge of the earl of Arundel. The Swan was the crest of the duke of Buckingham. Warwick was dead, and his estates in the hands of the king, and his family influence destroyed. Arundel was nearly 70, and not an active politician. Buckingham had been attainted and executed two years before Bosworth.

p. 294. 2. *Henry Howard* (1540-1614). Second son of Henry Howard, the poetical earl of Surrey. He was created earl of Northampton 1604. He was a fairly learned man of literary tastes, who spent a long time in Elizabeth's reign in retirement at Cambridge, where he wrote his book against prophecies in 1583.

— 3. *Duke of Lerma* (1552-1625). Minister of Philip III of Spain at the time of the banishment of the Moriscoes, the descendants of the Moors. The prophetic lines mean, "at the new year the bull will give a great bellow"; if meaning is the proper word to express nonsense.

p. 295. 1. *Michel Nostradamus*, a Provençal (1503-1566), was of a noble family, and apparently a competent physician, but took up the rôle of a prophet, and gained credit by enigmatical verses which could be interpreted as foretelling the death of Henri II. Charles IX made him his personal physician.

p. 297. 1. *Charles...attired in white satin*. The omens are to be found recorded in the works of William Lilly. The bad omen of white was not discovered till after



1649, and then someone else discovered that it was also a blessed omen of the white robe of martyrdom. The only real bad omen of the coronation was that the queen could not be crowned with her husband, because she was forbidden by her confessor to take part in an heretical service.

p. 301. 1. *Thomas Young* (1773–1829). Scientific physician and orientalist. Gave great help in translating the demotic text on the Rosetta stone, which led to the deciphering of hieroglyphics.

— 2. *Giovanni Battista Belzoni* (1778–1823). An Italian engineer who came to England and thence travelled widely, making many explorations of remains in Egypt. When this paper was written the knowledge of Egyptian antiquities was in its infancy, and that of Babylonian antiquities scarcely begun.

p. 304. 1. *Nicholas Flamel* flourished in the later 14th and early 15th centuries. He was painter, mathematician, and alchemist. He was unlike the majority of his profession a patron of religious foundations. Petronella, otherwise Perronella, was his wife, with whom he was buried in the churchyard of the Holy Innocents in Paris, of which church he was a benefactor.

p. 305. 1. *William of Paris*. Made bishop of Paris in 1228, died 1248. Builder and theologian more eminently than alchemist.

— 2. *Raymond Lully*. A Catalan doctor of the 13th and 14th centuries, a learned alchemist. He is accused of magic and heresy, but one opinion is that therein he is wronged, being confounded with another Raymond Lully of Aragon, a converted Jew, who advanced heterodox opinions.

— 3. *Herman Boerhaave* (1668–1738). A Dutch physician, belonging to the school called Iatro-Mathematicians, who should be rather Mathematico-Iatrians, doctors applying mathematical *formulae* to problems of healing.

p. 306. 1. *Helvetius* is either John Frederick Helvetius (1625–1709), German alchemist, whose real name was Sweitzer (the Swiss). Or possibly Jean Claude Adrian Helvetius (1685–1755), a French medical and philosophic writer. Or Claude Adrian Helvetius (1715–1771), French philosopher.

— 2. *traditions of the alchemists*. Unfortunately for their traditions Edward I did not strike any gold coins. Henry III struck an experimental “gold penny” worth 20 pence, 1257; but the first regular issue of gold coin was by Edward III. The coinage referred to is that of Edward III, and perhaps Palgrave wrote Edward I by a slip for Edward III. But Lully was not contemporaneous with the latter.

p. 310. 1. *Peter Baldus* (?1324–?1400). The famous jurist of Perugia.

p. 311. 1. *the noble owner of Ragley Hall*. The Duke of Sutherland.

p. 313. 1. *Raymond of Majorca*. Raymond Lully the Catalan. See above, note 2 to p. 305.

p. 317. 1. *the well-known Hans Egede*. A devoted Norwegian pastor, who moved by missionary zeal may be said to have rediscovered Greenland, where he worked as a missionary from 1721 to 1736 among the natives, and a small body of Norwegian and Danish settlers. He continued after his return in 1736 to direct the Greenland missions from Copenhagen, and died there in 1758.

p. 320. 1. *the last war*. The Napoleonic war.

p. 323. 1. *the Jætters*. Giants, mythical in all probability. There is no reason for attributing to them any more substantial existence than that of the Cyclopes, or Jack's Giants.

p. 328. 1. The quotation is from the Lay of Thrym the Giant, *Corpus Boreale*, Powell and Vigfusson, p. 175.

p. 330. 1. *the serpent of Midgard*. Jormungundr, the gigantic snake which encircled the world of Scandinavian mythology.

— 2. *the kraken*. The gigantic cuttlefish.

— 3. *Speculum Regale*. An Icelandic work of the 12th century, or early 13th. p. 332. 1. *The Eyrbiggja Saga* is concerned with stories of the early settlement of Iceland by the Norwegians, probably composed in its present form in the 13th century. A long abstract of it was furnished by Sir Walter Scott to Jamieson and Weber's *Northern Antiquities*, 1814.

p. 335. 1. *The late ruler of Wirtemberg* . . . *the stock of Buonaparte*. Frederick I, Elector and first king of Wirtemberg. His daughter married Jerome Buonaparte, king of Westphalia. The queen of Wirtemberg was Charlotte Augusta, daughter

of George III, but she was Frederick's second wife and died childless, so the marriage of her stepdaughter cannot be said to "have grafted the stock of Buona-parte into the royal tree of the House of Brunswick."

p. 335. 2. *Mumplegard* (Montbéliard) was an ancient appanage of the House of Wirtemberg surrounded by French territory. Like all similar *enclaves* it was annexed by France early in the Revolutionary War. The agent of the French Convention sent the inhabitants a characteristic message, "*Je vous apporte la liberté, j'ai des canons tout près d'ici.*"

— 3. *Confederation of the Rhine*. The collection of all German states east of the Rhine, and outside Prussia and Austria, united under Napoleon as their protector in 1806. The title of king of Wirtemberg was given by Napoleon to Frederick at the Peace of Presburg, December 1805.

p. 336. 1. *the Caliph Vathek*. *Vathek*, the romance by Beckford.

p. 338. 1. *The Imperial knighthood*. The Reichs-Ritterschaft. See next note.

p. 347. 1. *The Reichs-Ritterschaft*. The petty country gentlemen who owned no authority or superior but the Emperor. The abolition of their independence when the Holy Roman Empire collapsed was a salutary reform, with or without the letter of the law. It is a little far fetched to compare it with the partition of Poland, a national kingdom, between three foreign powers. The existence of the Imperial knighthood and of the Ecclesiastical States of Germany were alike fatal to any hope of national union or decent government in Germany. The independence of both was founded upon a defiance of the ancient national unity.

p. 357. 1. *The mediatised princes*. The nobility, gentry, and clergy who had formerly held immediately of the Emperor, and so been in fact independent since the power of the Emperor had dwindled outside his hereditary states. The treaties of Lunéville and Presburg, 1801, 1805, had brought them under various ruling princes.

p. 365. 1. *Andrew C. Ducarel* (1713–1785). Born in Normandy, but educated in England. Ecclesiastical lawyer and antiquary. Librarian at Lambeth. Helped to arrange archives. Published *Tour through Normandy*, 1754.

p. 369. 1. *Marquilliers of the parish*. *Matricularii* in Latin, the lay custodians of the goods and fabrics of parish churches, and also of cathedrals, in France. Named from the *Ecclesiae Matrices*, the mother-churches of a district, so called before the later parochial system was fully established. See Lord Selborne's *Ancient Facts and Fictions about Churches and Tithes*, Part I, ch. II, and Du Cange, *sub voce Matrix Ecclesia*. *Matricularii* were somewhat more dignified than the English churchwardens. Before the Revolution they were usually the leading men of the place, with deputies under them to do the actual work.

p. 370. 1. *The churches at Ravenna*. See E. Freshfield, "Byzantine Origin of S. Vitalis, etc." in *Archæologia*, vol. XLV, II, 1880; and C. Errand, *L'Art Byzantin*, vol. III, Ravenna, 1908

— 2. *The flinty remains...church at Upsala*. Heathen temples. The church at Upsala is entirely a Christian monument. The Scandinavian temple owes its "splendid decoration" to the imagination of writers who knew that the heathen temples of Greece and Italy were magnificent, and transferred elaborate buildings and sculptures to the rude enclosures, with carved wooden doorposts, where Odin and Thor had been worshipped. The subject has been well summed up by Albert Thummel, in a dissertation for the Doctorate of Philosophy in the University of Leipsic, 1909, *Der Germanische Tempel*.

p. 371. 1. *crosses on the Gaelic tombs*. See J. M. Stone, "Runic Crosses of Northumbria," in *Studio*, 1905, and J. Stuart, *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, 1856–67.

p. 372. 1. *churches at Caen*. See *Société d'Antiq. de Normandie*, vol. XXI, Abbaye St. Etienne, and *ibid.* 1825, etc. Compare Freeman's *History of Architecture*, 1849, and *Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine*, 1897. The nave of St. Etienne is of circa 1066; the choir fifty years later. La Trinité is of late 11th century.

p. 374. 1. *castle of Falaise*. Present opinion does not allow that there is any stone work at Falaise so old as the Conqueror's time; nor indeed that there is any stone castle in Normandy older than the Norman Conquest of England. Castles



were of earth and timber. The square stone keep is a possible adaptation from fortifications of the eastern Roman Empire, seen by the early Norman conquerors of Sicily and Italy.

p. 377. 1. *Miraguarda and her meisney*. A character in the romance of *Palmerin of England*; translated by R. Southey, 1807.

p. 378. 1. *Burgundian architecture*. The name has not become established. Early Renaissance seems to be intended.

p. 383. 1. *distinguished Grecian heretic*. Probably it means Thomas Hope (1770-1831), the famous collector of ancient statuary and works of art formerly at Deepdene in Surrey, now dispersed. He was the author of *Anastasius*.

p. 387. 1. *French and English cathedrals*. The special feature of the Anglo-Norman cathedral is the central tower. This necessitates less breadth, and altogether different proportions from the French cathedral of which Beauvais the finest example. The height there is in the whole, not in the tower as here.

p. 388. 1. *Cologne cathedral*. Completed since Palgrave wrote.

p. 390. 1. *statues of Richard Cœur de Lion*, etc. It is perhaps better that these should be preserved where the bodies are buried, in a country to which the men and women belonged more truly than they did to England.

p. 391. 1. *Olivier de Clisson*, died 1407, at a considerable age. A Breton, first distinguished himself fighting at Auray, 1364, in the cause of John de Montfort the candidate for the duchy of Brittany supported by the English. Afterwards he took service with the French, and became constable of France in 1380. Josselines was his castle, where he died.

p. 395. 1. The pointed architecture of the church at Coutances is not of the time of Richard the Fearless, but of the 13th century.

— 2. *Duchess Guennore*. Gunnor, the Danish wife, that is non-canonical wife, of Richard the Fearless, and mother of his numerous family from whom the Norman nobility of the Conquest were many of them descended.

— 3. *parishioners*, because *parochia* meant a diocese before it meant a parish in the modern sense.

p. 398. 1. *The semicircular or polygonal apsis*. The square east end of the Early English, Anglo-Saxon, Romanesque, held its own against the Norman variation of a semi-circular apse. But not every church in which the end is now squared was so finished in the 11th or 12th century. The Norman built in his way, and a subsequent rebuilder went back to the native fashion. Thus the east end of the original St. Mary Overies (Southwark Cathedral), now the chapel east of the north transept, was apsidal once, and an apse has been discovered in Romsey Abbey Church.

p. 403. 1. *Georgio Vasari* (1510-1574). Native of Arezzo. His *Lives of the Painters* is the first book of its kind, and not the least in merit.

p. 405. 1. *Paolo Giovio* (1483-1552). A native of Como; a copious and indifferent historian, in the pay of the Medicis and of France.

p. 407. 1. *Count Litta*. Between 1819 and 1852 Count Litta produced *Lives* of over one hundred Italian families. It has been called the most permanently important historical work produced in Italy in the earlier half of the 19th century. It was too truthful about some of the families to let its author escape the attentions of the authorities. Even the liberal Charles Albert did not like all that was said of some of the members of the House of Savoy.

p. 417. 1. *L'Abbé Louis Lanzi* (1732-1810). Writer on Italian architecture, and specially on the monuments of the Etruscans.

— 2. *Count Leopold Cicognara* (1767-1834). Wrote on the artists of Ferrara, and a history of sculpture.

— 3. *Busketto da Dulichio*. He was a Greek, called Buschetto in Italian, from the Echinades, the islands off the coast of the ancient Acarnania. He came to Pisa in 1016.

p. 423. 1. *Giovanni Villani* (d. 1348). Author of *Universal History*, in Italian, down to the date of his death.

— 2. *Benedict Varchi* (1503-1566). A Florentine, author of a *History* of his own Time.

— 3. *the renegade Bourbon*. The Constable de Bourbon, who was exiled from France and led the Imperial armies. Killed at the sack of Rome, 1527.

p. 424. 1. *Arnolfo*. A Florentine sculptor of the 13th century. Worked upon the Baptistery of Pisa.

— 2. *Theodolinda*. Widow of Antharis, King of the Lombards, ruled as queen after her husband's death in 592. Converted the Lombards from Arianism to Catholicism. Deposed 626.

p. 425. 1. *Simone Memmi* (1285–1345). Painter of Sienna.

— 2. *Andrea Orcagna* (1329–1389). Florentine painter, sculptor and architect.

p. 427. 1. *alcahest*. The supposed universal solvent, sought after by alchemists.

p. 428. 1. *The Emperors... identifying themselves with the Cæsars*. The Emperors were the Cæsars, there was no scope for striving after identification, so Palgrave himself taught as his historical writings developed.

— 2. *the Tribune*. Cola di Rienzi, who in 1347, during the absence of the Papacy at Avignon headed a popular movement for independence in Rome. He failed, and was driven out. In 1354 he was restored by the absent Pope as governor, under the title of Senator, but was killed in a popular tumult. Imperial Rome exercised a spell, Papal Rome had usurped the prestige of the Imperial position. Republican Rome was a mere antiquarian memory.

p. 433. 1. *Giovanni Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan* (1476–1494). His father, Galeazzo Maria, was duke in 1470 when this fire occurred.

— 2–3. *Boccaccio... the Decameron*. Boccaccio lived 1313–1375, the *Decameron* was composed after 1348. It is not all Sunday School reading, but worse things have been preserved in monastic libraries.

— 4. *Pisa... vituperio delle genti*; reproach of the peoples. Dante, *Inferno*, xxxiii. 77. Pisa was the old enemy of Florence. To a lesser extent she was like Venice, not so strong as an Italian power in Italy, but with overseas connexions and conquests making her a Mediterranean state.

p. 435. 1. *Nicolo Pisano* (lived circa 1225–1273). A Pisan architect, who began the great church of St. Antony at Padua.

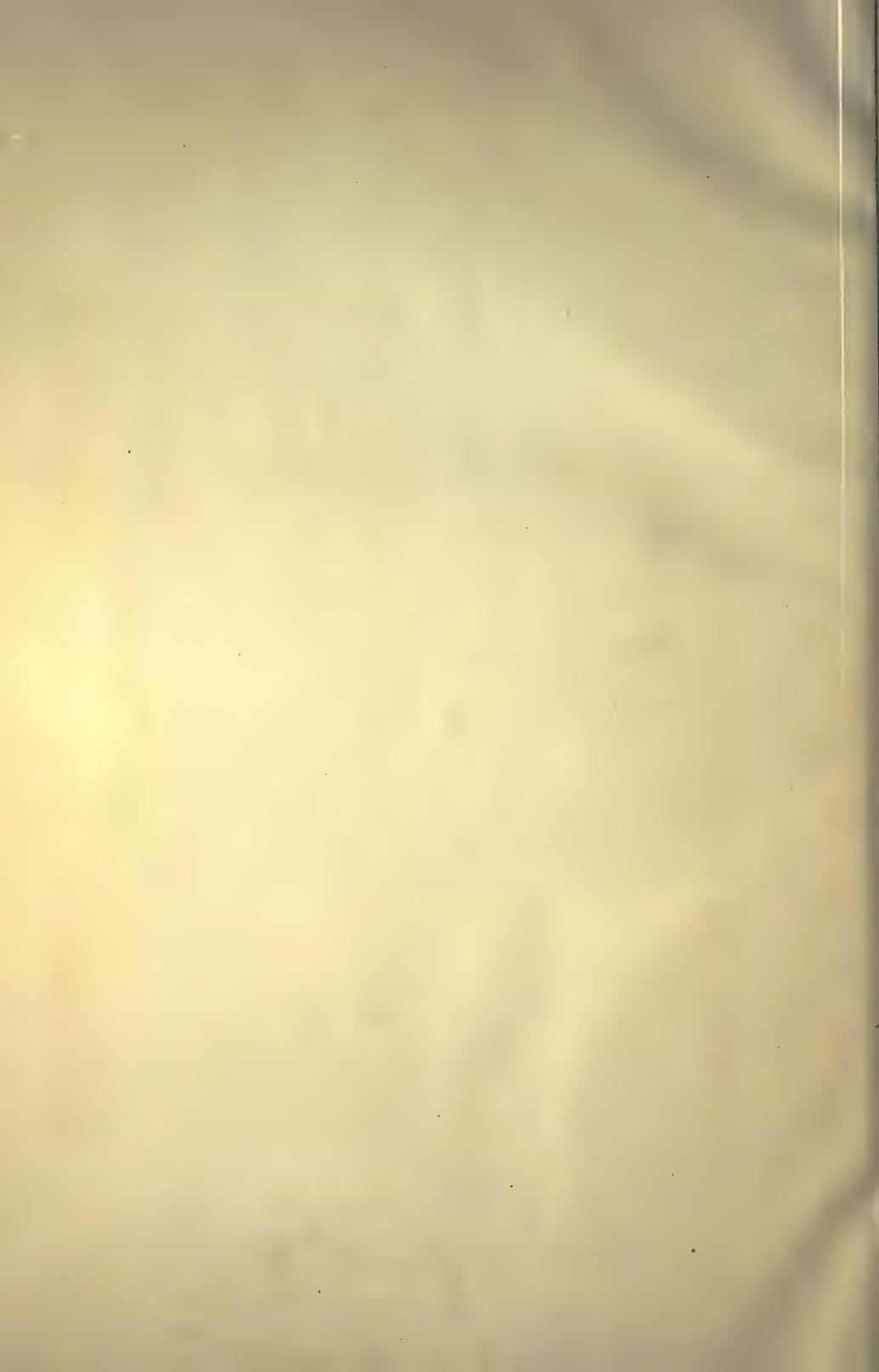
p. 436. 1. *Andrea Pisano* (d. 1345). Architect, friend of Giotto.

— 2. *Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens*. Walter de Brienne belonged to one of the French families who remained in the Levant after the Crusades, and acquired principalities and counties in the kingdom of Jerusalem and in the Latin Empire of the East. The dukedom of Athens was titular however by this time. He was employed by Charles of Anjou, duke of Calabria, son of the king of Naples, and subsequently was invited by the Florentines to protect their city, in 1342, when they were in danger from their Ghibelline neighbours. He became a tyrant, and was expelled the next year. In 1356 he was made Constable of France, and was killed at Poitiers four months later. To his title we owe the duke of Athens in the *Knight's Tale*, his name was familiar to Chaucer, and so ultimately the duke of Athens in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is derived from him too.

p. 439. 1. *For the hard, bold soldier Julian*, read *Julius*, the soldier Pope Julius II.















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Palgrave, (Sir) Francis  
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